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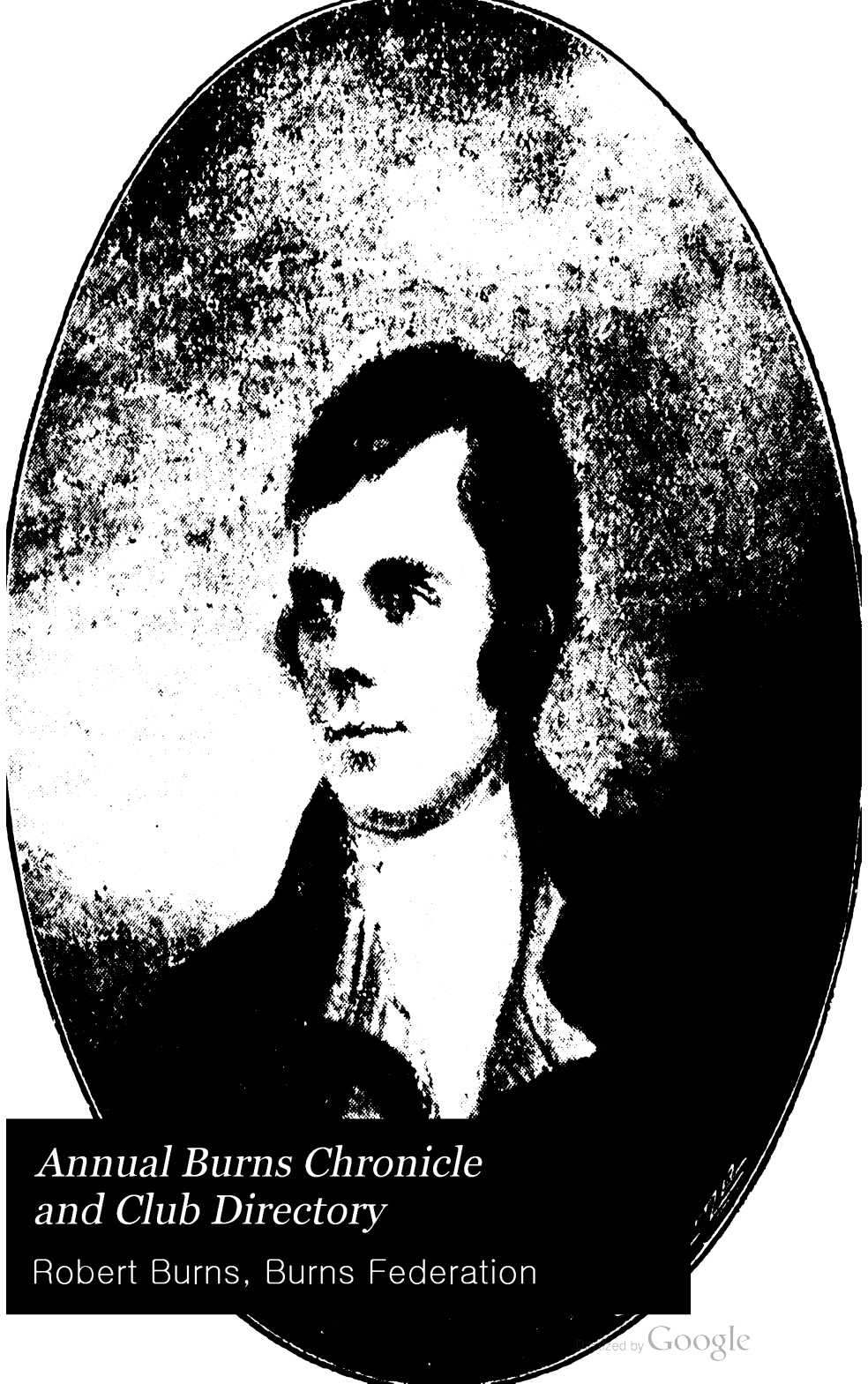
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*Annual Burns Chronicle  
and Club Directory*

Robert Burns, Burns Federation

17487.64

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ANNUAL  
**Burns Chronicle**  
AND  
**Club Directory.**

(INSTITUTED 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1891.)

Edited by **D. McNAUGHT, Kilmaurs.**



No. V.

Price :

January, 1896.

One Shilling & Sixpence

PUBLISHED BY THE BURNS FEDERATION, KILMARNOCK.  
PRINTED BY JOHN HORN, 42 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

17487.64



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## PREFACE.

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WE have again to congratulate the Federation on the continued success of the *Chronicle*, as evidenced by the sale of the whole of last issue, and the very flattering reception it met with from the press.

New arrangements have been made in the publishing department, and the editorial staff has been strengthened, with a view to the future extension of the serial and the increase of its value as a Burns Repository.

The appeal made to the Clubs this year has produced most satisfactory results, almost the whole of the first imprint having been subscribed for before the date of issue. We are well aware of the difficulties the Club officials have to contend with in bringing business matters before constituencies, the majority of which meet but once a year ; but we trust that the success of their efforts this year may convince them that these difficulties can be surmounted.

We again thank our contributors for their kindly assistance, and beg to assure them that, but for them, the *Chronicle* could not have achieved the prosperous position it now occupies.

D. M'NAUGHT.

SCHOOLHOUSE,  
KILMAURS, 1st January, 1896.

# Burns Obituary.

*(The Editor will feel obliged by corrections and additions.)*

---

## A.

- Abercrombie, Colonel.  
Abercrombie, Lady.  
Adair, James M'Kittrick, M.D. Died April 24, 1802.  
Aiken, Robert, Writer, Ayr. Died March 24, 1807.  
Aiken, Grace. Died October 22, 1857.  
Aiken, Andrew Hunter ("Young Friend"). Died October 30, 1832.  
Ainslie, Robert, Writer, Edinburgh. Died April 11, 1838, aged 72.  
Ainslie, Douglas. Died September 1850, aged 80.  
Ainslie, Rachel. (Living in 1827).  
Alexander, Miss, of Ballochmyle. Died June 5, 1843, aged 88.  
Allan, David, Painter, Edinburgh. Died August 6, 1796.  
Alison, Rev. Archibald, Edinburgh. Died May 17, 1839, aged 82.  
Anderson, James, Engraver, Edinburgh.  
Anderson, Dr. James, of "The Bee."  
Armour, James (Jean's father).  
Armour, Adam (Jean's brother). Living in Paisley in 1819.  
Armour James (Jean's brother). Living in Paisley in 1825.  
Armstrong, John, Poet, Edinburgh.  
Argyle, John, 5th Duke of. Died May 1806.  
Arnot, John, of Dalquhatswood.  
Athole, John, 4th Duke of. Died September 29, 1830.  
Athole, Duchess of. Died December 5, 1790.  
Auld, Rev. Wm., D.D., Mauchline. Died December 12, 1791, aged 83.

## B.

- Balfour, James, Vocalist, Edinburgh.  
Baird, George H., D.D., Edinburgh University. Died January 14, 1840, aged 79.  
Baillie, Lesley (Mrs. Cumming of Logie). Died July 13, 1843.  
Ballantyne, Mr., of Hollylee.  
Ballantyne, John, Writer, Ayr. Died July 15, 1812.  
Bacon, Mr., Brownhill Inn. Died 1825.  
Bell, Mr., Valley of Devon.  
Begg, Mrs. Isabella Burns or. Died December 4, 1858, aged 87.  
Beugo, John, Engraver, Edinburgh. Died December 13, 1841, aged 82.  
Begbie, Elison.

- Benson, Miss (Mrs. Basil Montague).  
 Belches, Mrs., Endermay.  
 Beattie, Rev. Dr. James.  
 Bishop, Mrs. ("Dear-bought Bess"). Died December 8, 1817, aged 32.  
 Biggar, Miss Margt., Kirkoswald. Died 1843, aged 88.  
 Biggar, Miss Elizabeth, Kirkoswald. Died 1838, aged 82.  
 Birtwhistle, Alex., Provost of Kirkcudbright.  
 Blacklock, Dr. Thomas, Edinburgh. Died July 7, 1791, aged 70.  
 Blair, Dr. Hugh, Edinburgh University. Died Dec. 27, 1800, aged 83.  
 Blair, Sir James Hunter. Died July 1st, 1787.  
 Blair, David, Gunmaker, Edinburgh.  
 Blair, Mr., of Dunskey.  
 Black, Elizabeth (reputed "Eliza"). Died 1827, aged 74.  
 Boyd, Rev. Wm., Fenwick. Died October 17, 1828, aged 81.  
 Boswell, James, of Auchinleck. Died June 19, 1795.  
 Bowmaker, Rev. Dr., Dunse. Died March 11, 1797.  
 Bruce, Andrew, Shopkeeper, Edinburgh.  
 Brodie of Brodie.  
 Brodie, Miss Sophia, of Lethin.  
 Breadalbane, John, 4th Earl of. Died March 29, 1834, aged 72.  
 Brydges, Sir S., Egerton. Died September 8, 1837, aged 75.  
 Brash, James, Bookseller, Glasgow. Died October 9, 1835.  
 Bruce, Mrs., Clackmannan. Died November 4, 1791, aged 95.  
 Brydone, Mr., Coldstream.  
 Brydone, Patrick, F.R.S. Died June 19, 1818.  
 Brice, David, Shoemaker, Glasgow.  
 Brown, Richard, Mariner. Died in Greenock.  
 Brown, Samuel (Poet's uncle).  
 Brown, Jean, or Allan (Poet's aunt, "Old Rome").  
 Brown, Dr., Dunbar.  
 Burns, William (Poet's father). Died February 13, 1784, aged 63.  
 Burns, Mrs. (Agnes Brown, Poet's mother). Died Jan. 14, 1820, aged 88.  
 BURNS, ROBERT, Poet. Died July 21, 1796, aged 37½.  
 Burns, Gilbert (Poet's brother). Died April 8, 1827, aged 67.  
 Burns, Agnes (Poet's sister). Died 1834, aged 72.  
 Burns, Annabella (Poet's sister). Died March 2, 1832, aged 68.  
 Burns, William (Poet's brother). Died July 24, 1790, aged 23.  
 Burns, John. Died 1783, aged 14.  
 Burns, Isabella (see Mrs. Begg).  
 BURNS, Mrs. (Poet's wife). Died March 26, 1834, aged 69.  
 Burns, Robert (Poet's son). Died May 14, 1857, aged 70.  
 Burns, Jean (Poet's daughter). Died in infancy in 1786.  
 Burns, Francis Wallace (Poet's son). Died July 9, 1803, aged 14.  
 Burns, William Nicol (Poet's son). Died February 21, 1872, aged 81.  
 Burns, Elizabeth Riddell (Poet's daughter). Died Sept. 1795, aged 3.  
 Burns, James Glencairn (Poet's son). Died November 18, 1865, aged 71.  
 Burns, Maxwell (Poet's son). Died April 25, 1799, aged 3.  
 Burns, Elizabeth (see Mrs. Bishop).  
 Burns, Elizabeth (see Mrs. Thomson).

Burnes, Robert, Writer, Stonehaven.  
 Burns, Robert (Poet's uncle). Died January 3, 1789.  
 Burnes, James, Montrose. Died 1837, aged 87.  
 Burnes, James, Provost of Montrose. Died February 15, 1852, aged 72.  
 Burns, Miss, Edinburgh. Died 1792.  
 Burns, Robert, Architect, Edinburgh. Died June 5, 1815.  
 Buchan, Elspat (of the Buchanites). Died May, 1791.  
 Buchan, Earl of. Died April 20, 1829.  
 Burnett, Miss Eliza, of Monboddoo. Died June 17, 1790, aged 23.  
 Burke, Edmund, Statesman. Died July 7, 1797, aged 68.  
 Burgoyne, General. Died June 4, 1792.  
 Burnside, Rev. Dr., Dumfries.  
 Bushby, John, of Tinwald Downs.  
 Bushby, William, of Kempleton.

## C.

Cadell, Thomas, Publisher, London. Died December 27, 1800, aged 60.  
 Caird, John (Poet's uncle).  
 Campbell, Lord Frederick.  
 Campbell, Hay, M.P. Died 1823.  
 Campbell, Thomas, of Pencloe.  
 Carfrae, Mrs., Edinburgh, (Poet's landlady).  
 Carfrae, Dr. Patrick, Dunbar. Died March 4, 1822, aged 81.  
 Cathcart, Miss, Blair. Died 1794, aged 24.  
 Caldwell, Charlie, Carter, Ayr.  
 Candlish, Mrs. (Miss Smith, Mauchline). Died Jany. 20, 1854, aged 86.  
 Candlish, James A. M., Edinburgh. Died April 29, 1806.  
 Carleton, Sir Guy.  
 Cauvin, Louis, French Teacher. Died December 19, 1825, aged 71.  
 Chalmers, Margt. (Mrs. Lewis Hay, Edinburgh). Died 1843.  
 Chalmers, William, Writer, Ayr.  
 Chalmers, Mr., Printer, Aberdeen.  
 Chatham, Earl of. Died May 11, 1778.  
 Chattox, Mr., Newcastle.  
 Chapman, Dr., Grammar School, Banff.  
 Chesterfield, Lord. Died 1773.  
 Clarke, Stephen, Musician, Edinburgh. Died August 6, 1797.  
 Clark, John, of Locherwoods.  
 Clarke, James, Teacher. Died September 6, 1825.  
 Clarke, James, Moffat.  
 Clarke, Samuel, Writer, Dumfries. Died August 19, 1814.  
 Clarke, Miss, Dunbar.  
 Clarke, Mr., Dunbar.  
 Clunie, Rev. John, Poet. Died April 13, 1819.  
 Cleghorn, Robert, Edinburgh. *Circa* 1798, certainly before 1804.  
 Clinton, Lord.  
 Clunzie, Mr., Merchant, Berwick.



Cockburn, Mrs., of Fernielee. Died 1794.  
 Copland, Mr., of Collieston.  
 Cornwallis, Lord. Died October, 1805.  
 Corbett, Mr., Supervisor of Excise.  
 Constable, Lady Winifred Maxwell. Died July 13, 1801, aged 66.  
 Cowan, Bailie, Dunfermline.  
 Creech, William, Publisher, Edinburgh. Died January 14, 1815.  
 Cranston, Miss (Mrs. Dugald Stewart). Died July 28, 1838.  
 Craik, Miss, of Arbingland.  
 Crawford, Thomas, Cartsburn, Greenock.  
 Crombie, Alex. (Mason of Ellisland).  
 Crie, Rev. Dr., Dalton. Died 1835.  
 Cruickshank, Jane ("The Rosebud"). Died April 25, 1835, aged 52.  
 Cruickshank, Wm., Teacher, Edinburgh. Died March 8, 1795.  
 Cunningham, Alex., Writer and Jeweller, Edinburgh. Died Jan. 27, 1812.  
 Cunningham, Wm., of Enterkine.  
 Cunningham, Lady Elizabeth. Died August 4, 1804, aged 95.  
 Currie, James, M.D., Liverpool. Died August 31, 1805.  
 Currie, John, Miller, Carse Mill.  
 Curtis, Admiral.

## D.

Daer, Lord Wm. Basil. Died March 5, 1795, aged 32.  
 Dalrymple, Dr. Wm., Ayr. Died January 28, 1814, aged 91.  
 Dalrymple, James, of Orangefield. Died March 6, 1795.  
 Dalzell, Professor Andrew, Edinburgh. Died December 8, 1806.  
 Dalzell, John, of Barncroch.  
 Dalziel, Alex., Factor, Findlayston.  
 Dampierre, General.  
 Dasti, Signor, Musician, Edinburgh.  
 Davies, Miss Deborah D.  
 Davidson, John (reputed "Souter Johnie"). Died June 30, 1806, aged 74.  
 Davidson, Betty, of the Cottage and Mt. Oliphant.  
 Dempster, George, of Dunnichen, M.P. Died Feby. 13, 1818, aged 86.  
 De Peyster, Colonel, Dumfries. Died November 26, 1822, aged 97.  
 Doig, Mr., Schoolmaster, Devon Valley.  
 Don, Sir Alexander.  
 Don, Lady.  
 Douglas, Patrick, of Garallan, Surgeon, Ayr. Died in 1819.  
 Douglas, Charles, San Antonio, W. Indies.  
 Douglas, Messrs., of Carlingwark, Castle-Douglas.  
 Dove, John ("Johnie Doo"), Mauchline.  
 Dudgeon, William. Died October 28, 1813.  
 Dudgeon, Mr., Poet, Dunse. Died October 23, 1795.  
 Dumourier, General.  
 Dunn, David, Schoolmaster, Maybole. Died July 5, 1810.  
 Dunn, Jean, Kirkpatrick—Durham.  
 Duncan, Rev. Dr. Robert, Dundonald. Died April 14, 1815.

Duncan, Mrs. Henry, Brow.  
 Dundas, Lord-President. Died December 13, 1787.  
 Dunlop, Mrs., of Dunlop. Died May 24, 1815, aged 84.  
 Dunlop, General, of Dunlop.

## E.

Easton, Esther, Wauchope.  
 Edgar, John, Excise Officer.  
 Eglinton, Archibald, 11th Earl. Died October 30, 1796.  
 Eglinton, Hugh, 12th Earl. Died December 15, 1819, aged 80.  
 Elliot, George Augustus, Died 1790  
 Elphinstone, James, Died 1809.  
 Errol, Lord, Berwick.  
 Erskine, Right Hon. Henry, Dean of Faculty. Died October 8, 1817,  
 aged 71.  
 Erskine, Thomas, Lord Chancellor. Died 1823.  
 Erskine, Mr., Exciseman. (Living in Glasgow in 1841.)  
 Erskine, Hon. Andrew, Poet. Died 1793.

## F.

Falconer, Mr., Nairn.  
 Falconer, Mr. (author of "The Shipwreck"). Died *circa* 1790.  
 Fall, Provost, Dunbar.  
 Ferguson, Dr. Adam, Edinburgh University. Died February 22, 1816,  
 aged 93.  
 Ferguson, Alexander, Advocate, Craigdarroch. Died April 30, 1796.  
 Fergusson, Robert, Poet. Died October 16, 1774.  
 Ferguson, James, Yr. of Craigdarroch. Died November 19, 1787.  
 Ferguson, Sir Adam, of Kilkerran. Died September 23, 1813, aged 81.  
 Ferrier, Miss (Mrs. General Graham). Died 1846.  
 Ferrier, John, W S., Edinburgh.  
 Ferrier, Susan, Poetess and Novelist. Died November 14, 1844.  
 Findlay, James, Exciseman, Tarbolton.  
 Findlay, Mrs. (Miss Markland). Died September 30, 1851, aged 86.  
 Findlater, Alex., Collector of Excise. Died December 4, 1839, aged 85.  
 Fisher, William ("Holy Willie"). Died November, 1808 (according to  
 Mr. Todd), February 13, 1809 (Dr. Edgar).  
 Fleming Agnes ("My Nanie, O").  
 Flint, Christina. Died 1836, aged 71.  
 Fontenelle, Miss, Actress.  
 Forbes of Culloden ("Ferintosh").  
 Forbes, Sir Wm., Bart., of Pitsligo. Died November 12, 1806, aged 68.  
 Fordham, Mr., Coldstream.  
 Forrester, Captain, Devon Valley.  
 Fox, Charles James, Statesman. Died September 13, 1806.  
 Fraser (of Saratoga).  
 Fraser, Mr., Hautboy-player, Edinburgh.  
 Fullarton, Colonel, of Fullarton. Died February 13, 1808, aged 54.

## G.

- Gage, General Thomas.  
 Galloway, John, 7th Earl of. Died November 14, 1806, aged 71.  
 Geddes, Right Rev. John, D.D. Died February 11, 1799.  
 Gibson, Mrs. ("Poosie Nansie").  
 Gibson, Janet ("Racer Jess"). Died February 15, 1813.  
 Gillespie, Rev. John. Died April 29, 1806, aged 76.  
 Glencairn, James, 14th Earl. Died January 30, 1791, aged 41.  
 Glencairn, John, 15th Earl. Died 1796.  
 Glencairn, Countess Dowager of.  
 Goldie, Colonel, of Goldielea.  
 Goldie, John ("Terror o' the Whigs"). Died 1809, aged 92.  
 Gordon, Alexander, 4th Duke of. Died June 24, 1827, aged 84.  
 Gordon, Jane Maxwell, Duchess of. Died April 11, 1812.  
 Gordon of Balmaghie.  
 Gordon, Lady Charlotte (Duchess of Richmond).  
 Gordon, Lady Madelina (Lady Sinclair of Murkle).  
 Gordon, Mr., Athole.  
 Gordon, Professor, Aberdeen.  
 Gordon of Kenmure.  
 Gow, Neil, Violinist. Died March 1, 1807, aged 80.  
 Graham, Robert, of Fintry. Died January 10, 1815.  
 Graham, Mrs., of Fintry.  
 Graham, Douglas (reputed "Tam o' Shanter"). Died February 14, 1811, aged 72.  
 Graham, Mrs. Thomas, of Balgowan. Died 1794.  
 Graham, Thomas (Lord Lynedoch). Died 1843, aged 94.  
 Granville, Lord.  
 Gray, Symon, Poetaster, Dunse.  
 Gray, Rev. James, Grammar School, Dumfries. Died September 25, 1830.  
 Gregory, James, M.D., Edinburgh. Died April 2, 1821, aged 68.  
 Greenfield, Dr. William, Edinburgh University. Died April 28, 1827.  
 Grant, Rev. David, Ochiltree. Died July 16, 1791.  
 Grant, Sir James, Aviemore.  
 Grant, Lady, Aviemore.  
 Grant, Rev. Mr., Calder.  
 Goudie, John (Miller Goudie, Alloway). Died July 1, 1842, aged 84.  
 Grieve, Wm., Eyemouth.  
 Grieve, Robert, Eyemouth.  
 Grose, Francis, F.S.A. Died May 12, 1791, aged 52.  
 Guildford ("Good").

## II.

- Hall, Sir James, of Dunglass.  
 Hamilton, Gavin, Mauchline. Died Feby. 8, 1805, aged 52.  
 Hamilton, John ("Wee Curly John").  
 Hamilton, Mrs., Harvieston.  
 Hamilton, James, Grocer, Glasgow.

Hamilton, Capt. John, Dumfries.  
 Hamilton, Charlotte (Mrs. Dr. Adair). Died 1806, aged 43.  
 Hamilton, Wilhelmina (Mrs. Tod). Died March, 1858.  
 Haugh, George, Blacksmith, Dumfries.  
 Hay, Charles (Lord Newton). Died Oct. 19, 1811.  
 Haydn, Francis Joseph, Musical Composer. Died May 26, 1829.  
 Henderson, Captain Matthew, Edinburgh. Died Nov. 21, 1788.  
 Henrie, Mrs. (daughter of Mrs. Dunlop). Died Sept. 15, 1792.  
 Heron, Robt. (first biographer of Burns). Died April 13, 1807, aged 43.  
 Heron, Major, of Kerroughtree.  
 Heron, Patk., of Heron and Kerroughtree.  
 Hood, Mr., Farmer, Dunse. Died *circa* 1844.  
 Hope, Miss, Jedburgh.  
 Horsburgh, Mr., Pirn.  
 Hill, Peter, Bookseller, Edinburgh. Died Feby. 10, 1837, aged 83.  
 Howe, General.  
 Howden, Francis, Jeweller, Edinburgh. Died 1848.  
 Hoy, James, Librarian, Gordon Castle. Died 1828, aged 81.  
 Humphrey, James (The "bletherin' b——h"). Died 1844, aged 86.  
 Hunter, Wm., Shoemaker, Mauchline.  
 Hunter, Mrs. D., Poetess.

## I.

Inglis, Mrs. Margaret M., Dumfries. Died December 21, 1843, aged 70.  
 Inglis, Rev. Wm., Dumfries. Died May 10, 1826.  
 Inglis, Wm., Provost of Inverness.

## J.

Jeffrey, Rev. Andrew, Lochmaben. Died January 3, 1795, aged 73.  
 Jeffrey Miss (Mrs. Renwick, New York). Died October, 1850.  
 Johnston, Lucy (Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive). Died January 14, 1798, aged 30.  
 Johnson, James, Engraver, Edinburgh. Died February, 26, 1811.  
 Johnstone, Captain Wm.  
 Johnston of Alva.  
 Johnstone of Clackleith.  
 Johnstone, Thomas, Farmer, Mirecleugh.

## K.

Kemble, Mrs. Stephen. Died January 20, 1841, aged 78.  
 Kemp, Dr. John, of Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. Died April 18, 1805, aged 60.  
 Kennedy, John, Factor, Dumfries House. Died June 19, 1812, aged 55.  
 Kennedy, Miss Peggy, of Daljarrock. Died February, 1795.  
 Kennedy, Jean, Kirkoswald ("Kirkton Jean").  
 Kennedy, Miss (sister-in-law of Gavin Hamilton). Died *circa*, 1836.

Ker, Mr., Kelso.  
 Ker, Mr., Postmaster, Edinburgh.  
 King, Mrs., Blair.  
 Kilpatrick, Nelly.  
 Kirkpatrick, Rev. Jos., of Dunscore. Died February 25, 1824, aged 75

## L.

Ladyman, Mr., Commercial Traveller.  
 Lapraik, John ("Bauld Lapraik"), Died May 7, 1807, aged 80.  
 Lawrie, Sir Robert, of Maxwelton. Died August 10, 1804.  
 Lawrie, Rev. Dr., Loudoun. Died October 17, 1799, aged 71.  
 Lawrie, Dr. Archibald, Loudoun. Died May 5, 1837, aged 69.  
 Lawrie, Sloan Walter, of Redcastle.  
 Lawson, Rev. Mr., Kirkmahoe. Died December 14, 1796.  
 Lawson, Mrs., Paisley.  
 Lee, Mr., Farmer, Skateraw.  
 Lees, John, Shoemaker, Tarbolton.  
 Leven, J., Supervisor of Excise.  
 Lewars, Jessie (Mrs. Thomson, Dumfries). Died May 26, 1855, aged 77.  
 Lindsay, Isabella (Mrs. Adam Armstrong).  
 Lindsay, Miss Peggie, Jedburgh. Died *circa*, 1788.  
 Lindsay, Mrs. ("Maggie Lauder"). Died December, 1817.  
 Little, Janet, Poetess. Died March 15, 1818, aged 54.  
 Lockhart, George, Merchant, Glasgow.  
 Logan, John, of Laight and Knockshinnoch. Died March 9, 1816.  
 Logan, Miss.  
 Lonsdale, Earl of.  
 Lorimer, Jean ("Chloris"). Died September 11, 1831, aged 57.  
 Lorimer, Wm.  
 Lunardi, Vincenzo. Died 1806.

## M.

Marr, John, Earl of. Died August 21, 1825.  
 Maule, Hon. W. (Lord Panmure). Died April 13, 1852, aged 82.  
 Mabane, Miss (Mrs. Colonel Wright).  
 Masterton, Allan, Schoolmaster, Edinburgh. Died 1799.  
 Masterton, Ann ("Bonie Ann," Mrs. Derbishire). Died August, 1834.  
 Markland, Jean ("Miss Markland," Mrs. Jas. Findlay, *which see*).  
 Markland, Bushby, Sheriff of Wigton.  
 Marshall, Mr., Poet, Aberdeen.  
 Maxwell, John, of Terraughty and Munches. Died January 25, 1814, aged 97.  
 Maxwell, Dr. William, Dumfries. Died October 13th, 1834.  
 Maxwell, Provost of Lochmaben.  
 Maxwell, of Cardoness. Died 1825.  
 Maxwell, George, of Carruchan.  
 Maxwell, Rev. George, Buittle.



- Maitland, Lord.
- Meikle, Mr., Mechanic, Dunse.
- Millar, Alex., Rev., Kilmaurs. Died December 22, 1804.
- Miller, Sir Thomas, Bart., of Barskimming. Died September 27, 1789.
- Miller, Patrick, of Dalswinton. Died December 9, 1815, aged 84.
- Miller, Captain Patrick. Died February 26, 1845.
- Miller, Thomas, Lord Justice Clerk. Died September, 1788.
- Miller, Miss, Mauchline (Mrs. Dr. Mackenzie).
- Millar, Mrs., Avon Printfield.
- Miller, Mr., Tiends Court, Edinburgh,
- Miers, Mr., Artist, Edinburgh.
- Mitchell, Rev. Dr., Monkton. Died October 14, 1811, aged 87.
- Mitchell, Collector, Dumfries.
- Mitchell, Mr., Manufacturer, Carlisle.
- Michie, Wm., Schoolmaster, Cleish.
- Monboddo, Lord James Burnet. Died May 27, 1799, aged 85.
- Montrose, Duke of. Died 1836.
- Monroe, Alexander, Professor, Edinburgh.
- Monro, Mr., Auchinbowie.
- Montgomerie, General Richard. Died 1776.
- Montgomerie, of Coilsfield (Earl of Eglinton). Died Dec. 15, 1819, aged 80.
- Morine, Mr., of Laggan.
- Moore, Dr. John, Edinburgh. Died January 21, 1802, aged 73.
- Moodie, Rev. Alexander, Riccarton. Died February 15, 1799, aged 72.
- Moodie, Rev. Wm., Edinburgh. Died 1812.
- Morton, Christina, Mauchline (Mrs. Paterson).
- Morrison, Mary, Mauchline. Died June 29, 1791.
- Morrison, Mr., Wright, Mauchline,
- Muir, Robert, Wine Merchant, Kilmarnock. Died April 22, 1788.
- Muir, Wm., Tarbolton Mill. Died 1793.
- Murray, Rev. Dr., Edinburgh University. Died April 15, 1813, aged 37.
- Murray, of Broughton.
- Murray, Euphemia ("Phemie," Lady Methven).
- Murray, General.
- Murray, Captain.
- Murray, Sir William, of Ochertyre.
- Murray, Lady Augusta.
- Murray, Mrs., Artiste.
- Murdoch, John, Poet's Schoolmaster. Died April 20th, 1824, aged 77.
- Muirhead, Rev. Dr. James, Urr. Died May 16th, 1808, aged 68.
- Mutrie, Rev. John, Kilmarnock. Died June 2, 1785.
- Mundell, Dr., Dumfries.
- Mundell, Mr., Cotton Mill, Dumfries.
- Mackenzie, Dr. John, Mauchline. Died January 11, 1837.
- Mackenzie, Henry ("Man of Feeling"). Died January 14, 1831.
- Mackinlay, Rev. Dr. Jas., Kilmarnock. Died February 10, 1841, aged 85.
- M'Adam, John, of Craigengillan.
- M'Aulay, John, Town-clerk, Dumbarton. Died October, 1799.
- M'Culloch, David, of Ardwell.

M'Diarmid, John, Dumfries. Died November 18, 1852.  
 M'Dowal, Mr., Caverton Mill, Kelso.  
 M'Dowall, Colonel, of Logan.  
 M'Gaun, Laird ("Master Tootie").  
 M'Gill, Rev. Dr. Wm. Died March 30, 1807, aged 76.  
 M'Indoe, R., Draper, Glasgow.  
 M'Lehose, Mrs. ("Clarinda"). Died October 22, 1841, aged 83.  
 M'Leod, John, of Raasay. Died July 20, 1787.  
 M'Leod, Isabella ("Lovely Isabella").  
 M'Lachlan, James, Violinist.  
 M'Math, Rev. John, Tarbolton. Died December 10, 1825.  
 M'Murdo, John. Died December 4, 1803, aged 60.  
 M'Murdo, Mrs. Died April 19, 1836, aged 87.  
 M'Murdo, Jean. Died *circa* 1839.  
 M'Morine, Rev. Mr., Caerlaverock.  
 M'Quaker, John, Exciseman, Dumfries.  
 M'Quhae, Rev. Dr. William, St. Quivox. Died March 1, 1823, aged 86.  
 M'Whinnie, Mr., Writer, Ayr.

## N.

Nasmyth, Alexander, Artist, Edinburgh. Died April 10, 1840, aged 83.  
 Neilson, Rev. Edward, Kirkbean. Died March 31, 1846.  
 Neilson, William, Grocer, Kirkoswald.  
 Newall, David, Writer, Dumfries.  
 Nicol, William, High School, Edinburgh. Died April 21, 1797.  
 Nimmo, Mrs. Erskine, Edinburgh.  
 Niven, William, Merchant, Maybole. Died December 13, 1844, aged 85.  
 Niven, John. Died October 31, 1822, aged 68.  
 North, Lord, Statesman. Died August, 1792.

## O.

Oliphant, Rev. James. Died April 10, 1818, aged 84.  
 Orr, Margaret, Tarbolton (Mrs. Paton). Died January 22, 1837.  
 Orr, John, Tarbolton. Died January 29, 1837, aged 77.  
 Orr, Thomas, Park, Kirkoswald. *Circa* 1785.  
 Oswald, Richard A., of Auchencruive.  
 Oswald, Mrs., of Auchencruive. Died December 6, 1788.

## P.

Pagan, Tibbie, Muirkirk. Died November 3, 1821, aged 80.  
 Parker, William, of Asloss, Kilmarnock. Died November 29, 1828.  
 Parker, Hugh. Died *circa* 1824.  
 Park, Ann, Globe Inn, Dumfries. Died *circa* 1791.  
 Paton, Elizabeth, Lochlea.  
 Paterson, William, Town Clerk, Kilmarnock. Died April 8, 1791, aged 42.  
 Paterson, Dr., Ayr.

Pattison, Mr., Paisley.  
 Peacock, Mary (Mrs. Dr. Gray).  
 Peacock, Mr., Flaxdresser, Irvine.  
 Peebles, Rev. Dr. William, Newton-on-Ayr. Died October 11, 1826.  
 Perochon, Mrs. (daughter of Mrs. Dunlop). Died October 16, 1825.  
 Perry, James, Editor of *Morning Chronicle*. Died December 5, 1821.  
 Pindar, Peter (Dr. John Walcot). Died January 13, 1810, aged 81.  
 Piper, Thomas, Physician, Maybole.  
 Pitt, Right Hon. William. Died January 23, 1806.  
 Prentice, Archibald, Covington Mains.  
 Purden, Mr., Edinburgh.

## Q.

Queensberry, William, 4th Duke of. Died December 23, 1810, aged 86.

## R.

Rankine, John, Adamhill.  
 Rankine Ann (Mrs. Merry). Died August, 20, 1843.  
 Ramsay, John, of Ochtertyre. Died March 2, 1814.  
 Ramsay, David, of the *Edinburgh Courant*. Died June 27, 1813.  
 Reid, Wm., Bookseller, Glasgow. Died November 29, 1831.  
 Reid, George, of Balquharrie.  
 Renton, Mr., of Lamerton.  
 Riddel, Robert, of Glenriddel. Died April 21, 1794.  
 Riddel, Mrs. Robert. Living in 1804.  
 Riddel, Mrs. Maria. Died 1808.  
 Riddel, Walter. Died *circa* 1799.  
 Richmond, John, Writer. Died 1846, aged 84.  
 Richardson, Gabriel, Provost of Dumfries. Died January 26, 1820.  
 Robertson, Rev. John, Kilmarnock. Died June 5, 1798.  
 Robertson, Rev. Dr. Wm., Principal Edinburgh University. Died June 11, 1793, aged 71.  
 Robinson, Mr., Brewer, Ednam.  
 Rose, Mrs., of Kilravock.  
 Ronald, Anne, Bennals, Tarbolton.  
 Ronald, Mrs., Bennals. Died September 17, 1838.  
 Ronald, Wm., Farmer, Beith.  
 Ross, Mr., Aberdeen.  
 Rodney, Admiral. Died 1792.  
 Rockingham, Lord. Died 1782.  
 Roger, Hugh, Schoolmaster, Kirkoswald. Died May 1797, aged 71.  
 Russell, Rev. John, Kilmarnock. Died February 23, 1817, aged 77.  
 Rutherford, Captain, Jedburgh.

## S.

Samson, Thomas, Kilmarnock. Died December 12, 1795, aged 72.  
 Scot, Mrs., Wauchope. Died February 19, 1789.

- Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Died September 21, 1832, aged 61.  
 Scott, Mr., Innerleithen.  
 Scott, Misses, Dundee.  
 Scott, Mr., Banker, Kelso.  
 Schetki, J. G. C., Violinist, Edinburgh.  
 Selkirk, Lord.  
 Shaw, Rev. David, Coylton. Died April 26, 1810, aged 92.  
 Shaw, Sir James, Bart., London. Died October 22, 1843, aged 79.  
 Shaw, Rev. Dr. Andrew, Craigie. Died September 14, 1805  
 Sharpe, Charles, of Hoddam.  
 Shelburne, Lord. Died May, 1805.  
 Shepherd, Rev. John, Muirkirk. Died August 14, 1799.  
 Sheriff, Mr., Coldingham.  
 Sheriffs, Mr., Poet, Aberdeen.  
 Sibbald, James, Bookseller, Edinburgh. Died April 8, 1803, aged 56.  
 Siller, David ("A Brither Poet"). Died May 2, 1830, aged 70.  
 Simpson, Wm., Schoolmaster, Ochiltree. Died July 4, 1815.  
 Sinclair, Sir John. Died Dec. 21, 1835, aged 82.  
 Skinner, Rev. John, Poet. Died June 16, 1807.  
 Skinner, Bishop. Died 1816.  
 Skinner, James, Writer, Edinburgh. Died *circa* 1848.  
 Skirving, Archd., Artist. Died May 19, 1819.  
 Sloan, Thomas, Manchester.  
 Smith, Elizabeth, Ellisland. Living in Irvine in 1851.  
 Smith, Rev. George, Galston. Died April 28, 1823, aged 74.  
 Smith, Dr. Adam. Died Aug. 17, 1790.  
 Smith, James, Mauchline. Died in Jamaica.  
 Smith, Charlotte, Poetess. Died 1806.  
 Smith, Rev. Mr., Dunse.  
 Smellie, Wm., Printer, Edinburgh. Died June 24, 1795, aged 65.  
 Somerville, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Edinburgh. Died May 16, 1830, aged 90.  
 Somerville, John, Writer.  
 Somerville, Mr. (Border Tour).  
 Staig, Jessie (Mrs. Miller, of Dalswinton). Died March 6, 1801, aged 26.  
 Staig, David, Provost of Dumfries. Died October 21, 1826.  
 Stein, Kate, Kirkoswald. Died 1816.  
 Steven, Rev. Dr. James ("The Calf"). Died Feb. 15, 1824, aged 63.  
 Steven, Isabella, Tarbolton.  
 Stewart, Professor Dugald. Died June 11, 1828.  
 Stewart, Wm., Factor, Closeburn. Died July 19, 1812, aged 63.  
 Stewart, Mrs., of Stair. Died Jan., 1818.  
 Stewart, Peter, of the "Star." Living in 1803.  
 Stewart, Mary ("Lovely Polly"). Died 1847.  
 Stewart, Ann (Mrs. Forrest Dewar, Edinburgh).  
 Stewart, Dr., Inver.  
 Stewart, Dr., Nairn.  
 Strahan, Andrew, Publisher, London. Died August 25, 1831.  
 Sutherland, George S., Actor.  
 Syme, John, Ryedale, Dumfries. Died November 24, 1831, aged 77.

## T.

- Tait, Crawford, Harvieston. Died May 7, 1832, aged 67.  
 Tait, Elizabeth. Died 1802.  
 Tannock, Nanse, Mauchline. Died December 22, 1858, aged 92.  
 Taylor, John, Wanlockhead.  
 Taylor, Dr. John, Paisley.  
 Telford, Thomas, Engineer. Died September 2, 1834, aged 77.  
 Templeton, Mrs., Mauchline (Betty Miller).  
 Tennant, John, Auchinbey. Died 1853.  
 Tennant, James, Glenconnér. Died April, 1835.  
 Tennant, John ("Auld Glen"). Died April 28, aged 1810, aged 84.  
 Tennant, William. Died May 13, 1813.  
 Tennant, Agnes ("Nancy"). Died June 14, 1787.  
 Tennant, William ("Preacher Willie"). Died May, 13, 1813.  
 Tennant David ("The manly Tar"). Died August 30, 1839.  
 Tennant, Charles ("Wabster Charlie"). Founder of St. Rollox Works, Glasgow. Died October 1, 1838, aged 70.  
 Tennant, Robert ("Singin' Sannock"). Died August 11, 1841.  
 Thomson, George, Edinburgh. Died February 18, 1851, aged 94.  
 Thomson, Mr., Farmer, Dunse.  
 Thomson, Peggy, Kirkoswald.  
 Thomson, Mrs. (Betty Burns). Died June 13, 1873, aged 84.  
 Townshead, Hon. Charles, Taymouth.  
 Turnbull, Gavin, Poet. Died in America, *post* 1792.  
 Tytler, Fraser Alexander (Lord Woodhouselea). Died January 5, 1813, aged 66.  
 Tytler, William, of Woodhouselea. Died September 12, 1792, aged 81.  
 Tytler, James (Balloon Tytler). Died January, 1804.

## U.

- Urbani Pietro, Musician, Edinburgh.

## W.

- Wallace, Wm., Sheriff of Ayrshire. Died November 28, 1786.  
 Wallace, Mr., Writer, Dumfries.  
 Walker, Josiah, Glasgow University. Died August 28, 1831.  
 Walker, Thomas, Tailor, Ochiltree. Died *circa* 1812.  
 Watt, David, Miller, Doonfoot. Died October 22, 1823, aged 68.  
 Whigham, Edward, Provost of Sanquhar. Died October 3, 1823, aged 73.  
 White, Mr., Rector, Dumfries Academy. Died June 1, 1825.  
 Whitford, Sir John, Bart. Died April 8, 1803, aged 69.  
 Whitfoord, Maria, Ballochmyle (Mrs. Cranstoun).  
 Weir, Alex., Merchant, Paisley. Died July 29, 1819.  
 Wilson, John ("Dr. Hornbook"). Died January 13, 1839.  
 Wilson, Alex., Ornithologist and Poet. Died August 23, 1813.  
 Wilson, John, Publisher, Kilmarnock. Died May 6, 1821.  
 Wilson, John, Mauchline ("Wee Johnie.")  
 Wilkin, Mr., Factor, Alnwick.

## B



Williams, Helen Maria, Poetess. Died December, 1827, aged 65.  
 Williamson, James, Actor, Dumfries.  
 Williamson, Mr., Draper, Dumfries.  
 Williamson, Alex., of Balgray. Died July 12, 1805.  
 Wodrow, Rev. Dr. Patrick, Tarbolton. Died April 17, 1793, aged 81.  
 Wolstonecraft, Mary. Died September 10, 1797.  
 Wood, Alex., Surgeon, Edinburgh. Died May 12, 1807.  
 Woodburn, David, Factor, Craigengillan.  
 Woods, Wm., Tragedian, Edinburgh. Died December 14, 1802.

## Y.

Young, Rev. Stephen, Barr. Died February 19, 1819, aged 74.  
 Young, Rev. James, Cumnock. Died August 1, 1795, aged 85.  
 Young, Rev. W., Erskine.



## THE FAUNA AND FLORA OF BURNS.\*

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IT is rather a prosaic task I have set myself in this paper—viz., to lay before the admirers of the Poet dry lists of the birds, animals, and flowers mentioned in his writings—to tear his poems and songs to pieces, as it were, and present in their stead a few cases of fossils and a botanical album. But if the task is not educative in the highest sense, it will perhaps be found to be a small contribution to the curiosities of literature. Firstly, then, we will take a walk through the Poet's garden, and see the flowers that interested him most. The first thing that strikes us is the absence of such common flowers as the Buttercup and Dandelion, which are not even once mentioned in all Burns' floral imagery. We cannot expect a poet to be a scientist, able to label every flower of the field—I fear he would be no poet if he did so—but the more common ones are known to the dullest and least observant. How, then, can we explain their omission? The general explanation, of course, is that very few of our wild flowers, indeed, have common or popular names. In Ayrshire the *Umbelliferae* are slumped under the term "Grilshach" or "Boor-tree Gun." The *Speedwells* and all small flowers of a bluish colour are classed as "Eyebrights," and so on. Beyond Daisies, Buttercups, Groundsel, and Dandelions, the general knowledge does not extend far, save where a rural herbalist has learned to distinguish between Bog-Bean, Agrimony, Water-Cress, &c., and the other greenery around him. But there is another explanation, so far as Burns is concerned. The term "Gowan" in his day included most of the "*Compositae*" and "*Ranunculaceae*." Thus we have in old Scots "The Ewe Gowan or Daisy;" the "Horse-Gowan," which included the Dandelion, Hawk-weeds, and Tussilago; the "large white Gowan" or Ox-eye; the "Lucken-Gowan" or Globe-flower; the "Witches' Gowan," which I take to be the larger Celandine; and the "Yellow Gowan," which

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\* This paper is the substance of a lecture delivered by Mr. M'Naught to a Naturalist Society in Kilmarnock, known as "The Glenfield Ramblers."

included the Corn and Marsh Marigolds. It may be remembered that a discussion took place on this point in the *Glasgow Herald* about two years ago, which latterly descended to that lowest depth of bathos which only the *cacoethes scribendi* can reach. The next thing that surprises us is the shortness of the list of flowers mentioned by Burns. It is just possible that I may have missed a reference or two, but so far as my results go, I make out only nineteen flowers in the total. He devotes a whole poem, as everyone knows, to the Mountain Daisy or "Ewe Gowan," but taking frequency of mention as a measure of his floral preference, it is not the Daisy, but the Rose, that heads the list. Indeed, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" is only fourth favourite, judged by this test. The Rose or Rosebud occurs forty-three times, the Lily twenty-two times, Heather and Heather Bells seventeen times, the Daisy or Gowan twelve times. Next in order are the Primrose (7), the Cowslip (5), the Violet and the Thistle equal at four times, the Pink and the Snowdrop (2). The Ragweed, the Water-Lily, the Harebell, the Foxglove, the Poppy, Rue, Thyme, and the Blue Bell are only mentioned once, though the last appears a second time as the Hyacinth. That is the whole list. He does not go into details like Shakespeare in describing his floral favourites. They are always adjuncts, and adjuncts only, set in the background of his picture, as bits of colour to bring out in stronger relief the principal figure. Take a few examples.†

"My love is like a red, red Rose  
That's newly sprung in June."

"Her lips are Roses wat wi' dew."

"As on the brier the budding Rose  
Still richer breathes and fairer blows."

"Her lips still as she fragrant breathed  
It richer dy'd the Rose."

"Sweetly decked with pearly dew,  
The morning Rose may blow."

"We eye the Rose upon the Brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near."

"The Lily's hue and Roses dye  
Bespoke the Lass o' Ballochmyle."

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† For full references see the "Burns Concordance," by T. B. Reid, M.A. Glasgow, Kerr and Richardson.

“ To see the Rose and Woodbine twine.”

“ Her heaving bosom Lily white.”

“ Her cheeks like Lilies dipt in wine.”

“ The Lily it is pure and the Lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the Lily there.”

“ And spread her sheets o' Daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea.”

“ The opening Gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie O.”

“ In Gowany glens thy burnie strays.”

“ The haunts o' Spring's the Primrose brae.”

“ The Primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year.”

“ She's stately like yon youthful Ash  
That grows the Cowslip braes between.”

“ Ilk Cowslip cup shall kep a tear.”

“ Oh were my love yon Violet sweet  
That peeps beneath the Hawthorn spray.”

“ And Violets bathe in the weat of the morn.”

“ Love's first Snowdrop, virgin kiss.”

“ I will pu' the Pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer.”

“ Altho' my bed were in yon muir,  
Amang the Heather, in my plaidie,  
Yet happy, happy would I be,  
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.”

“ The moorcock springs on whirrin' wings,  
Amang the blooming Heather.”

In the beautiful song, “The Posie,” no fewer than nine flowers are mentioned, which go to make up the bouquet for his “ain dear May.” It is a curious collection, from a botanical point of view, for he gathers for her the Primrose, the Hawthorn, and the Woodbine, in poetic disregard of floral chronology. Not one of his heroines, however, is of the earth, earthy, hence it is no outrage on the “unities,” but an observance of the “proprieties,” for each to be provided with a floral Elysium of her own.

Of the national emblem, he writes :—

“ The rough Bur-Thistle, spreading wide  
 Among the bearded beer,  
 I turned my weeder-clips aside  
 And spar’d the symbol dear.”

“ Our Thrissles flourished fresh and fair.”

“ Puir Scotland, greetin’ owre her Thistle.”

“ An’ legs, an’ arms, an’ heads will sned,  
 Like taps o’ Thrissles.”

Of the eleven trees which he mentions, the Birk is first favourite :—

“ Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
 To the Birks o’ Aberfeldy.”

“ Down by the burn, where scented Birks  
 Wi’ dew are hanging clear, my jo.”

“ The sweet-scented Birk shades my Mary and me.”

“ How sweetly bloomed the gay green Birk,  
 How rich the Hawthorn’s blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasped her to my bosom.”

Almost equal with the Birk in his affections is the Hazel :—

“ Through the Hazels spreading wide,  
 O’er the waves that sweetly glide,  
 The moon it shines fu’ clearly.”

“ Whyles cocket underneath the brae,  
 Below the spreading Hazel,  
 Unseen that night.”

“ The little birdies blythly sing  
 While o’er their heads the hazels hing.”

“ The lintwhite in the Hazel braes.”

Nearly equal again with these two is the Hawthorn, which is mentioned 11 times, against 12 for the Hazel, and 13 for the Birk.

“ The fragrant Birch and Hawthorn hoar  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.”

“ Within yon milk-white Hawthorn bush,  
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush.”

“ The milk-white Thorn that scents the evening gale.”

“ Where spreading Hawthorns gaily bloom.”

“ Sweet as the dewy milk-white Thorn.”

With the exception of these three, forest and wood receive little attention. A remarkable thing is that the Rowan is not even once mentioned. It is an upland tree, as its name, Mountain Ash, implies, and perhaps was rare on the lower levels in Burns' day. The Saugh, the Ash, and the Holly are each mentioned twice; the Oak three times; the Boortree, or Elder, the Fir, the Beech, and the Elm once each. In the domain of bushes, shrubs, and fruits, the field is almost usurped by the Woodbine and the Brier, which occur respectively 12 and 10 times.

" Her breath is the breath of the Woodbine."

" We'll to the breathing Woodbine bower,  
At sultry noon, my dearie O."

" The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
When evening shades in silence meet."

" Oh, bonnie was yon rosie Brier  
That blooms sae far frae haunts o' men."

" Ye Hazly shaws and Briery dens."

Rashes, Reeds, and Sedges occur no fewer than 11 times. Ferns are never mentioned, the undergrowth of the woods invariably appearing as "Breckans" or "Brechans." The Sloe or Slae and the Ivy each appear four times.

" From the white-blossomed Sloe my dear Chloe requested  
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn."

This beautiful trifle is popularly credited to Dibdin, but only the second stanza, which is very commonplace indeed, was written either by him or the composer of the melody, to eke out the words.

" Down amang the Broom, the Broom,  
Down amang the Broom, my dearie."

" Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow Broom."

" Where the lambkins wanton thro' the Broom."

are the three instances in which the Broom is mentioned. The Whin is referred to twice, but nothing is said of its glorious blaze of colour. The Lilac is mentioned once, and only once.

" Oh, were my love yon Lilac fair,  
With purple blossoms to the Spring."

"Apples" occur three times ; the Crab-Apple once. Nuts appear six times ; Cherries three times ; Hops twice. The "berries red" of the Holly and

"Her haffet-locks as brown's a berry"

are the only references to that kind of fruit ; while

"As plump and grey as ony grozet"

is the solitary mention of the Gooseberry. The Peach, the Puddock-stool, the Anana or Pine-Apple, and the Raisin are each mentioned once. Again, it must be considered curious that though the Dog-Rose and the Hawthorn are constantly in the poetic vision, the "hip" and the "haw" are disregarded.

The allusions to Vegetables and Farm Crops are not so plenteous as might have been expected from the Ploughman Poet. Corn or Aits, Wheat, Pease, Beans, Hay, Barley, Clover, Lint, Hemp, are all mentioned more or less frequently. The Potato is only twice mentioned ; so is the Onion, under both its designations.

"A lee dyke-side, a sybo tail  
And barley-scone shall cheer me."

"See how she peels the skin and fell  
As ane were peeling onions."

Kail appears in the double capacity of "bow-kail" and "lang-kail," which has given much trouble to the Anglo-editors, as well as to the framers of the "Glossaries." "Bow-kail," as every Scotsman knows or ought to know, is Cabbage, and "lang-kail," the Greens dear to the curler. The leek is left out, as well as the turnip, the carrot, wurzel, parsnip, and parsley. Root-crops had not been introduced into British husbandry to any great extent in the era of Burns, and probably the other vegetables mentioned above were not so general then as now. Seaweed, under the names of "tangle" and "wrack," occurs once. Burns did not love the sea particularly, nor anything pertaining thereto, if we can judge by his comparative silence on everything relating to it.

It is when we come to consider the Poet's attitude towards animate creation that we perceive most clearly what manner of man he is. His heart glows with the tenderest love for every creature under the sun. Even the Fox and Wild Cat, compelled by the pangs of hunger to brave the angry tempest,

evoke his pity and sympathy. Seductive as this aspect of Burns is, we must steadfastly adhere to our allotted task, or we may be led astray by the temptation.

The number of individual birds which appear in his writings I make out to be forty-one, the species, of course, being much under that figure. Of birds of prey, he mentions the Eagle six times; the Hawk, Goshawk, Gled, or Buzzard-Gled, eight times; Hoodie-Craw or Hoodock, twice; Raven or Harpy-Raven, five times; Rooks, Corbies, Crows, four times; the Owl or Houlet, eight times. Kaes or Jackdaws are mentioned once; the Partridge or Pairrick, seven times; the Cushat, Dove, Stockdove, or Doo, ten times (falling, however, into the popular mistake of confounding the Stockdove with the Cushat); the Grouse, Moorcock, Gorcock, and Moorhen, nine times; the Plover, three times; the Curlew, once; the Heron, three times; the Corn-craik, twice; the Lapwing, once (under that designation, and not the Peasweep); the Pyet, once; the Cuckoo, once, and once only; the Coot, twice; the Swan, three times; and the Bittern or Blitter, twice. In some glossaries, I have observed "Blitter" set down as "Snipe," but there can be no doubt it is the "Bittern," now extinct with us, for I have heard an old Loudon Hill farmer refer to that bird as the "Heather Blitter."

"The Blitter frae the boggie."

"Ye Bitterns, till the quagmire reels  
Rair for his sake."

"Rejoice, ye burrin' Pairricks a'."

"The Pairrick whirrin' owre the lea."

"Pairricks scraichan loud at e'en."

"The Partridge loves the fruitful fells."

"On lofty aiks the Cushat wails."

"While thro' the braes the Cushat croods  
With wailfu' cry."

"Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it."

"Ye Grouse that crap the heather-bud."

"Ye cootie Moorcocks crouselly crawl."

"Cannily steal on a bonnie Moorhen."



"The ravening Hawk pursuing,  
The trembling Dove thus flies."

"Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare."

"The Eagle's gaze alone surveys  
The sun's meridian splendour."

"The Eagle from the clifty brow  
Marked his prey below."

The Woodcock is referred to once, and so is the Bat or Bauckie-Bird. Sea-fowl are only referred to once, and that in the most general way. The common domestic fowls bulk more largely, as might be expected. The references to Capons, Chickens, Chicks, Chuckies, Cocks, Hens, Geese, Drakes, Ducks, Ducklings, and Turkeys number 26 in all. The Teal and the Mallard are each mentioned once. In connection with the domestic fowls, I lately observed a learned discussion in the *Glasgow Herald* on the meaning of the term "martial chuck," which occurs in the "Jolly Beggars." If the disputants had known their Burns as thoroughly as they pretended, they might have got some enlightenment from the similar phrase, "auld chuckie Reekie," applied to the city of Edinburgh. The expression "auld chuckie" or "tewkie" ought not to be a hard nut for any Scotsman to crack.

Of the feathered choir, the Lark and the Linnet run a close race for first place, the numbers being 17 for the former, and 16 for the latter. The Mavis makes a good third at 13. Burns is never wrong in his descriptive notes of birds. In his "Farewell to Ballochmyle" occurs the line

"Nae Laverock sang on hillock green,"

which our amateur ornithologists would, no doubt, consider nonsense. I deem it very unfortunate that those who know most about our native birds seldom or never write about them. Not long ago, we were informed by a writer in one of our local weeklies that Larks never sang except when on the wing. Perhaps he forgot that they sometimes sing in a cage. If the writer had consulted fewer books, and taken, instead, a stroll through the fields in Spring, he would have discovered that Burns is right, and that Laverocks *do* sing upon the ground, usually upon a "hillock green"; but then this usually happens among the sprouting or standing corn, and the unobservant observer misses it. The young Laverocks, more-

over, try their notes in this fashion in the late afternoon or evening. The same authority informed the public that Larks ascended in a spiral form, cork-screw fashion. A single look at a soaring Lark contradicts this. He mounts by successive jerks or leaps, circling round now and again, till he reaches his highest altitude, when he floats, as it were, in circles, and descends as any other bird by the action of gravity, more or less modified by the action of the wing-muscles. The Lark deserves all that has been said of him by the poets. I have never heard the Nightingale, but if his song is as much in advance of the glorious gush of melody which pours from Scottish clouds as it is said to be, it is worth going all the way to the South of England to hear him. This is what Burns says of the Laverock :—

“ When the Lark ’tween light and dark  
Blythe waukens by the Daisy’s side.”

“ Sweet the Lark’s wild-warbled lay.”

“ The wakened Laverock warbling springs,  
And climbs the early sky.”

“ Now Laverocks wake the merry morn  
Aloft on dewy wing.”

“ The Laverocks they were chantin’  
Fu’ sweet that day.”

“ So to Heaven’s gate the Lark’s shrill song ascends.”

The Linnet or Lintwhite is almost as great a favourite with him, and no wonder. I think there is no sound in Nature so full, rich, and melodious as the call-note of the Linnet among the whins.

“ In twining Hazel bowers  
His lay the Linnet pours.”

“ The Blackbird strong, the Lintwhite clear.”

“ When Lintwhites chant among the buds.”

—and so on. The Mavis or Thrush, though not so often mentioned, is more particularly described. His grand recitative re-echoed in Burns’ time, and echoes still in every glen and woodland in Scotland. It is more than a recitative, for it is followed, when a good performer sings, by an air with a surprising range of scale. Every one who has studied singing-birds is well aware of the fact that there are great differences between Lark and Lark—between Mavis and Mavis. Some are

comparatively poor performers, while others are simply superb. Birds differ as much in their talents and temperaments as human beings—a fact which every practical ornithologist knows. The Blackbird or Merle Burns only mentions half-a-dozen times. I am convinced that the uninitiated confound the song of the Mavis with that of the Merle, else the latter would not be so much thought of as he is. His song is a recitative, full, clear, and round certainly, but still very monotonous and limited in range.

“Ye wild whistlin’ Blackbirds in yon thorny den.”

“In days when Daisies deck the ground,  
And Blackbirds whistle clear.”

“The Merle, in his noontide bower,  
Makes woodland echoes ring.”

Listen to a good Mavis on an April evening after the rain, and if there is anything grander of its kind elsewhere in this world, I would go a long distance to listen to it.

“Hark! the Mavis’ e’enin’ sang  
Sounding Cluden’s woods amang.”

“The Mavis mild wi’ mony a note  
Sings drowsy day to rest.”

“Thou mellow Mavis that hails the nightfa’.”

“In every glen the Mavis sang,  
All Nature listening seemed the while.”

“While falling, recalling,  
The amorous Thrush concludes his song.”

“Sing on, sweet Thrush upon the leafless bough.”

The Woodlark (rather a scarce bird in Ayrshire now) is mentioned thrice; the Robin—

“Proud o’ the height o’ some bit half-lang tree”—

four times. The “pensive Robin” he calls him—a very appropriate designation, as one listens to his song with its “dying fall” when the winds of autumn have stripped off the leaves. The Goldfinch is only mentioned once under the fine old descriptive name of the “Gowdspink.” Swallows occur four times; but no notice is taken of the Sparrow, the familiar bird of the gutter; nor of the Yellow-Hammer, Yite, or Yellow Yorling. These, with the Chaffinch or Shilfa, are doubtless included in the term “warblers,” which occurs three times.

The animals mentioned by Burns number 47 in all, if my calculations, which I have been at some pains to verify, are correct. Three of them are now practically extinct with us in Ayrshire—the *Foumart* or Thummart, the *Wild Cat*, and the *Badger* or Brock.\* The animals of the farm are very frequently referred to. He has a whole poem, as is well-known, on the Auld Farmer's Mare, and a rare storehouse it is for pure and forcible examples of the old Scots tongue. We have the Horse, Mare Cowte, Aiver, and Hunter; Cows, Kye, Nowte, Stot, Stirk Bullock, Quey; Sheep, Lambs, Lambkin, Tup, Wether, Crock, and "Poor Mailie," of course. We have also the Goat, the Ass, Grumphie, Sow, Swine; and the Dog—Newfoundland, Collie, Jowler, Hound, Bloodhound, Pointer, and Gipsy Messan. The Rat is mentioned five times, the Mouse three times, and the Mole or Modewark once. The poem on the "wee sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie" is familiar to all of us. The Fox occurs three times, and as the Tod four times, making seven times in all. The Whitreck occurs only once, and that in his unpublished poem "The Court of Equity." The Taed or Toad and the Frog are also both mentioned, the latter not under the familiar name of the "Puddock." The Hedgehog or Hurcheon occurs twice; the Cat or Baudrons eight times. Reference is also made to the Deer and the Roe, the Monkey, the Lion, Lioness, and Tiger—the king of all animals occurring no fewer than seven times, while the Tiger is only once mentioned. But of all the animals the Hare or Maukin is his favourite. Perhaps the most surprising of all the omissions is the Rabbit, which must have been abundant in the Poet's day, though very likely rare in the localities connected with his career. The Hare he mentions 11 times, and he must have known all about him by the way he writes about him.

"The Hares are hirplin' down the furs."

"And jinkin' Hares, in amorous whids  
Their loves enjoy."

"Ye Maukins whiddin' through the glade."

"When purple morning starts the Hare  
To steal upon her early fare."

"Ye Maukins! cock your fud fu' braw."

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\* A Badger was killed a year or two ago in the vicinity of Loudon Hill.

"An' hungered Maukin ta'en her way  
To kailyards green."

"While frightened Rattons backward leuk,  
An' seek the benmost bore."

"And heard the restless Rattons squeak  
About the riggin'."

"A Ratton rattled up the wa'."

"Satan watches, like baudrons by a Rattan."

"The Fox was howling on the hill."

"The Tod replied upon the hill."

And in "The Twa Herds" we have in one line

"The Thummart, Wilcat, Brock, and Tod."

Only six fishes are mentioned, and four of them in one stanza of "Tam Samson's Elegy"—the Salmon, the Trout, the Eel, and the Ged or Pike. The others are the Herring and "Stockfish"—that is, fish cured and salted.

"Ncw safe the stately Sawmont sail,  
And Trouts bedropped with crimson hail,  
And Eels, weel kent for supple tail,  
An' Geds for greed,  
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail  
Tam Samson dead."

This paper would be incomplete without some mention of the smaller game. As you know, he has a poem on the unsightly centipede which finds pasturage among the tousie tresses of the unkempt schoolboy. The same insect occurs again in that scorching sarcasm the "Address of Beelzebub," where the poor Highland crofters are described as

"Flaffin' wi' duds and grey wi' beas'"

—a contraction, as I take it, for "beasts." We forgive him the unsavouriness of the subject for the sake of the stanza which has become one of the world's proverbs—

"Oh ! would some Power the giftie gie us," &c.

The lively Flea, the Bum-clock, the Mite, the Midge, the Wasp, the Bee, the Butterfly, the Locust, the Spider, the Snail, the Horse-leech, and the Maggot are all noticed. The Adder

or Ether occurs only once, and then only in the compound word "Ether-stane" in the *Fête Champêtre*—

"When Politics came there to mix  
And make his ether-stane, man!"

Of shellfish, the Mussel and the Limpet alone are mentioned, and both together in one stanza of the "Earnest Cry and Prayer."

"Triumphant crushin't like a Mussel  
Or Laimpet shell."

That fills up the measure of the Fauna of Burns, so far as my researches have gone. It now behoves us to indicate the localities from which he drew his inspiration. These, as you know, are situated in the counties of Ayr and Dumfries, but they, by no means, include the whole extent of these shires. If we draw a base line along the coast of Ayrshire from Culzean to the mouth of the Irvine, and join the extremities of this line with the town of Mauchline, we will have a triangle which includes almost every inch of the Burns country in Ayrshire. He did not love the sea, as we have already said, but in this particular he was no exception to the Scottish Muse. Girt, as we are on all sides save the Border, by the ocean, it is strange that the Scottish Muse has ever been apathetic to the sea. Scottish poetry is redolent of meadow, mountain, moor, glen, wood, and everything pertaining thereto; but rarely do we get a sniff of the sea breeze. Up to the date of his fame, the serried peaks of Arran were always in his view, standing out every evening from the purple and gold of the sunset, and yet he never once mentions them. Ailsa Craig is mentioned once only.

"Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig."

The Firth of Clyde is mentioned in the "Brigs o' Ayr."

"The tide-swollen Firth with sullen-sounding roar."

The sea to him was always gloomy and fearful.

"The stormy wave  
Where mony a danger I must brave."

"For her I'll dare the billows roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore."

"The doubling roar  
Surging on the rocky shore."

“ But seas between us baith hae roared  
Sin’ auld langsyne.”

In the triangle indicated we have the homes of his childhood and youth—Ayr, Alloway, Mount Oliphant. At the age of 19 he removed to Lochlea, and at 25 to Mossgiel and Mauchline. The Mossgiel is *par excellence* the poetic period, for it was there he laid the solid foundation of his fame. Mauchline, Tarbolton, and Kilmarnock are imperishably connected with this epoch. The sun still glints o’er Galston Muirs; the rising moon still “glowers” o’er the distant Cumnock Hills. Hermit Ayr still ‘steals through the woods, the well-fed Irvine “stately thuds” along; the banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon are as fair and fresh as ever. The natural features of the country remain unchanged, though the expression of its face, so to speak, has altered. In Burns’ day there were few inclosures, and the roads were of the roughest description. The only drains were the “sheuchs” or ditches, which also did duty for fences, and to mark the marches between farm and farm, estate and estate. Agriculture has made rapid strides since then. The “spritly knowes” and whin-clad braes have disappeared, and with them their characteristic fauna and flora. The Linnet can only now be seen in its natural habitat on the links along the Ayrshire coast. With the food which the waste places supplied, the Goldfinch has disappeared altogether, and with the advent of the Starling, Larks are undoubtedly getting scarcer. The rough herbage of those days admirably fitted the Hare, but Ground Game Acts and the poacher of the mining rows are now combined for its extinction. A quarter of a century ago I could count in the Spring scores of Peesweeps nesting within sight of my windows; now scarce a pair are observable within a mile of the village. That beautiful bird, the Magpie, used to be very abundant in the neighbourhood; now a pair or two in the Rowallan woods are all that are left. The depopulation of wood and meadow goes on year by year almost unchecked, and the sooner gamekeepers and Cockney sportsmen are taught that they cannot, with impunity, shoot every “beauteous stranger of the grove,” in season and out of season, the better it will be for the country, especially our distressed agriculturists, who complain so bitterly of the increase of vermin, and who will yet ruthlessly level a gun at the useful “Houlet” or “Kestrel” whenever or wherever he presents himself. But this is a digression.

In Dumfries the Bard rode as exciseman through similar scenery to that of his beloved Ayrshire, with the same objects of animate Nature before his eyes. At Ellisland he sang—

“ O’ a’ the airts the win’ can blaw,  
I dearly like the west ;”

and through all the glorious melody of the Dumfries period can be traced the influence of his early years, when his flashing eye was yet undimmed by sad experience of the odds his genius had to contend with. The critics of the personality of Burns are many, but it is the fact that no man of large heart or broad mind has ever yet assailed him. Without his passions we could not have had his songs, which shall endure as long as human tongue can lisp articulate language.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small.”

Robert Burns certainly attained to this religious standard of Coleridge. The words which he addressed to Peggy Chalmers, nine days before his death, may well be extended to the whole of animated creation—

“ Full well thou know’st I love thee dear,  
Could’st thou to Malice lend an ear ;  
Oh, did not Love exclaim, ‘ Forbear,  
Nor use a faithful lover so.’ ”

D. M’NAUGHT.





## BURNS IN DUMFRIESSHIRE.

### CURRIED BIOGRAPHY.

THE best of Burns — that is known or knowable — is admittedly contained in his poetry. What is his poetic output during the Dumfries period? “Fully a hundred songs,” writes Mr. William M'Dowall (a most worthy man, and a most painstaking Burnsian) in his “Burns in Dumfriesshire,” “are the fruit of this period, including his most humorous ditties, many of his finest amatory effusions, and all his best battle lyrics.” Mr. M'Dowall further says:— “Were he (Burns) tested by his productions in Dumfries, exclusive of his previous poems, he would still be recognised as our greatest lyrical bard. Indeed, considering the time absorbed in the faithful performance of his work as an exciseman and of his family duties, and the time spent by him in company, good, bad, or indifferent, we cannot but wonder at the teeming wealth which his mind disclosed during his latest years.” This is strictly correct. The period in Burns's life which is marked by “*Scots Wha Hae*,” “*Ae Fond Kiss*,” “*For a' That an' a' That*,” “*Auld Langsyne*,” “*Duncan Gray*,” “*Auld Rob Morris*,” “*Willie Wastle*,” “*O, Whistle an' I'll Come to ye, my Lad*,” “*Contented wi' Little, an' Canty wi' Mair*,” “*Ye Banks and Braes*,” “*Should Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat*,” “*My Love is like a Red, Red Rose*,” “*My Heart is Sair, I Daurna Tell*,” “*Yestreen I had a Pint o' Wine*,” “*O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*,” is as notable for poetic vitality as any previous period, and as a simple matter of fact contains more of him than is universally popular. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who accepted the down-grade theory of Burns, says of the Dumfriesshire (not simply of the Dumfries) time:—“He was thenceforward incapable, except in rare instances, of that superior effort of concentration which is required for serious literary work. He may be said, indeed, to have worked no more, and only amused himself with letters.” Never was there a more grotesque thing said

than that the author of "*Tam o' Shanter*" was "incapable," except in rare instances, "of a superior effort of concentration," or that the author of "*Scots Wha Hae*," which is the Marseillaise of Scotland, and of "*A Man's a Man for a' That*," which some folks think the Marseillaise of Humanity, was a dilettante who "amused himself with letters," although it might perhaps be expected of a writer who was careless enough to say, without reliable evidence, that before Jean Armour had given her person to Robert Burns she had given her heart to another man! As a matter of fact, Burns acted in Dumfries precisely as he had done in Mauchline, Edinburgh, and Ellisland; he found inspiration and material for his verse in the incidents of his life and time. The French Revolution took the place of the struggle between Auld Lights and New Lights; Chloris and Jessie took the places of Nannie, Mary, and Peggy as his models. Mr. Stevenson admits that Burns became more fastidious as he grew older; in other words, while he was in Dumfries he was *not* on the down-grade as an artist. But the more fastidious a writer gets, the less he produces. Add to this that, as demonstrated by his most interesting letter to his political friend, Mr. Heron, Burns's literary work was absolutely suspended for a time by his having, during the illness of his superior officer, Mr. Findlater, to do a supervisor's labour, and that he took a deep and practical interest in the education of his children, and Mr. M'Dowall's wonder that he should have done so much as he did in Dumfries is intelligible. In Dumfries, as in Mossgiel, Burns undoubtedly had fits of depression, and had fears of early death. But these fits and fears passed away, and until he became certain that the Last Enemy had him in his grip—even Mr. Stevenson does not deny that he faced death like a man—he dreamed and hoped the dreams and hopes of a sensible struggling man. The Heron letter shows clearly what was in his mind. He contemplated, first of all, securing a supervisorship, and it is now certain that he was more than justified in his hope. The drudgery of this post would have prevented him from writing much, if anything, while he held it, although it would have enabled him and his family to live in greater comfort. From it he looked forward, however, to a collectorship, with a comparatively large income. Such a post would have given him scope for the clear poetical activity of which Carlyle speaks, for the literary leisure to which

he himself alludes. Burns might, with his friends in power, have been, in ten years at the furthest, a collector. After forty-seven what might he not have done, for what have other men not done? His dream, at all events, is not that of the "despairing" and "falling" man he is represented by Mr. Stevenson to have been.

Now for the main facts—the absolutely verified facts—of Burns's life in Dumfries. It is not contended, of course, by those who wish to know the positive truth as to his career that there were not ups and downs during these five years, as there had been in previous periods. What is argued is simply that this life was not steadily downwards. In 1792 he got into a difficulty of some sort with the Excise authorities. (The story that, on the 27th February, he captured a smuggling brig in the Solway, and sent its carronades to the French Convention, has been denied, and is, perhaps, not authentic.) The other story, that when tipsy, he called out for *ga ira* in the theatre, is effectually disposed of by his letter to Graham of Fintry. In 1794 came his quarrel with Mrs. Riddell; but, by 1795, he was reconciled both with the Board of Excise and with Mrs. Riddell, and the country rang with the praises of his "*Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?*" That year saw him engaged in the duties of acting supervisor; in the autumn he lost a child. This loss and the engrossing character of his duties—as is shown by a letter to Mrs. Riddell, published for the first time by Mr. Scott Douglas—adequately account for Burns's literary inactivity during this period. Discoveries made in Somerset House, and published in the beginning of 1874, and recently emphasised, make two things clear. In the first place, "a register was kept of all censures issued by the Board of Excise, and the absence of Burns's name from the register proves that he was never censured by the Commissioners—not even in the mildest form in which they were in the habit of conveying their displeasure for what they characterised as trivial faults." In the second place, it is now certain that Burns would have obtained his promotion as supervisor on 12th January, 1797. Then he could have looked forward to a life of "literary leisure." So far as can be proved, Burns was guilty of no greater crimes in 1795 than of being prostrated by the death of a child, and of declining to let love of letters interfere with his absolutely absorbing professional duties. As a simple matter

of fact, his prospects were never brighter than they were in that year.

What of Burns's "excesses" in Dumfries? No one is concerned to deny that, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, his habits were to some extent those of his time, or to maintain that he never drank more than the two ounces of alcohol per day prescribed by modern medical men. There were occasional "excesses" all through his life. The question is, did habits of intemperance grow upon him? Let us see how legends grow. "Even in the last feebleness, and amid the last agonies of expiring life, yielding too readily to any temptation that offered the semblance of intemperate enjoyment, he died at Dumfries." So wrote Robert Heron—that Heron of whom Allan Cunningham says—"He was himself not only inclined to gross sensuality, but has been regarded as one not at all solicitous about the truth." Fortunately, and apart from Heron, the death-bed scene of the summer of 1796, has been revealed, and no human being now pretends to say that Burns, whose last thought while his mind was clear was for his wife, died a drunkard's death. Was Burns guilty of Don Juanism in Dumfries? Mr. Stevenson speaks of his being on doubtful terms with Mrs. Riddell. For this attack on a dead woman there is not a shadow of an excuse even in gossip that has seen the light—for Mr. Stevenson will hardly contend that a "bacchanalian orgie," at which Mrs. Riddell's husband was the presiding spirit, and for taking part in which Burns offended Mrs. Riddell, is evidence that he and that lady were on doubtful terms. Then we have the Currie stories about "inebriation" and other "pollution." As a simple matter of fact, Currie is the most inaccurate of biographers—with the possible exception of Mr. Froude. It may be said with perfect safety that every third letter of Burns, at the least, which he included in his *Life*, was either misprinted or deliberately altered by him. His successors in the field of Burns biography have no guarantee that the letters which he published, and the originals of which cannot now be recovered, are as they were written by their author. Two instances of his happy-go-lucky blundering may be given. Dealing with the Poet's West Highland Tour in the early summer of 1787, Currie speaks of a letter to Ainslie, "dated Arrachas, near Crochairbas, by Lochleary, June 28th, 1787." Now, I have a fragment of

this letter before me. It is written in Burns's bold, plain-as-a-pike-staff caligraphy, and is dated, not "Arrachas," but "Arochar," near, not "Crochairbas," but "Crocharebas," and "by," not "Lochleary" (or even Loch Bleary or Loch Beery), but "Loch Loang." ("Loang" may not be a misspelling for "Long" on the part of Burns, but a playful attempt, after the manner of modern "dialecticians," to reproduce the pronunciation of the natives of the district in which he was sojourning.) Finally, the actual date of the letter is not June 28, but June 25. In short, Currie manages to make four blunders in seven words! Froude, or even Barère, could not have beaten this. *Ex uno, &c.* Here is a blunder of another but equally significant sort. Currie tells us that "after the family of our Bard removed from Tarbolton to the neighbourhood of Mauchline he and his brother were requested to assist in forming a similar institution there. Though the records of the Society at Tarbolton are lost, and these of the Society of Mauchline have not been transmitted, yet we may safely affirm that our Poet was a distinguished member of both these Associations." Now, the minute-book of the Mauchline Society has been recovered in Victoria, and on June 25, 1892, Mr. George Dunlop, of Kilmarnock, published the rules of the Association, a list of the original members, and other interesting information. This proves that Dr. Currie "safely affirmed" what was not the fact. The Mauchline Club was not formed till 1786, more than two years after the Burns family removed to Mossgiel from Tarbolton. And although Gilbert was one of the original members, Robert was not. If a biographer cannot be trusted to transcribe a letter written in the clearest hand-writing without making four mistakes in seven words, and if his "safe affirmations" are grotesque blunders, how can he be trusted in regard to the weightier matters of the law?

Are we then to believe the Dumfries stories of Currie's any more than we are to believe that other story of his that Burns went to seek health at the Brow Well, near Annan, in defiance of medical advice, whereas we have Burns's own evidence that he went thither in obedience to medical advice? Currie could only have obtained the information which he professes to give about the "inebriation," the "pollution," the "accidental complaint," and all the rest of his pickings from the gutter,

from Dumfries gossip, or from Burns's medical attendant. It is, indeed, hinted that this medical attendant "reluctantly" communicated this knowledge. Will any sane man believe—except on evidence taken upon oath—that an honourable medical man, "reluctantly" or otherwise, disclosed professional secrets? Burns, indeed, confesses in three letters—which are as coherent as the epistles of most sober men—to being "drunk" when he wrote them. But in his famous communication to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns denies in the most emphatic manner that he had drifted from the stage of occasional excesses to that of intemperate habits. On the contrary, he declares that he had almost cut himself adrift from tavern-drinking—the very man, by the way, who, according to Mr. Stevenson, could be whistled away to a tavern by any passing visitor to Dumfries! To the Dumfries period belongs Burns's letter to Cunningham on religion, generally admitted to be his best and profoundest on this subject. To the Dumfries period belongs his

"Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,  
For ance and aye."

In other words, Burns when in Dumfries was as sensitive to his conscience, as bent on ultimate self-discipline, as at any previous period in his life. In support of this we have the evidence—the *written*, not oral, evidence—of Mr. Findlater, his supervisor as well as friend, that Burns was never incapacitated by drink for the performance of his duties, and the indignant evidence—the *written*, not oral, evidence—of Mr. Gray, who knew him intimately, that he was *seldom* guilty of excess, that he was warmly respected by his neighbours to the last, and that he was a moral purist in conversation.

Now, as to "the determining cause" of Burns's death. The familiar story is—a late night, or rather early morning at the Globe Inn, intoxication, a prolonged sleep in the snow, a chill, and rheumatic fever. Let us watch the growth of a Burns legend. It is interesting, if also irritating. There is no doubt about the rheumatic fever; Burns died finally of that and its *sequelæ*, as many young men of unimpeachable character during the last few years have died of pneumonia and of its *sequelæ*. On the 31st January, 1796, he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop about the death of his "only daughter and darling child," and then said, "I had scarcely begun to recover from that

shock when I became the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever." When, then, happened the Globe Inn dissipation, with its fatal results? Lockhart says—"A few days after this" (the writing of the letter to Mrs. Dunlop) "Burns joined a festive circle at a tavern dinner," &c. Currie says—"From October, 1795, to the January following an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days later he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern," &c. According, then, to Currie apparently, and Lockhart certainly, it must have been in *February* that the tavern dinner occurred. But Alexander Smith says it took place "early in January." So says Mr. M'Dowall, who states very precisely that the Poet "lay long insensible at the head of the close where it joins with Shakespeare Street." Who is to decide where these authorities disagree?

Nor is this all. There is no word of a tavern dinner as the final cause of Burns's death in Heron's biography. There is none in Hamilton Paul's. There is no word of a dinner at all in Josiah Walker's story. "About two months after (meeting with him), returning at the same unseasonable hour from a similar revel," &c. It has, besides, been demonstrated that poor "Jos," whom Wilson so scarified, visited Dumfries in 1794, so that the "similar revel" (to that in which he himself figured, and of which he gossipped) must have occurred in the beginning of 1795, not in 1796. There is no word of the Globe Inn as the scene of the dinner in Currie, or Lockhart, or Walker. There is no word of Burns's falling asleep in the snow in Currie or Walker. As for Lockhart, he says gingerly, "It has been said that he fell asleep upon the snow on his way home." It is in 1838, and in a note to a new edition of Currie, then published, that the Globe Inn and the sleep in the snow make their definitive appearance. It runs thus—"It is added by the tradition of Dumfries that, on his way home, he sat down on some steps projecting into the street, and, falling asleep in that situation, became fatally chilled." And so it is on a "tradition" of nearly half a century old that Burns's character has been blasted—a tradition, too, which asks us to believe that his companions, although they perceived him to be intoxicated, had not the common humanity to see him safely home!

The Globe Inn legend—that Burns died of a fever caused

in the final resort by intoxication—is therefore a confused mass of contradictory statements, and may be placed on the same shelf as the almost identical story which is related by way of accounting for the death of Shakespeare. What a field, therefore, for the *Burns Chronicle*, and what valuable work has still to be done and should be done by a rightly-constituted Burns Society in the examination of the similar legends which have been circulated as to other periods and incidents in Burns's life, and which pass current for biography!

WILLIAM WALLACE.





## THE GRAY MANUSCRIPTS.

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THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. George Gray, Clerk of the Peace, Glasgow, and Town Clerk of Rutherglen, we are enabled to lay before our readers some interesting Burns MSS., the majority of which have never before been published so far as our knowledge goes. From the notes appended, we learn that the documents were once the property of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who doubtless drew upon them for the edition of the "Museum," published by Blackwood in 1839, under the superintendence of Mr. David Laing, Mr. Stenhouse, the original editor, having died in 1827. They were purchased by Messrs. Kerr & Richardson, Glasgow, at a sale of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, which took place in December 1880, from whom they were acquired by Mr. Gray. The first lot, a letter to John Ballantyne, of 4 pages 4to, is described in the catalogue as "a very interesting letter, and highly characteristic of the Poet." Mr. Scott Douglas prints it in Paterson's Edition (Vol. iv., p. 189), but evidently from a copy, for he states in a note that "it is not known what Mr. Sharpe did with the Poet's holograph." The danger of using a copy with the same confidence as the original is signally exemplified by comparing the Scott Douglas version with the Gray text, upwards of seventy errors in verbiage, punctuation, and spelling having been made by the transcriber or printer. On the accompanying sheet of foolscap is written in Mr. Sharpe's holograph:—

"This Letter belonged to Professor Sir John Leslie—it cost me two guineas at his sale.

C. K. S., 1833."

The text is as follows:—

MY HONORED FRIEND,—It gives me a secret comfort to observe in myself that I am not yet so far gone as Willie Gaw's Skate, "past redemption"; for I have still this favorable symptom of grace, that when my Conscience, as in the case of this letter, tells me I am leaving something undone that I ought to do, it teases me eternally till I do it.

I am still "dark as was Chaos" in respect to Futurity. My generous friend, Mr. Peter Miller, brother to the Justice Clerk, has been talking with me about a lease of some farm or other in an estate called Dasswinton (*sic*) which he has lately bought near Dumfries. Some life-rented, embittering

Recollections whisper me that I will be happier anywhere than in my old neighbourhood, but Mr. Miller is no Judge of land ; and though I dare say he means to favour me, yet he may give me, in his opinion, an advantageous bargain that may ruin me. I am to take a tour by Dumfries as I return and have promised to meet Mr. Miller on his lands some time in May.

I went to a Mason-lodge yesternight where the Most Worshipful Grand Master Charters, and all the Grand lodge of Scotland visited. The meeting was most numerous and elegant ; all the different Lodges about town were present, in all their pomp. The Grand Master who presided with great solemnity, and honor to himself as a Gentleman and Mason, among other general toasts gave, "Caledonia and Caledonia's Bard, brother B——" which rung through the whole Assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen, I was downright thunder struck, and trembling in every nerve made the best return in my power. Just as I finished, some of the Grand Officers said so loud as I could hear, with a most comforting accent, "Very well indeed," which set me something to rights again. I have just now had a visit from my Landlady, who is a staid, sober, piously-disposed, sculdudery-abhorring widow, coming on her grand climacterick. She is at present in sore tribulation respecting some "Daughters of Belial" who are on the floor immediately above. My Landlady who, as I said, is a flesh-disciplining, godly Matron, firmly believes her husband is in Heaven ; and having been very happy with him on earth, she vigorously and perseveringly practises some of the most distinguishing Christian virtues, such as, attending Church, railing against vice, &c., that she may be qualified to meet her dear quondam Bedfellow in that happy place where the unclean and the ungodly shall never enter. This, no doubt, requires some strong exertions of Self-denial in a hale, well-kept Widow of forty five ; and as our floors are low and ill-plastered, we can easily distinguish our laughter-loving, night-rejoicing neighbors—when they are eating, when they are drinking, when they are singing, when they are &c., my worthy Landlady tosses sleepless and unquiet, "looking for rest but finding none," the whole night. Just now she told me, though by the by she is sometimes dubious that I am, in her own phrase, "but a rough an' roun' Christian" that "We should not be uneasy and envious because the Wicked enjoy the good things of this life ; for these base jades who, in her own words, lie up gandy-going with their filthy fellows, drinking the best of wines, and singing abominable songs, they shall one day lie in hell, weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth over a cup of God's wrath !"

I have to-day corrected my 152d page. My best good wishes to Mr. Aitken.

I am ever,

Dr. Sir,

Your much indebted humble servt.

ROBT. BURNS.

Edr., 14th Jan., 1787.

The second document of interest is docqueted as follows, in the autograph of Allan Cunningham :—

[Obtained from George Thomson, of Edinburgh, to whom the letter was addressed. A. C.]

Immediately above this, in another hand, is written :—

"The Fisher should go up the Burn.—J. C."—the initials being in a different hand, probably Dr. Currie's.

Appended, in an unknown hand, is the following note :—

Autograph of Burns presented by Allan Cunningham, Esq., on Easter Sunday—obtained by him from Thomson of Edinbro'—to whom it was sent by Burns—and is part of one of the published letters. It has also the Dumfries letter mark, and the autographs of Thomson and Allan Cunningham.

On the back of the sheet, where the post-marks appear, Thomson has written, in his neat, clerkly hand :—

1st Dec., 1792.

No. 8.

Mr. Burns—

agreeing to the alterations propd. on sevl. Songs—wt. an addl. verse to The Learigg.

The sheet has evidently formed pp. 3 and 4 of Burns's letter to Thomson, of date 1st December, 1792, which will be found in Paterson's Ed. (Vol. VI., p. 228), and forms the conclusion of that letter. It runs thus :—

I am interrupted.—[Please transmit the inclosed by a careful hand.]

Yours,

ROBT. BURNS.

Scott Douglas does not indicate that the original had been mutilated, probably because he took it from a printed copy, and was ignorant of the fact. Mr. Gray thinks that the other sheet is in the Brechin collection.

The part of Mr. Gray's collection, next in importance, is a series of written scraps and music-sheets, nearly every one of which bears the autograph of Burns. They are thus described in the catalogue :—

"Music of several of the songs which Burns contributed to *The Scots Musical Museum*, with the titles of the Songs and Notes in the Poet's handwriting, also Transcripts of Songs, with his Remarks and List of the Songs which he contributed in his autograph. A very interesting collection."

We will take them as they come to hand. Johnson's phonetic method of spelling is as apparent here as in the curious

bills or circulars he printed, on the Poet's order, for the Globe Tavern, Dumfries. "You have," writes the Poet, "in your usual luck, misspelt two words; the article "Postages and porter," you have made "Porterages and porter"—pray alter that. In the article "Pipes and Tobacco," you have spelt Tobacco thus, "Tobbacco," whereas, &c." The first sheet that we lift, Johnson, with his "usual luck," entitles "The Shepherd of Donis," instead of "The Shepherd Adonis," which he probably never saw in print; and so improved upon in his own peculiar way. Below the music, appears in Burns's hand:—

MEM.—To enquire of Dr. B—— which part of Waukin o' suits the chorus.

No. 2.—Song—Nithsdale. Burns writes, "Tune—Ginglan Geordie. This song goes finely to Ginglan Geordie." (See 'ohnson, vol. ii., p. 167.—[ED.]).

No. 3.—Somebody. Burns writes, "This tune is Allan Masterton's—manuscript, let him be spoke to, if it be difficult to set." (See Johnson, vol. v., p. 448. Different set of the melody.—[ED.]).

No. 4.—Burns writes, "For the Sake of Somebody. Note, the notation of the music seems incorrect, but I send it as I got it. Slow." (See note *supra*.—[ED.]).

Come under my Plaidy. Burns writes, "See this song in a Number of the Bee enclosed with this." (See Johnson, vol. vi., p. 550. Setting less florid than in MS.—[ED.]).

No. 5.—Charlotte. Burns writes, "Note this tune, the song 'Fair Emma,' and let Dr. B——'s words follow."

No. 6.—Delia's Regret. Burns writes, "Mr. Burns's old words." The Maid of Leven. Burns writes, "I forbid this song."

No. 7.—"I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing," in Burns's hand, over "One night I dreamed I lay most easy," which is deleted. (See Johnson, Vol. ii., p. 153. Set in a different key.—[ED.]).

No. 8.—"Captain's Lady," in Burns's hand, over "Mount my Baggage," which is deleted. (See Johnson, Vol. iii., p. 242. Different set of the air.—[ED.]).

No. 9.—Tibbie Foulter o' the Glen.

3.

Fye upon the filthy snott,  
There's ower mony wooin' at her,  
Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;  
There's seven-and-forty wooin' at her.

Be a lassie ne'er sae fine,  
Gin she want the penny siller,  
She may live till ninety-nine  
Ere she get a man till her.

I came Frank wi' his lang legs,  
 Gart a' the stairs play clitter-clatter ;  
 Ha'd awa', young man, he begs,  
 For, by my sooth, I will be at her.

Over against the third verse Burns writes—

“ Four but, and four ben,  
 Four in the pantry wi' her,”

which has been deleted.

No. 10.—The Devoted Maid. Burns writes, “Take Mr. Burns's old words.”

No. 11.—Witchcraft in Love. Johnson writes, “I am not shure of this song.—J. J.” Burns adds, “I suspect this for an English piece.—R. B.”

Besides the foregoing, there are 12 pp. of manuscript containing titles of songs, a large proportion of which are in the autograph of Burns. In the Poet's letter to Johnson of date October, 1793, he advises the latter to “get somebody to class the first lines of the songs alphabetically,” and offers to “draw out an index of authors' names.” These sheets, therefore very probably, are the identical ones which passed between Burns and Johnson with this double object in view. We regret that our space forbids their reproduction in the present issue, but we will keep them in view for future publication. Mr. Gray's collection also includes letters from Cunningham, Bridges, Anderson, engraver, Edinburgh, and others ; as well as what appears to be the printer's copy of the Thomson correspondence. Hanging in his library, suitably framed and mounted, we observed the concluding stanza of “O'er the muir amang the heather,” and a short note to M'Murdo—both fine examples of the characteristic handwriting of the Poet. We were also favoured with a perusal of several catalogues of Burnsiana sales from 1831 to more recent dates, which merit separate publication in our “Notes and Queries.”

Mr. Gray is also the fortunate possessor of two copies of the Kilmarnock edition, one of which is the full height, nine inches, but unfortunately incomplete ; the other is a very fine copy, 8¼ inches, beautifully bound in red morocco. He has also on his library walls two paintings—one of Burns, and the other of Bonnie Jean. The former is evidently a copy of Nasmyth ; the latter in her maturer years, and a portrait regarding which more enquiry should certainly be made.

D. M'NAUGHT.

## PROPOSED BURNS MEMORIAL AT MAUCHLINE.

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**I**N view of the approaching Centenary of the death of Burns, an endeavour is being made to celebrate the event by the erection of a Monument or Memorial at Mauchline. The matter has been taken up by the Glasgow-Mauchline Society (a Benevolent Society composed chiefly of natives of Mauchline in Glasgow); and a Provisional Committee has been formed to take the initial steps in the movement. The Committee has issued the following appeal to the public:—

### PROPOSED NATIONAL BURNS MEMORIAL AT MAUCHLINE.

GLASGOW, July, 1895.

Of all the places made sacred by the genius of Robert Burns, in virtue of their association with the most important incidents of his life, Mauchline and Mossgiel are the most notable. Their landmarks of house and field, of river, bush, and road, have all been worked into his immortal pictures of Scottish life. Over a hundred of his poems were written there, among them "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Hallowe'en," "The Jolly Beggars," "The Twa Dogs," and "The Lass o' Ballochmyle." There are Monuments and Statues to him all over the world, but hitherto none has been erected in this—the very heart of the Burns country. No other place can claim to be more closely identified with his life's work, and nowhere is it more fitting that there should be some suitable Memorial to his genius. Next year is the Centenary of his death, and encouraged by the frequency with which the desire for a Memorial has been expressed, the Committee of the Glasgow-Mauchline Society think the present a fitting occasion for something practical being done.

After mature consideration, the form that has found most favour is the erection of Cottage Homes, combined with a Tower, the lower portion of which would be suitable for holding relics of Burns, while the upper portion would be provided with a wide balcony, from which visitors could view the surrounding country. Burns taught us that "The best o' chiefs are whiles in want," and the Committee believe that no memorial could be more in harmony with that spirit of humanity that breathes through the Poet's writings.

A site has been acquired very near Mossgiel Farm, at the point where "Upon a simmer Sunday morn, when Nature's face was fair," the Poet walked forth to gain material and inspiration for the "Holy Fair." From the proposed site visitors will be able to see, in the near distance, Mossgiel,

with still a portion of the "Auld clay biggin'," where "ben in the spence" many of the poems were written; close at hand, the sward speckled with the successors of the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," and a little to the right, the field where the "sleekit, cowering, timorous beastie" started "awa' wi' bickering brattle." Immediately to the south lies the village of Mauchline, the scene of the "Holy Fair," the birthplace of Jean Armour, and the home of the Poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. The position is a singularly commanding one, and from the top of the Tower should be seen, far to the north, Ben Lomond; on the east "the rising sun o'er Galston muirs;" the Cumnock hills to the south; and to the west, "auld Colia's plains and fells," the heads of Ayr and Goatfell.

It is proposed to give the use of the Homes only to persons who have been respectable and deserving, for example—an aged couple, a workman in ill health, a ploughman or a cottar; to people who are not quite destitute, but to whom, when misfortune comes, or "when banes are crazed and bluid is thin," it would be of some moment to live rent free. There would be accommodation for six tenants. The Society, which is a permanent one, will make arrangements for the care of the Tower and buildings, and the selection of suitable occupants.

The desire of the Committee is to give the use of the Cottages rent free, with, if possible, a small endowment. The sum aimed at is from £2000 to £3000. This is exclusive of the cost of any statue of Burns; but it is proposed to ask the ploughmen and cottars of Scotland, "wha drudge and drive through wet and dry wi' never ceasing toil," to contribute, by small subscriptions, a bust of Burns, and a niche for it will be left in the Tower.

The following noblemen and gentlemen have already agreed to act as Honorary Patrons:—

His Grace the Duke of Portland.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Bute.

The Earl of Glasgow, Governor of New Zealand.

Hon. Thos. Cochrane, M.P., 12 Queen's Gate, London.

Major-General Sir Claud Alexander, Bart., of Ballochmyle, Hon. President of the Society.

Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P., Seafield, Ayr.

Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, Blythswood Square, Glasgow.

J. G. A. Baird, Esq., M.P., of Muirkirk.

G. A. L. Whitelaw, Esq., ex-M.P., Colzium, Kilsyth.

Eugene Wason, Esq., ex-M.P., Blair, Girvan.

H. J. Tennant, Esq., M.P., The Glen, Peeblesshire.

Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., Moderator of the Church of Scotland.

James Somervell, Esq., of Sorn, Sorn Castle, Mauchline.

W. K. Hamilton Campbell, Esq., of Netherplace, Mauchline.

Chas. Howatson, Esq., of Glenbuck, &c.

Jas. Baird Thorneycroft, Esq., of Hillhouse, Netherplace, Mauchline.

Marcus Bain, Esq., C.C. and J.P., Mauchline.

Hugh Alexander, Esq., Manufacturer, Eastfield, Rutherglen.

Deacon-Convener James M'Lennan, Glasgow.

Judge Morrin, J.P., Glasgow.

Major John Cassels, Pollokshields, President of the Glasgow-Ayrshire Society.

Rev. Thos. Somerville, Blackfriars, Glasgow.

Rev. S. R. Crockett, Author of "The Raiders," &c.

William Wallace, Esq., *Glasgow Herald*, Author of "Scotland Yesterday."

D. M'Naught, Esq., J.P., Kilmaurs, Editor of "Burns Chronicle."

D. Sneddon, Esq., Kilmarnock, Secretary of Burns Federation.

Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock.

Peter Sturrock, Esq., ex-M.P., London Road, Kilmarnock, President of Burns Federation.

Baillie John Baird, Kilmarnock.

Rev. R. Logan, Moffat, Honorary President Abington Burns Club.

James Paterson, Esq., Manchester.

Provost Kirkwood, Govan.

Baillie John Marr, Govan.

Hamilton Marr, Esq., Govan.

Baillie G. A. Ramsay, Greenock.

Dr. Sloan, Catrine.

William Smith, Esq., Manufacturer, Mauchline.

Rev. Joseph Mitchell, The Manse, Mauchline.

Rev. Wilson Baird, U.P. Manse, Mauchline.

Rev. Wm. Binnie, Free Church Manse, Mauchline.

Col. John M. Denny, M.P., Shipbuilder, Dumbarton.

J. Lawrie Coulson, Esq., Failford, Tarbolton.

A complete List of the Patrons and Subscriptions will be published as the scheme progresses.

Cheques and Drafts may be marked "Burns Memorial Fund," and sent either to Mr. William M'Millan, Commercial Bank, Mauchline, or to Mr. Thomas Killin, 168 West George Street, Glasgow, who will act as Honorary Treasurers.

In name of the Committee of the Glasgow-Mauchline Society,

THOMAS KILLIN, President,

168 West George Street, Glasgow.

J. LEIPER GEMMILL, Vice-President,

162 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

W. S. M'MILLAN, Secretary,

153 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

The scheme has been favourably received by a considerable number of the Burns Clubs and Kindred Societies both at home and abroad, and subscriptions amounting to about £800 have already been promised.

In aid of this scheme an Open-air Concert, by a chorus composed of over 200 voices drawn from Catrine and Mauchline, was given within the classic grounds of Ballochmyle, kindly granted by Major-General Sir Claud Alexander, Bart. The Concert was a great success, and the Committee of the

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Catrine Choral Union, under whose auspices it was inaugurated, are considering the practicability of making it an annual one.

The Rosebery Burns Club have also made arrangements for a Lecture in Glasgow, on "Sir Walter Scott," by George G. Napier, Esq., M.A., in aid of the proposed Memorial.

The Committee had hoped to have the buildings completed and ready for a grand opening ceremony on the 21st of July next, but the time at their disposal has been found to be too short to admit of this. They hope, however, to arrange for the laying of the foundation-stone on the Centenary day.

W. S. M'MILLAN, *Hon. Secy.*

GLASGOW, 15th October, 1895.

## LETTER FROM BURNS'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, MRS B. W. HUTCHINSON.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish you to get this letter on the 30th—St. Andrew's Day—as you may be at some of the public dinners, where they are sure to speak about Burns, and how the Centenary of his death in 1896 ought to be celebrated. I enclose you a cutting from the *Cheltenham Examiner*, of October 30th, giving an account of the Allan Home in Glasgow. Is it not possible to build houses and give rooms to old couples and aged widows and widowers as is proposed to be done at Mauchline? Give the married people two rooms, and let them have fire and coals, and so much weekly to live upon. They could bring their own furniture to make their rooms home-like, and they could do their own cooking. Single men and women might have one room each. There might also be a nice public room for reading, and little meetings and entertainments given by the ladies and gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood. Why throw away more money on statues and memorials to Burns's memory? Already £50,000 has been expended in that way, and nobody has benefited but artists and sculptors. Burns's warm-hearted sympathy would go with work like this. They could, in this way, give the old Scottish Blackhall shelter to the end of his life; and other old Scotch people would enjoy such a home, where they could think and talk of Burns as their true friend and benefactor. The Glasgow Corporation might take this up, in preference to a shilling subscription for another memorial of the usual sort. The money would be easy to raise for such a purpose. Before the 25th of January comes round, I would deem it a great favour if you would ventilate my proposal in the *Burns Chronicle*, and enlist the sympathy of the Burns Federation. You might make a beginning yourself, Mr. McNaught, and I hope you may be successful.

I am full of the idea, and can write no more to-day. With kind regards, believe me, yours sincerely,

S. HUTCHINSON.

Mr. D. McNaught, Kilmaurs.

Berkeley Street, Cheltenham, Nov. 29th, 1895.

# THE AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF BURNS.

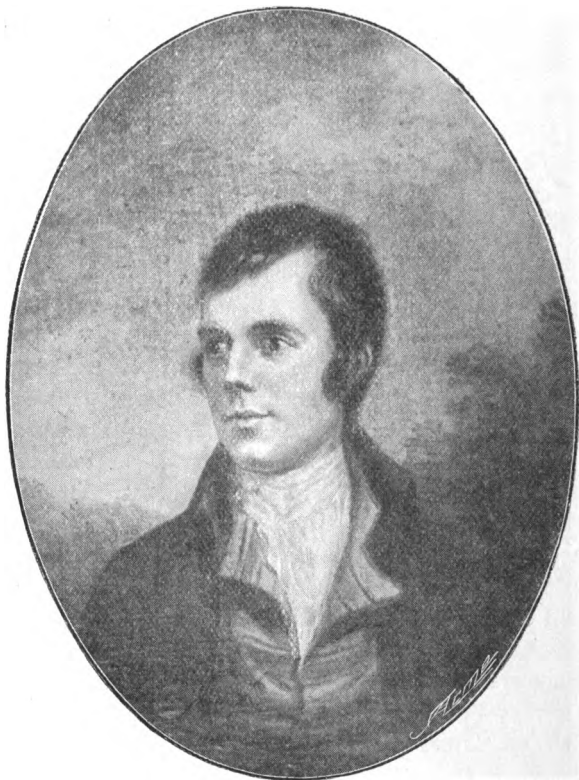
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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WE offer no apology for once more reverting to the authentic portraits of Burns.

Through the kindness of Mr. Thomas Ferguson, Kilmarnock, a distinguished amateur photographer, we have before us an excellent set of the above portraits. Mr. Colin Rae Brown has also sent us a copy of the "Nasmyth" in the National Portrait Gallery, London. We have, in addition, an impression of the replica at Auchendrain, near Ayr, taken by a professional photographer about a dozen years ago, by special permission of Miss Cathcart. We also give a portrait of Jean Armour from a well-known engraving. Had time permitted we would have reproduced the portrait of her in the possession of Mr. George Gray, which is referred to at p. 46, and which may be presented to the readers of the *Chronicle* on a future occasion.

No. 1 is the much-prized and original portrait in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, engraved by Beugo for the first Edinburgh Edition in the Spring of 1787. Burns was then just twenty-eight years of age, radiant in youth, health, and hope. Sir Henry Raeburn was at that time in Italy, and it was reserved for the accomplished Alexander Nasmyth to



No. 1.—*The Original Nasmyth, Edinburgh.*

transmit our Poet's lineaments to posterity. It is a very charming cabinet painting, and although a hundred and eight years have passed since it left the easel, it is still in wonderful preservation. It has been acknowledged by Burns's contemporaries to be a correct likeness, lacking somewhat, however, the strength and muscularity of Burns. Sir Walter Scott's opinion is that it represents our Poet "as if seen in perspective." This work was bequeathed to the Scottish National

Gallery by Colonel William Nicol Burns. Scotland is proud to possess it.

No. 2. This is a copy of the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, London, which is a replica by Nasmyth, painted for George Thomson, Burns's musical correspondent. It is said to have been retouched by Raeburn, no doubt at Nasmyth's request. A marked difference here is that the eyes are more



No. 2.—*The Thomson Nasmyth, London.*

fully orb'd and have an upward gaze—the eyebrows being much more elevated, and the hair more extended at the back of the head, for what reason it is difficult to determine. The flexibility of the mouth, form of chin, and facial angle, closely resemble the original.

No. 3. The Auchendrain portrait, also said to have been brushed over by Raeburn. Singularly enough, this portrait

approximates to that of Skirving, in the form of the nose, eyes and eyebrows, as well as in the extension of the hair behind. Sir Henry, we can well believe, would be much impressed by Skirving's work, and he has here, so far, left the impress of his mind upon the canvas. This portrait was given by Nasmyth as a marriage present to an early pupil whom he much

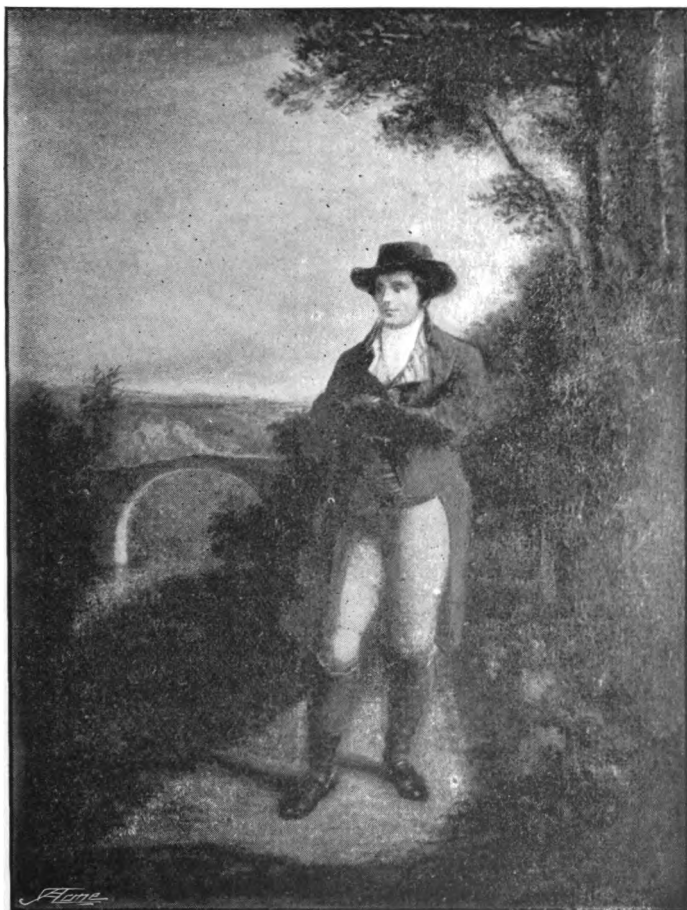


No. 3.—*The Auchendrain Nasmyth.*

respected, and it could not find a more fitting resting-place than near the birthplace of our immortal Poet.

No. 4. This cabinet whole length completes the list of the Nasmyth portraits. It was long on loan, and but very recently bequeathed to the Scottish National Gallery by Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Bart. It is said to have been suggested by a

visit Burns and Nasmyth made to Roslin Castle in 1787. After a convivial night, instead of going to rest, they walked thence to "snuff the caller air." Nasmyth made a slight sketch of the Poet, as in one of his contemplative moods, he



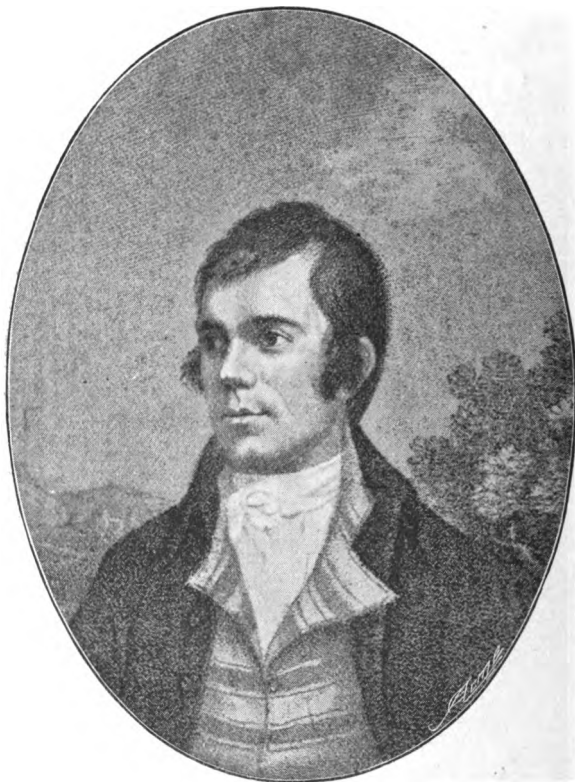
No. 4.—*The Nasmyth Whole Length.*

stood, arms a kimbo, beneath a ruined arch, gazing towards the morning sun. Curiously enough, the head in this work does not much resemble the three cabinets by the same artist, reminding us more strongly of the engraving of Beugo. The

complete figure is most pleasing, and was painted with the intention of representing Burns as he appeared in Edinburgh,

“With ploughman stoop and genius-kindling eyes ;”

arrayed in soft felt hat, madder coat, striped vest, buckskin breeches, and top boots—verily the best dressed, as well as the greatest man of his day.



No. 5.—*The Beugo Engraving.*

Regarding the Beugo engraving, he is said to have had three sittings from the Poet for the purpose of giving more mass to his features, but it is still questioned as an acceptable portrait of Burns.

No. 6. This is the portrait by Peter, or Patrick Taylor, at present in the National Portrait Gallery, Queen Street, Edin-

burgh. On the authority of the late J. M. Gray, curator of said gallery, we have it that this is the first portrait ever painted of Burns, having been done in December, 1786, shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, late in November. In general appearance and character it is said to bear a very considerable resemblance to our Poet, as verified in 1812 by the Ettrick



No. 6.—*The Taylor Por'trait.*

Shepherd, Gilbert Burns; Mr. Gray, Mr. Syme, Mrs. Dunlop, Clarinda, &c., &c. Mr. Taylor was a house and coach painter, young and inexperienced in portraiture, hence its shortcomings, notably its aged look, the length of nose, obesity of face, and general dulness of expression. The chief interest consists in its being one of the authentic portraits. As far as we remember,



this portrait is never alluded to by Burns, and its existence was not generally known until sixteen years after his death.

No. 7. It is wonderful with what fidelity these silhouettes are sometimes thrown off. This one of Burns is a palpable hit, it accentuates the various portraits, and is in turn accentuated by them.

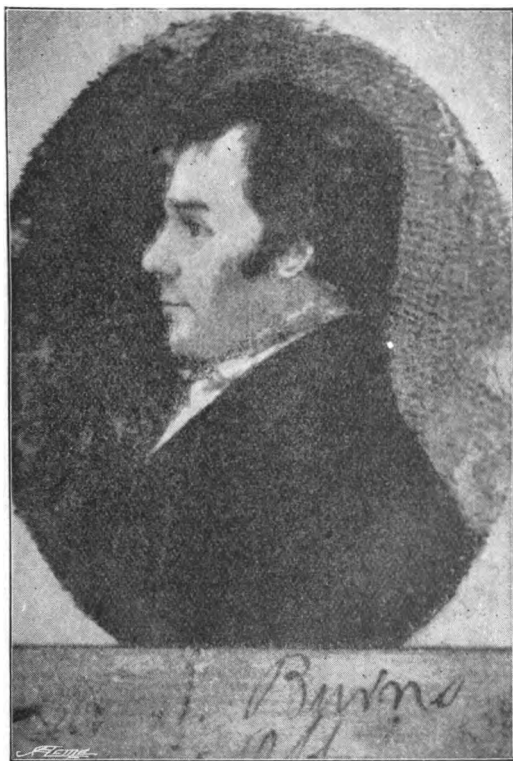


No. 7.—*Mier's Silhouette.*

It is the only portrait that shows the tied hair occasionally worn in those days.

No. 8. This, the latest portrait of Burns, was, along with other treasures, some time ago, bequeathed to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery by the late Mr. F. Watson. It is a small miniature on ivory  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches. It is understood to have been begun at Dumfries in 1795 and finished in the

spring of 1796, when the Poet's days on earth were nearly done. The face is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" the nose and mouth remind us of Skirving; the hair and eyes are dark and luminous; a brush of whisker comes down to the lobe of the ear; the dress is a blue coat with brass buttons, striped vest and white necktie. This is the work of Alexander Reid, then in Dumfries. The Poet in a letter to Mrs. Riddell,

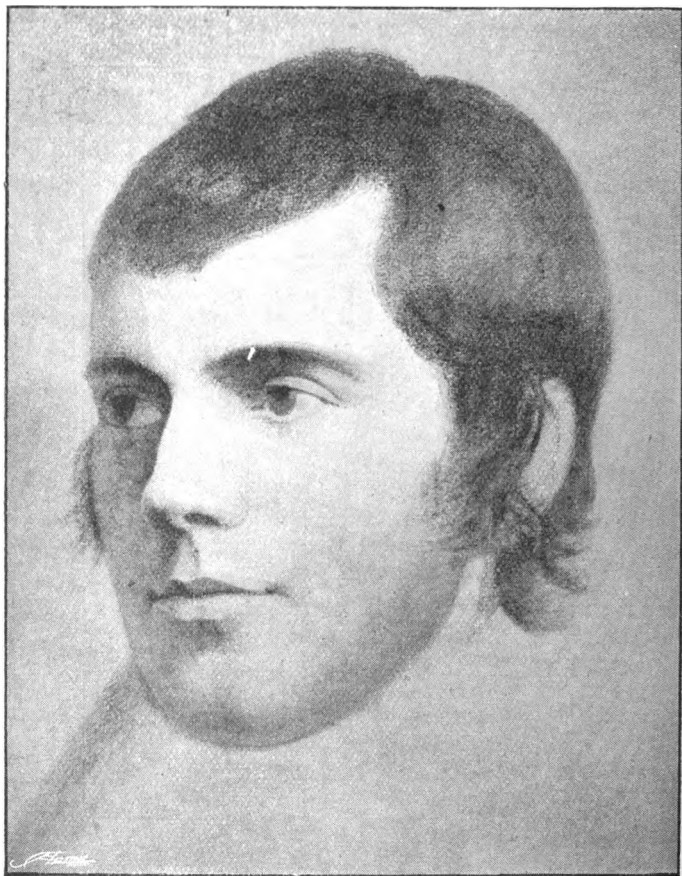


No. 8.—*The Watson-Reid Miniature.*

at the time, asks her to call at Reid's and see this work, but enjoins upon her the strictest secrecy in the matter, and stating that it was to be sent to Edinburgh to be chrystalized. Could it be intended for Clarinda? But it is idle to conjecture.

No. 9. We now present our readers with the last, but not the least of the portraits, that of Skirving's beautiful crayon head. Mr. J. M. Gray thinks that, like Raeburn, Skirving was

in Italy during Burns's sojourn in Edinburgh, and Allan Cunningham himself states "*that Skirving told him he had never seen Burns.*" Allan's statements, however, on many things, must be taken with a grain of salt. Be it as it may, there has long been an oral tradition, here and in Ayrshire,



No. 9.—*The Skirving Drawing.*

that Skirving was frequently in the Poet's company in Edinburgh, and was thus enabled to form an intelligent estimate of his appearance and character. We have frequently seen this portrait; it is on brown-grey paper, is delightfully drawn and modelled in Italian and French chalks. Based upon

Nasmyth, in many respects it is a departure from him. The expression is sombre, if not melancholy, the eyes and mouth staid, chin more pronounced, nose shorter and sharper, hair less wavy, head showing more development behind and beyond the temporal ridge and above the ear. There is also a considerable extension of the eyebrows, marking the perceptive faculties. Over all there is a subtlety and strength of character which we must search for in the other portraits. Did we not



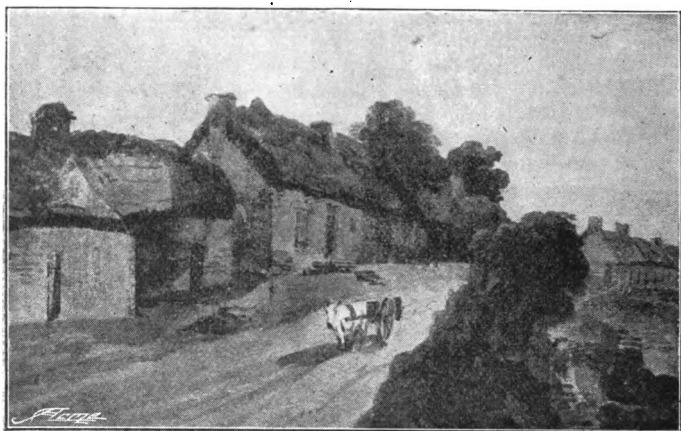
*Mrs. Burns (Jean Armour.)*

know it to be Burns, we would pronounce it to be the head of a most remarkable man.

The preceding portraits have been specially produced for the *Burns Chronicle*, in view of the Centenary of our Poet's death, which is to be commemorated in Glasgow by a great Burns Exhibition, and they form the most complete collection that has ever yet been published.

We have now only to notice an excellent reproduction of "The Auld Clay Biggin'," from the charming water-colour in the

Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh, by the celebrated "Grecian" Williams, as he is fondly called. It has been said that, in William Burnes's time, the highway from Ayr ran along the west side of the Cottage, instead of the east, as it does at present. If such be the case, the road must have been on a lower level, as will be seen in this picture.



*The Cottage in 1829.*

Several rude steps ascend to the front door, which do not occur in the picture of Sam Bough or any other with which we are acquainted. The artist in this case has evidently been looking due south, for the background seems a faint horizon of sea, with Ailsa Craig seen faintly in the distance. This change in the road may be explained on some future occasion.

ALEXANDER S. MACKAY.



## THE BURNS EXHIBITION.

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THERE occur, every now and again, in the procession of the years, anniversaries of great events which ought to be commemorated in a great way. The ensuing year marks the Centenary of the death of Robert Burns. Just one hundred years ago, his big, manly, kindly heart found rest from all the troubles that beset this mortal state, and the world entered into full possession of the legacy his genius had bequeathed for the edification and encouragement of succeeding generations. In 1859 we celebrated the Centenary of the Poet's birth : even more fitting is it that we should remember with proper tribute the Centenary of his death. Surely no honour is too great for the memory of the brave-souled Poet who spoke with his own unaffected Scottish tongue to the heart of the universal world ! It is right that every true Scot should hold him in affectionate regard—and in the year of the Centenary of his death, do his best to cast fresh laurels on his tomb.

In 1896, there will be held in Glasgow an Exhibition commemorative of Burns that is confidently expected to demonstrate the firm hold he has upon the love of his fellow-countrymen and world-wide admirers. Some five years ago, the idea of such an Exhibition was simmering in the minds of many Burns enthusiasts. When it found expression it was supported by the whole weight of the Burns Federation, under whose fostering care the scheme has taken definite shape, and now promises to be a demonstration in every way worthy of the object it has in view.

A most influential committee has been organised : the rooms of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts have been secured : the Exhibition will be open from about the middle of July until the end of October ; and committees are actively at work carrying out the various purposes the Exhibition is intended to serve.

Subjoined will be found the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who have kindly consented to act as patrons and office-bearers—a list that is day by day receiving valuable

additions. We venture to say that no Exhibition was ever started in this country under more distinguished and promising patronage.

The immediate purposes of the Exhibition are, to exhibit portraits of Burns himself; portraits of the men and women with whom he associated and whom he has mentioned in his works; pictures of the scenes he wrote about, and of the places in which his life was spent; MSS. of his prose and poetical compositions; and relics of the Poet and his friends. The Exhibition will thus be no mean illustration of the Scotland of the Poet's time, for he was in close communion with all phases of the national life of his day. He followed the plough, and was one of the people, yet he mingled with the cultured society of a capital that has been well styled "the Modern Athens."

In portraiture, the committee wish to bring together as many as they can possibly collect of the portraits of the members of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, and of the subscribers to the "first edition." They will also endeavour to procure "counterfeit presentments" of such interesting personages as, Jeanie Glover, Janet Little, Isobel Pagan, Mrs. Dunlop, The Duchess of Gordon, Miss Burnett, "Peggy" Chalmers, The Dowager-Countess of Glencairn, "Clarinda," Miss Alexander, Charlotte Hamilton, Miss Williams, Mrs. Rose of Kilravock, Miss Davies, Mrs. M'Murdo, Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, Mrs. Graham of Fintry, Lady E. Cunningham, Miss Benson, Miss Kennedy, Miss Craik, Lady Glencairn, Mrs. Riddel, Miss Louisa Fontonelle, Jessie Lewars; William Burness, John Lapraik, David Sillar, William Simpson, Gavin Turnbull, George Campbell, James Fisher, Thomas Walker, Alexander Tait, Gavin Dalziel, John Burt, John Kennedy, James Thomson, John Goldie, Joseph Train, Sir Alexander Boswell, Archibald Crawford, Robert Hetrick, John Wright, Hugh Brown, Hugh Ainslie, Rev. Hamilton Paul, James Stirrat, Rev. William Peebles, D.D., Lord Monboddo, John Wilson, James Humphry, John Murdoch, James Burness, Robert Riddel, John Richmond, Robert Muir, M. Aitken, James Smith, David Brice, John Ballantyne, Gavin Hamilton, Rev. M. Lawrie, Dr. Blacklock, Dr. Mackenzie, William Chalmers, Earl of Eglinton, Dr. Moore, Earl of Glencairn, Earl of Buchan, William Dunbar, William Creech, Robert Ainslie, Rev. John

Skinner, James Dalrymple, Sir John Whitefoord, William Cruickshank, William Dunbar, Professor Dugald Stewart, George Lockhart, Peter Hill, Robert Graham, Mr. Beugo, Mr. Morison, James Johnson, John Tennant, Bishop Geddes, Provost Maxwell, Sir John Sinclair, Charles Sharpe, William Dunbar, William Nicol, A. F. Tytler, Rev. G. Baird, Colonel Fullarton, Francis Grose, &c. Manuscripts and editions of the Poet's works will form perhaps the most important part of the exhibits. One great result of the Exhibition will be the collection of the manuscripts—from which a pure and accurate text will be for ever determined—a result in itself sufficient to justify the efforts put forth, and which will render the Glasgow Exhibition an epoch-making event in the history of Burns literature. One other object the Committee has in view is to secure from living artists pictures of scenes identified with Burns and his poems. This, it is anticipated, will be another interesting department of the Exhibition.

With a view to the success of the Exhibition, and the securing of a general interest in its operations, the Committee resolved to establish a guarantee fund, in order that, with a clear conscience, they might undertake the care of the valuable properties necessary for its success. To all holders of manuscripts, pictures, books, and relics, the Committee have issued an earnest appeal for loans. The success of the Exhibition depends entirely on the response to this appeal. We would therefore urge upon all who have it in their power to strengthen the hands of the Executive in this direction in every possible way. The Exhibition is one not for Scotsmen only, but for the world; but it rests with Scotsmen to take the initiative, and show, by a repetition of the enthusiasm of 1859, that the Bard's own prophecy of his fame at the close of this century was no vain or idle boast.

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DAVID SNEDDON.



## MORE MAUCHLINE TOPOGRAPHY.

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ROBERT BURNS, with his brother Gilbert, entered into the occupancy of the farm of Mossgiel at Martinmas, 1783, which continued till the month of June, 1788, when the Poet entered on the lease of Ellisland. Mauchline and her people bulk largely in the early career of the Poet. Yet how little does he himself tell of his acquaintances there, or of the places he frequented! Poet he was—an intense admirer of Nature—but unfortunately for the student of his life and works he was no historian or archæologist as these terms are generally understood.

My purpose then will be, as one who has all his days lived in the quiet, pleasantly situated town of peculiar fame, and whose privilege it has been to know many of her people and to hear many of their tales, to try and throw some light on some points which may be of interest to many who are seeking towards a better knowledge of our Scottish Bard, his associates, and surroundings in the Mossgiel district. But let me premise that the task is no easy one, for even with respect to the most outstanding places and people there is a lack of reliable information. How much more difficulty, then, must there be with places of which we have only the slightest indication in the Poet's writings? Take, for example, Mossgiel, which might fittingly be called the "other shrine." Readers of Burns all know, or at least ought to know, that the house of Mossgiel (or Mossgavil as it was anciently called) was a very superior residence for its time, having been specially appointed by Gavin Hamilton as a summer house for himself and family; and that the present house is not only greatly altered, but, with the exception of one particular, is altogether different from what it was in the Poet's day. Yet how many know what Mossgiel was like then, or what have been the nature of the alterations since Burns's time, and when such alterations were made.

Among the illustrations will be found two views of Mossgiel. On the authority of Mr. John Wallace, factor to Major General Sir Claud Alexander, Bart., of Ballochmyle, I am enabled to state that, previous to 1858, the steading had undergone no change for a great many years, so far as he could trace.



*Mossgiel.*—No. 1.

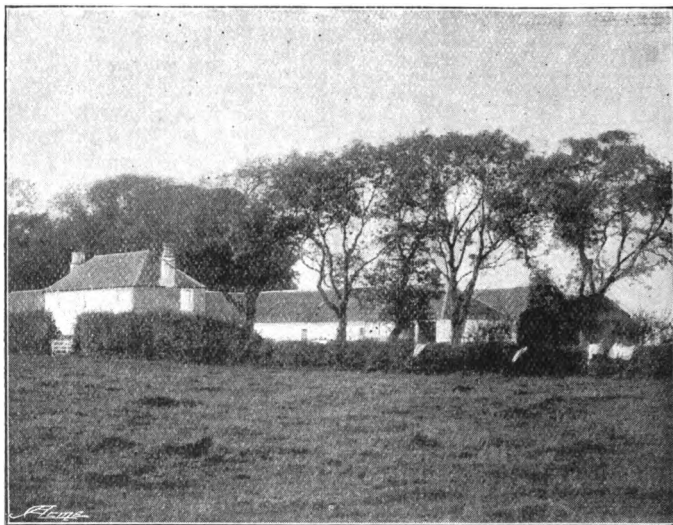
The first is that of Mossgiel prior to 1870. In 1858 the farm steading was remodelled, the walls of dwelling house being heightened about four feet, the windows about one foot, and the roof covered as formerly with straw.

The reader will notice, in the foreground of the picture, the stones and lime laid down towards the next alteration, which took place in the year 1870, when the walls of the dwelling house were further raised and the roof slated as it now stands. The building at the west-end of the dwelling house was added in 1883, and is used as a cheesehouse.

The hedge in front of the house is said to have been planted by Burns and his brother Gilbert, and from its appearance, this is very probable.

I will now proceed to deal with Mauchline and her people in Burns's time, begging the reader to recollect that absolute correctness is nearly impossible, and earnestly hoping that what I may submit will stimulate further research, so that, as far as possible, we may hand down to posterity all that remains of Burns-Mauchline lore as it has been left to us at the end of one hundred years.

Of all the persons and places connected with Burns and Mauchline, the first place must be given to Gavin Hamilton and "the Castle." It was here, in the business chamber of his



*Mossgiel.*—No. 2.

friend, it is said, that the Poet was married to Jean Armour; some asserting the ceremony was performed by Gavin himself, others that John Farquhar was the presiding J.P.; and it was in this same room Burns wrote "The Calf." The latter statement we may receive without question, but not so the former, but of this more anon.

The residential portion of the Castle has undergone little alteration within the memory of Mauchline's oldest inhabitants—the only difference being the addition to the west, which was erected as a nursery for the family of Gavin's son, the Bailie. It would be of interest to know to what family Gavin Hamilton belonged—if he was, as the Poet says,

"Surnamed like his Grace,  
Perhaps related to the race."

From Cunningham we learn that he was descended from the Hamiltons of Kype in Lanarkshire; and from Chambers we get the following incident:—

"It is related of the Laird of Kype, that he was once paying a visit to the Duke of Hamilton, when his Grace inquired in what degree he was

related to the ducal house, and whereabouts in the family tree the race of Kype was to be found. 'It would be needless to seek the root among the branches,' answered the haughty Laird, who, perhaps, had some pretensions to be of the principal stock of the Hamiltons, or knew, at least, that the claims of the ducal house to the chieftainship were by no means clear."

And from an edition of the Poetical Works of Robert Burns, published by William Paterson, Edinburgh, we learn that Gavin's grandfather was at one time curate of Kirkoswald, and that his father was also a writer in Mauchline, inhabiting the old castellated mansion known as the Castle. Whether he had any brothers I have been unable to learn, but he had a sister, or, more correctly, a half-sister, Charlotte, who was born at the farm of Braehead, in the parish of Mauchline, at that time the residence of Peggie Chalmers, her cousin, whose mother is said to have been sister of Gavin's stepmother.

It was at Harviestone Burns first met Charlotte Hamilton, and it was in her honour he wrote "*The Banks of the Devon*." She was married to Dr. Adair, who accompanied Burns on that tour, and who ultimately settled in practice at Harrogate, where his wife died. Gavin died on the 8th day of February, 1805, leaving three sons, so far as I can make out,—Alexander, who was known as the Bailie, and who resided in the Castle, and whose widow (second wife) died there about 14 years ago; John, who was sometime factor to the Earl of Loudon; and Dugald, called after Professor Dugald Stewart, who became village doctor, and resided in Beechgrove, where he died on 28th May, 1863, leaving two daughters, Mary and Nora. Nora became the wife of Major Adair, who was the grandson of Charlotte Hamilton. With their removal to the south, the connection of the Hamilton family with Mauchline ceased to exist. That the Poet's friend and patron was a man of superior parts, endowed with the perceptive power of recognising genius, that he possessed a fair share of the world's gear, and held an honoured name (unmonumented though his memory be) there is no doubting. That he proved himself to be one of the Poet's best friends and gave him much valuable assistance towards the publication of the first edition, is clearly apparent; but beyond that, and what has already been said, not forgetting his connection with Daddy Auld, we know next to nothing.

Returning to the question of where Burns was married, and by whom, let me say, that the latter cannot be deter-



mined, for the reason that the marriage certificate was destroyed. But the former is deserving of some little examination, in view of what has been said by some recent writers. The common belief is that Burns was married to Jean Armour in Gavin Hamilton's chambers, and on the principle that what everybody says must be true, the assertion merits sifting. On looking into the question, I can find no foundation whatever for the belief. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe, in the light of other data, that Burns's marriage was not celebrated in Gavin Hamilton's chambers, much less by Gavin Hamilton; and one of my reasons is that such an action would have been very impolitic on Gavin Hamilton's part (who was by no means a man to be afraid of any consequences depending), which reason can easily be understood by those who know anything of the position in which he stood in relation to the Holy Willie section of the Mauchline Kirk-Session at that period. Further, Miss Caldwell, a lady now dead, but who, for many years, lived in the house opposite Nance Tannock's, used to say that Mrs. Alexander, John Richmond's daughter, with whom she was personally acquainted from childhood, often told her that Burns and Jean Armour were married in John Ronald's, who, it will be remembered, was the carrier between Glasgow and Mauchline. There was a man of that name who kept a public-house in Loudoun Street, on the site now occupied by Thomas Learmont's house and baker's shop. But I have been unable to get any corroboration of Miss Caldwell's statement. All the same, it is a very probable one, coming, as it does, almost at first hand, from the tongue of the daughter of him who must have known more of the private life of the Poet than any of his contemporaries.

But there is another statement on record which demands careful consideration. It is made by Mr. Gunnyon, and is as follows :—

“Further along the same street or lane as that in which Nance Tannock's stands, and in the direction of the Churchyard, stood a public-house, which has been demolished and the site included within the Churchyard walls. At that time the Churchyard was imperfectly enclosed, if enclosed at all. It was in this hostelry that Burns was married by a Justice of the Peace. . . . There used to be a thoroughfare between the Churchyard and the Priory, the residence of Gavin Hamilton, now occupied by an addition to that mansion, by which one could, in a step or two, pop

out of the Priory into the public-house before-mentioned, or into the Church. By this way, Burns went and came when he wrote the famous notes of the sermon preached by "The Calf." And by this way stepped Gavin Hamilton when he acted as a witness to Burns's irregular marriage by the J.P., the Laird of Gilmilnsroft."

From the accompanying photograph the reader will readily perceive the situation of this public-house, of which Gunnyon speaks. The house on the immediate left is a continuation of Nance Tannock's. The wall immediately beyond, and in a straight line with house in the picture, is the present Churchyard wall. It was near the end of this wall, just at the point where the little carriage house in the picture stands, that the front wall of the public-house mentioned formerly stood. That there were houses, at least two, most likely more, extending along this line, and into the present Churchyard about sixteen or seventeen feet, is apparent to the most casual observer. Not only do the stones of which the present wall is built show that they were previously used for window and door purposes, but the railing of the Armours' burying place shows undoubted signs of having been supported by the walls of one of these houses. But more, old Sandy Marshall, a local Burns enthusiast, well known to visitors, tells me that he remembers these houses, and particularly the one at the end of the street and nearest the Castle. This was the public-house kept, within Sandy's memory, by one Hugh Morton, and the whole top flat of this house was used as a hall for dancing and singing purposes; and old Sandy further informs me that he is positive that it was in this hall, on the Mauchline Race night, Burns first met his Bonnie Jean, his dog being the mutual friend, as the story goes. The entrance to this hall was by an outside stair at the end of the house nearest the Castle, and immediately contiguous to the window of Gavin Hamilton's chambers, which could easily be reached, as Gunnyon says, by a thoroughfare between the Churchyard and the Priory, but which would be obliterated by the addition to that mansion. This thoroughfare, however, seems to me to raise a difficulty. The tombstones adjoining the Castle mark the burying place of the ancient family of the Campbells of Auchmannoch, and it is highly improbable that there would be a thoroughfare over their graves. Yet the memorials may be there, not marking the place where the bodies of that family were laid, but only in

memory of, as is the case with Daddy Auld's tombstone, which has been removed from where his remains were interred, his body having been buried in ground which is presently occupied by the Parish Church, erected about the year 1829. Be this as it may, I think that such a thoroughfare is unnecessary, for on a close examination of the wall (the wall nearest the churchyard) of Gavin Hamilton's house, I find traces of something answering to the description of a doorway. The lintel is quite apparent, and the stones with which the opening has been



*Mauchline Castle.*

built up show that they are of a later date than the lintel rybats, and scuntions of the doorway. This doorway is at the east end of the residential portion of the Castle, and entered into the chambers of the Poet's patron, and gave direct means of reaching (by the pop out and in of Gunnyon) both Hugh Morton's and the Church, for it is only a few paces from either place. Every evidence, then, supports the statement made by Gunnyon, that it was in Hugh Morton's Burns was married. To identify the precise locality of Burns's marriage may appear to outsiders a somewhat trivial question, but every Burns student will appreciate the necessity of being as minute as possible in everything relating to Burns, for the purpose of accumulating rebutting evidence to the many falsehoods and misrepresentations which have been set afloat regarding almost every incident of his life.

The place most likely next to engage the attention of the visitor to Mauchline is The Jolly Beggars' Howff, better known by the name of Poosie Nansie's Hostelry, and this not because Burns was a frequent visitor there, but because it was within its walls that the Poet found the source of the inspiration which has rendered "The Jolly Beggars" immortal. The house, in its general lines, has not undergone any alteration since I remember,



*Poosie Nansie's.*

but there must have been changes in its internal arrangements since Burns's time—the extent and nature of which cannot now be determined. It is generally held, however, that the apartment where the

“Gangrel bodies held their splore,  
And drank their orra duddies,”

still preserves much of its original form. In Burns's time it was simply a travellers' rest, or common lodging house, and therefore cannot possibly answer to the many fancy sketches that have been scribbled about it, as the place where

“The pint stoup clattered,”

and where

“ The commentators  
 Thick an’ thrang, and loud an’ lang,  
 Wi’ logic and wi’ Scripture,  
 They raise a din, that, in the end,  
 Is like to breed a rupture  
 O’ wrath that day.”

In Burns’s day, it was kept by George Gibson and his wife, Agnes Ronald, possibly a sister of the John Ronald previously mentioned. Their daughter was the “Racer Jess” who figures in “The Holy Fair.” There are no lineal descendants of the family as far as I can learn presently residing in the neighbourhood. Poosie Nansie’s stands at the end of the Cowgate, nearest the churchyard, the gable of the house being separated, only by a narrow road and at that time narrower than now, from where John Dow’s public-house stood, where

“ Burns cam weary frae the pleugh  
 Tae hae a crack wi Johnny Doo,  
 At nicht’s at e’en.”

Jean’s father’s house was immediately behind John Dow’s, and separated from it by a very narrow road branching to the right. The old house where James Armour lived has been long demolished, a new two storey house, with shop underneath, having been erected in its place. James Armour seems to have been a man of importance in his day. A mason by trade, it is said he contracted for and built that residence of the Marquis of Bute, situate near Old Cumnock, called Dumfries House, though known in the district by the name of Loch Norris. I have been unable to learn anything of the family from which he sprung, but it is only of late, with the removal of the late Dr. Thomas Armour and family from the farm of Stairaird, that the Armour connection with Mauchline has been severed. Mrs. Arnott, their sister, who lives in Glasgow, is the only one of that family left.

But a curious discovery has been lately made with respect to Jean’s mother. In the Armour’s burying place there is an old stone, which goes to show that her name was Smith, and that her brothers, like her husband, were masons by trade. It will be remembered that, when Jean was sent to Paisley, she resided there with a relation of the name of Andrew Purdie, a wright.

The inscription on the stone explains itself. It is as follows :—

“This stone was erected by John and Adam Smith, masons, to the memory of their father, Daniel Smith, who died at Mauchline, 29th July, 1756, also of Mary Rouchis, his spouse, who died in the year , also the corpses of four of Adam Smith’s children, viz., John, John, Thomas, and Euphane Smith, and six of his grandchildren, Robert Armour and Mary Armour, Jean Purdie, Andrew Purdie, Alexander Purdie, and Jean Purdie.”

It is evident from this inscription that Jean Armour’s grandfather’s name was Smith, and it is a question of local interest whether she was of the same family as have made themselves famous in connection with the fancy woodwork in the district ; for Andrew Smith, the grandfather of the present William Smith, was famed for his chiselling powers, as is evident from his lettering on Daddy Auld’s memorial stone. The fact of the burying places of the two families being alongside each other is at least significant.

Let us now direct our attention to Nance Tannock’s, where Burns declared he would drink the Premier’s health

“Nine times a week.”

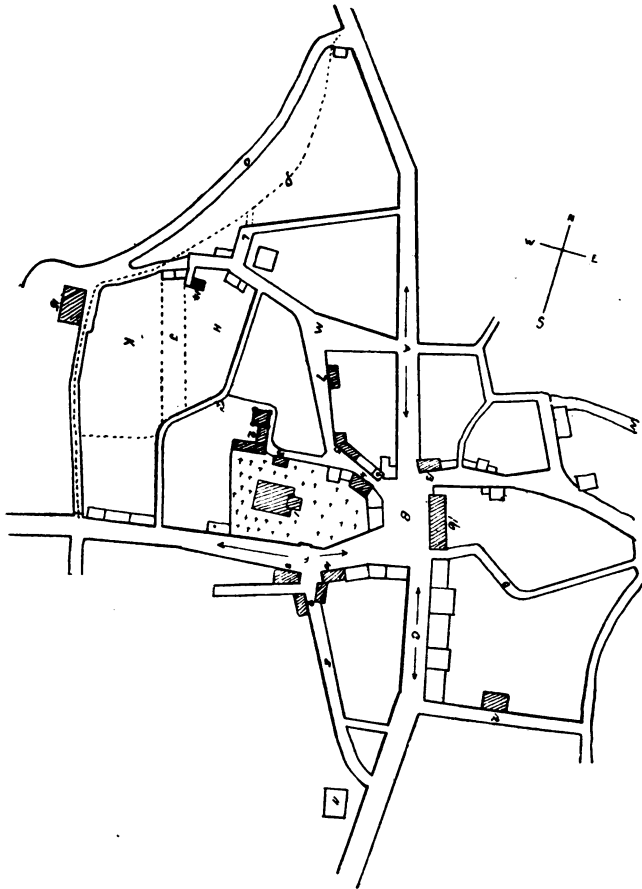
Leaving Poosie Nansie’s, the road leads towards the left to the Cross ; and then straight in front, to the north-west, is what is called the New Road. In the opening, between James Lambie’s shop and George Calderwood’s shop, stood the business premises of James Smith, “the sleest pawkie thief” of Burns. Often have I heard my lately departed friend, Sandy Train, a collateral relation of Joseph Train, the supplier of notes to the great Sir Walter Scott, declare to tourists, that it was from that particular spot, pointing to it, where a press once was situated, that Smith brought forth the dram for Burns on more than one occasion. It was here Smith had his shop, and what is stated is not impossible. But turning to the left, Nance Tannock’s is reached ; and almost over against it, the house where Burns is reputed to have “taken up hoose” with Jean, as the Scotch expression goes. Nance Tannock’s is pretty much as it was in the time of Burns, the only exception being that the windows of the ground flat have been widened for business purposes. It was here that the Poet often dandled his bairn, and recited some of his finest productions. Nance Tannock seems, from all accounts, to have been a respectable

person, working and watching, as every widow woman ought to do, for her living. To bring her into "ken" I submit the following which I have heard from the best authority. After her death (the death date I have not been able to determine, but she appears to have been alive in 1820, for the house had



*Nance Tannock's.*

at that time the license, according to Hew Ainslie) her son, Robert Weir, a sawyer by trade, continued to occupy the same apartments. He had a son, "Jock" (illegitimate) by Kirsty Wilson, who again had a son to James Smith, "sleest James" as the Poet calls him, who was called by the name of William, and who died about 33 years ago. He served as a boy with Gilbert Burns at Mossgiel, and in his latter days was the village postman, and many stories are told of his pawkiness in that capacity, but space will not permit. One fact may be of interest to those who know old Sandy Marshall, to whom I have previously made reference. Sandy, when a boy, kept bullfinches, and when away on errands of weaving, either at Newmilns or Darvel, William Smith used to take care of the birds, teaching them to whistle as he had previously taught old Sandy to read and write.



*Plan of Mauchline (with references.)*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>A New Road.<br/>           B Cross.<br/>           C Earl Grey Street.<br/>               A and B were opened up about 80 years ago. Previous to that time the road for conveyances between Kilmarnock and the South was by the dotted line and the streets F and E.<br/>           D The Bellman's Vennel.<br/>           E The Cowgate.<br/>           F Loudoun Street.<br/>           G Back Holm, opened about 60 years ago, in place of old way, which passed No. 14, and lay as near as can be determined on line dotted.<br/>           H Tanyard.<br/>           J Rope Factory Yard. There used to be a Quarry at bottom of same.<br/>           K Bleaching Green.<br/>           L Burgher Well—an old institution in Mauchline. There used to be an opening in Wall, by which road P was reached.<br/>           M Knowe.<br/>           N Highway in Burns' time from Mauchline to Muirkirk.</p> | <p>O Present approach to Netherplace.<br/>           P Old Road from Kilmarnock to Mauchline, passing close to what in Burns' time was front door of Netherplace.<br/>           1 Parish Church.<br/>           2 Castle.<br/>           3 Hugh Morton's Public House and Ball room.<br/>           4 Nance Tannock's.<br/>           5 House where Burns "took up house" with Jean.<br/>           6 Dr. Dougald Hamilton's Drug Shop.<br/>           7 Brownlea House.<br/>           8 Johnny Doo's.<br/>           9 House where Jean lived.<br/>           10 Poosie Nansie's.<br/>           11 Beech Grove, the residence of Dr. Hamilton, Gavin's son.<br/>           12 Site of old Manse, where Daddy Auld lived.<br/>           13 House between which and house on other side of A James Smith lived.<br/>           14 Site of Elbow Tavern.<br/>           15 Netherplace.<br/>           16 "The Place" in Burns' time. Mary Morrison's mother lived here.</p> |
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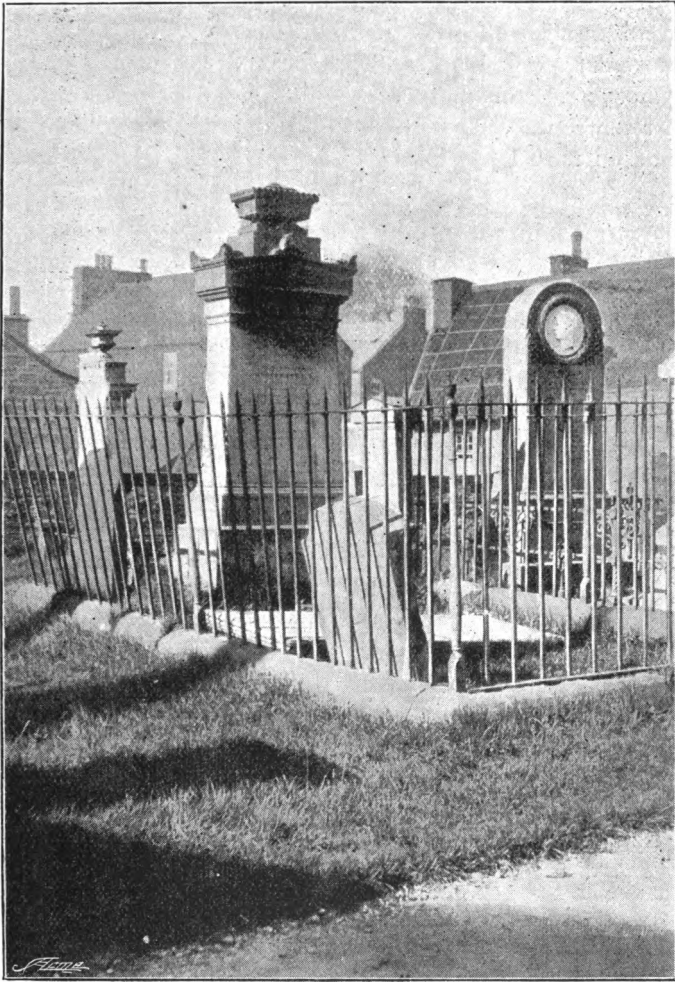
We will next proceed to the house which Burns took for Jean in their second dilemma. The reader will see from the plan of Mauchline (specially sketched for this article by my friend, Mr. Charles Heberer, artist, a native of St. Louis, America, who has, for these last few months, been studying Burns for art purposes) in what position the house exactly stands. At present the house has two apartments, kitchen and room. I am informed that the Poet only rented the kitchen. It is in its original form, but nothing else remains of interest. This house Burns rented for Jean in the month of February, 1788, and it was in this house she gave birth to the second twins, on the 3rd of March, previous to the month of August, when, according to the Kirk Session records, she and the Poet were publicly rebuked and possibly re-married (but there is no proof of the fact) according to the ecclesiastical law. This statement may surprise many who hold that these twins were born at Willie's Mill, where Burns had procured an asylum for Jean with his friend, William Muir; but from a poem by Alexander Tait, in a collection of poems and songs printed and sold by the author only, of date 1790, I quote the following lines, which point in the same direction :—

“ Mackenzie he does her deliver  
In Mauchline ‘Toun.’ ”

Mackenzie was then a doctor in the village, and is identified with the “Common Sense” of the Holy Fair, and the correspondence of the Poet.

Proceeding along the Back Causeway and across Grey's Brig, which spans the River Chalk, which was running in Burns's time, a large house of two storeys is seen on the right, and it was here, I have been informed, that the widow of “Clinkum Bell” (the grandfather of the late Hugh Gibb) lived and died. Right opposite was the residence of Clinkum's successor, Jasper Henderson, who is mentioned by Hew Ainslie. In close proximity is the Knowe, a place associated with James Humphrey, the “blethering b——.” It was here this worthy, who died as late as 1844, contradicted the Burgher preacher in connection with a verse of Scripture he had quoted. An old pump (wooden) used to stand in the centre of this open space, but it has long since disappeared. James Humphrey's burial place is alongside of the Armour's burying place, of which a

photograph is given, showing in the immediate distance, through the railings, the window of the house Burns rented for Jean.

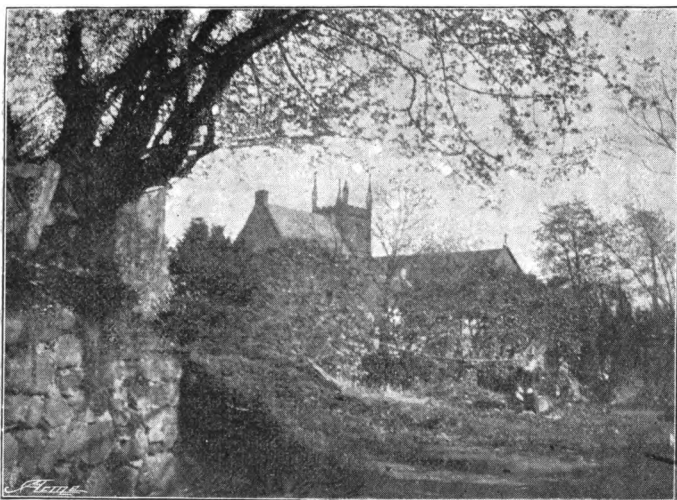


*The Armour's Burying-Place*

The little stone in the foreground is that from which I copied the inscription bearing on the family of Jean Armour's mother.

James Humphrey's remains lie just alongside the base on the left of the picture.

There are only other two places remaining worthy of remark, viz., the Elbow Tavern and the Bleaching Green. Their relative positions can be seen from the plan, of which I have made previous mention. With regard to the Elbow Tavern, I have little to say. The fact of its existence in Burns's day was well known in Mauchline, but no report of anything connecting the Poet with it was current here, up to the recent unearthing of Joseph Train's gossiping communication on the subject to Sir Walter Scott. It is sufficient to



*Elbow Tavern.*

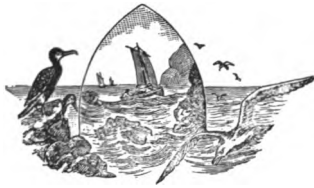
say that no serious argument, in my opinion, can be founded on such an unstable and flimsy premise as the one indicated. That such a place existed cannot be denied, and its situation in relation to Castle and Church can be seen from the accompanying photograph.

The tavern stood where the ruined wall is seen in the picture. As for the Bleaching Green, the story that Burns had here his first conversation with his future wife is well known, and needs no rehearsing. It occupied a part of the extent of ground lying between Netherplace House, or Cockleshaw, as it used to be called, and the Castle and Churchyard. It was contiguous to Netherplace, and bounded on the west by the

then main road between Kilmarnock and Dumfries, and on the east by what was, in later days, a rope factory and tanning yard.

I may be allowed to say, by way of conclusion, that I will be glad to answer any Burnsiana query addressed to me in elucidation of this article, or explain, *in propria persona*, the topography of the Mauchline district to any enthusiastic visitor.

JOHN TAYLOR GIBB.



## BURNS AND UPPER NITHSDALE.\*

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VERY memorable to us was our drive from Sanquhar to Thornhill by the Drumlanrig policies, and back by the Queen's Highway. A friend accompanied us, and the conclusion come to was decided and hearty, that few drives in all broad Scotland could equal this one. On the return journey, the course of the Nith was followed the whole way, and we had glorious views of that silvery stream; at one stage almost hidden by lichen-draped cliffs and rocks, at another its entire breadth fully exposed as it flowed through the fertile valley. The bed of the river, with its rich fringe of natural wood, must be very much as it was in the days of our great National Poet, to whom the whole of this charming district was very familiar; but the farther banks and braes, during his life-time, suffered a great transformation. They were stripped of their noble trees, and to this day we can well fancy the folk of Upper Nithsdale loathing the memory of the man who did it. This was the last Duke of Queensberry, the owner at that time of the Drumlanrig estate; and it is said he committed such an outrageous act of vandalism to spite the next heir, whom he hated. There is another explanation of the matter, however, and it is to the effect that all the available timber here, as at Neidpath in Peeblesshire, he sold in order to enrich the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he considered to be his daughter. Burns, as might be expected, mourned over this wholesale destruction of beautiful sylvan groves, and, taking up his pen, wrote a poem of six verses on the subject. Singular to say, the lines were first found written on the window shutter of a small inn in the district. They are very beautiful, but we shall quote only the last verse, in which, after bewailing the "wofu' chance" that "tynd ye o' your stately trees," the Poet makes the genius of the stream say--

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\* Illustrated from photographs kindly supplied by Mr. T. Ferguson, Kilmarnock; and Mr. J. M. Wilson, Prestwick.

"Nae eastlan' blast . . . .  
 It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell ;  
 And on my dry and halesome banks  
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell ;  
 'Man ! cruel man !' the genius sighed,  
 As through the cliffs he sank him down,  
 'The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees—  
 That reptile wears a ducal crown.' "

With people on the Drumlanrig estate our Poet was intimate. The Duke's steward or chamberlain, Mr. John M'Murdo, was one of his most steadfast friends, and often at his house he spent a happy evening. He speaks of this friend's "lovely



*The Nith at Drumlanrig.*

spouse ;" and, as all students of Burns know, admired the daughters very much, writing in their praise some beautiful lyrics. Mr. M'Murdo's hospitable abode indeed seems, in a

special way, to have excited the poetic faculty, for Burns speaks of one visit to it at least as giving him "a balloon waft up Parnassus." In the more detailed lives of the Poet several letters are given, written by Burns to these Drumlanrig friends; and in one of them is this somewhat remarkable paragraph—quite in keeping with the views of life in the "Twa Dogs," and others of his poems, yet surely indicating a somewhat unreasonable prejudice in favour of "honest poverty"—

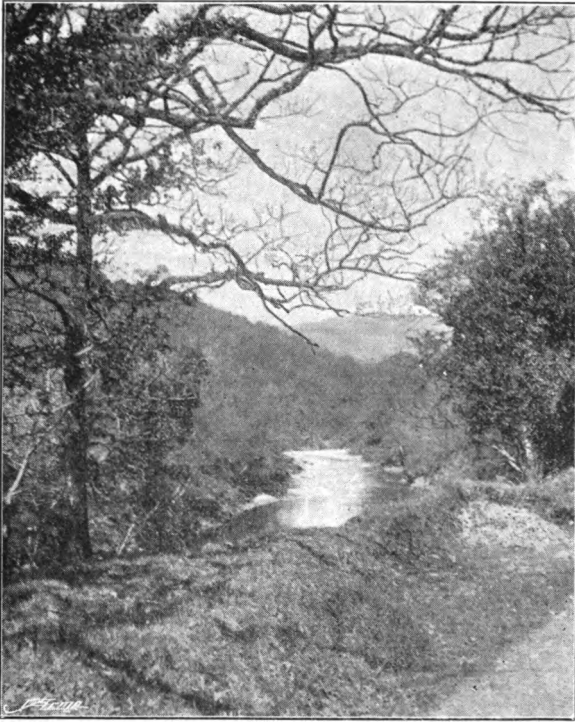
"With, not the compliments, but the best wishes, the sincerest prayers of the season for you, that you may see many and happy years with Mrs. M'Murdo and your family; two blessings, by the bye, to which your rank does not by any means entitle you—a loving wife and fine family being almost the only good thing of this life to which the farm-house and cottage home have an exclusive right," &c.

It was this Mr. M'Murdo who, with some others, managed the Poet's affairs so well after his death that there was ultimately secured to his widow, "Bonnie Jean," comparative affluence. As if anticipating the kindness of his good friend, Burns one day, on a pane of glass in the Chamberlain's house at Drumlanrig, inscribed the following lines:—

"Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!  
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;  
No wrinkle, furrow'd by the hand of care,  
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!  
O, may no son the father's honour stain,  
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!"

Thornhill is a delightful, clean, tidy village, with broad cross streets, or rather roads, lined with stately trees, which, of course, owes its "bienness" to its vicinity to Drumlanrig Castle. Burns would frequently be a visitor to it, but there is just one visit we would mention here, for it is noteworthy as showing his kindness of heart, and also his general unfitness for the somewhat harsh and strict duties of an exciseman. The incident happened at Thornhill Fair in the year 1793, and he who narrates it is Professor Gillespie, who was an eye-witness. We would just premise that the Kate referred to was one Kate Watson, who had been conducting her business without reference to the regulations and demands of the Inland Revenue—in other words, Kate kept a shebeen. "I saw," says the Professor, "the Poet enter the door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain grey-beard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband com-

modities our Bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the doorway or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered :—‘Kate, are you mad? Don’t you know that the supervisor and I will be in upon you in the course of forty minutes! Good-bye t’ye at present!’ Burns was in the street and in the midst of the crowd in an instant, and I had access to know that the friendly hint was not neglected.” Very likely Kate was a lonely woman, with difficulty earning a livelihood, and this would touch the Poet’s heart, and cause him to relax for the nonce his official strictness.



*On the Nith.*

From Thornhill right up to New Cumnock, a few miles above which the stream rises, Burns knew the Nith well. Of course, from Dumfries to Ellisland, and thence to Thornhill, he



was also well acquainted with it. Indeed, with no river was the Poet so well acquainted as with the Nith. The Ayr Water he only knew at certain parts—especially in the Ballochmyle and Stair neighbourhoods, and as it flowed past the county town; and as for the Doon, which he has made so famous, he would only know it as it neared the sea. But every twist and turn and straight stretch of the Nith he was quite familiar with, we might say, from its fountain-head to its entrance into the Solway. Here we shall confine ourselves to its upper reaches—from Thornhill to New Cumnock—and note the visits he pays to places on its banks, or in its immediate neighbourhood. He was often on the road that winds up the glorious valley. Before he had settled at Ellisland he had traversed it once at least on his way to Mossiel from his tour in the south, and after taking the lease of that farm, it would be to him one of the best known of the king's highways. The glens of the Enterkin and Mennock, the valleys of the Euchar and Kello, the Durisdeer Hills and the Dalveen Pass—all with their Covenanting memories—he would be right familiar with. It is to be remembered that for some months after he settled at Ellisland, though he was now married to Jean Armour, he lived a sort of bachelor life. The new farmhouse was being built, and until it was ready the arrangement was that Jean should remain with her father at Mauchline. But she was constantly in his thoughts, and his heels followed his thoughts, for he was often on the road to see her. When unable to go he would cast longing looks up the valley, and “glower and spell” on Corsincon—a prominent height far up Nithsdale—“and write how dear” he loved her. It is at this time he writes in addition to “Oh, were I on Parnassus’ hill!” just quoted from, the world-famous song “O’ a’ the Airts.” As Professor Blackie has well put it, “he croons these beautiful lines with his face to the west,” where Mauchline lay. Even his horse he speaks of as looking westward:—

“Dowie she saunters doon Nithside;  
And aye a westlin’ leuk she throws,  
While tears hap ower her auld broon nose.”

All, in fact, is sad and “lanesome” till Jean comes. Having referred to this horse of the Poet’s, we may as well say something about these faithful friends of his—for, indeed, they were such—which also knew the Nithsdale road well. Three

horses of Burns' stand out prominently in his writings—"Maggie," "Jenny Geddes" and "Peg Nicholson"—and probably these steeds will be as immortal as any other famous horses of the world, even Alexander's "Bucephalus" or Wellington's "Copenhagen." "Maggie" was long dead before the Ellisland or Dumfries days. But "Jenny Geddes" (called after the famous anti-innovator of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh) accompanied him to his new farm by the banks of the Nith, and it is she whom the Poet, in the foregoing lines, represents as wearying for Jean and the bairn. Often did "Jenny" carry the Poet in his various excursions in this part of Scotland, and doubtless, like the doctor in Drumtochty, he would have many a couthy crack with her, for Burns, as one readily gathers from his writings, made fond companions of the dumb animals, and at times soliloquised to them. A poor hunted hare, and even a terror-stricken field mouse, makes him speak—yes, and to *them* in compassion. "Peg Nicholson" (called after a fanatic who attempted the life of George III.) was a successor of "Jenny Geddes," but he only had her for a short time. In the elegy which he writes on the death of this steed he calls her "a good bay mare," but this must surely be sarcasm if he writes the sober truth about her in a certain letter to his friend William Nicol, of Edinburgh, to whom she originally belonged. However, the Poet may just have acted on the principle, "they're a' guid that dee," and excluded everything but praise from the memorial verses, of which the following are the two first:—

" Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare  
As ever trode on airn,  
But now she's floating down the Nith,  
And past the mouth of Cairn.

" Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
And rode through thick and thin;  
But now she's floating down the Nith,  
And wanting even the skin."

It may be thought by some that the name "Pegasus," which occurs in his writings, may just be a poetical designation of any horse he might be riding at the time, but a quotation we shall afterwards give shows that he really had a favourite young horse of that name. "Rosinante," however, is likely purely poetical. That he crooned songs when riding is certain,

if we are to believe the story that he composed "Scots wha hae" when on horseback in Galloway. In addition to his gallops up to Mauchline, he had ten parishes to ride over in connection with his duties as exciseman, and, as he would often be alone, what more likely than that, on such occasions, he would give rein to his poetic fancy? Indeed, in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, he expressly says that he did not find his "hurried life inimical to correspondence with the Muses." "I meet them," he writes, "now and then as I jog among the hills of Nithsdale, just as I used to do on the banks of Ayr." This district, then, with which we are concerned at present, would doubtless give rise to many of those thoughts and fancies which he has given to the world in imperishable verse. An old Tarbolton farmer has informed us that, when he was a boy, he heard a story to the effect that one day when Burns appeared to be quite heedless of the unwonted or even ridiculous position the cart he was driving was getting into, a neighbouring farmer observing the incident, exclaimed, "Is the man gaun gyte?" (*Anglice*, become mad). The Poet was composing at the time. So likely some Nithsdale rustic, noticing how this wonderful exciseman was allowing his horse to get more of its own way and of the road than was usual—for the rider was courting the Muses at the time—might be heard to remark that surely the man was "gaun gyte!"

But we must follow Burns up the Nith to another of his haunts, namely, Sanquhar. Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember how, in "Guy Mannering," he makes Dandie Dinmont exclaim when contemplating Mrs. M'Cuffog's "clean sheets" in the Bridewell at Portinferry, that the bed in its filthy state looked as "if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in it thegither." Robert Burns makes no mention of the mining industry, but he does of another which rendered this ancient Royal burgh famous—namely, that of "boot hose," or large woollen stockings. On his way to Leith one morning—Allan Cunningham tells the story\*—he met a man in hoddin' grey—a west country farmer. Earnestly shaking him by the hand he had an enjoyable conversation with him. But a young Edinburgh aristocrat (real or would be) who happened to be with the Poet at the time, animadverted severely on his talking

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\* Allan narrates more marvels than ever occurred.—[Ed.]

in so friendly a manner with such a rustic. Burns flamed up at this, and his reply, which really contains the germ of the immortal "A man's a man for a' that," shows how little he regarded society's artificial distinctions. "You fantastic gomeral," said he, "it was not the grey coat, the scone-bonnet, and the Sanquhar boot-hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh you and me, and ten more such, down any day."

The Poet in *The Five Carlines* calls Sanquhar "Crichton Peel," with reference to the ancient castle of the Crichtons there; and in the person of the Carline, Black Joan, describes the place as "stoor and grim." He had several intimate friends in this "stoor and grim" town, notably Edward Whigham (afterwards Provost) who kept the chief inn of the place; Johnston of Clackleith (also afterwards Provost); and Rigg of Crawick Forge. He enjoyed much the society of these worthies; discharged his social electricity among them; and sometimes gave them copies of his poems written out by himself. To the first named he presented a copy of the Kilmarnock edition, which is now in the possession of Mr. J. R. Wilson, of the Royal Bank at Sanquhar. On the fly-leaf there are transcribed certain lines which the Poet scratched in the window-pane of Mr. Whigham's Inn one morning after breakfast. The identical pane of glass has also been preserved, and is owned by the representatives of the late Mr. David Barker. The following are the lines, and have special reference to Mr. Whigham's family:—

" Envy, if thy jaundiced eye,  
Through this window chance to spy,  
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,  
All that's generous, all that's kind,  
Friendship, virtue, every grace,  
Dwelling in this happy place."

The following memorandum in Burns' handwriting the above-mentioned Mr. Barker possessed:—

"Memorandum for Provost E— W—, to get from John French his sets of the following Scotch airs:—

1. The auld yowe jump't o'er the tether.
2. Nine nights awa', welcome hame my dearie.
3. A' the nights o' the year, the chapman drinks nae water.

Mr. Whigham will either of himself, or through the medium of that *worthy veteran* of original wit and social iniquity, *Clackleith*, procure these, and it will be extremely obliging to  
R. B."

For the above Sanquhar Burnsiana we are indebted to our friend Mr. James Brown's volume, "The History of Sanquhar," one of the best parish histories that has ever come under our notice. We would add that we saw in an issue of the "Burns Chronicle" a statement to the effect that a Mr. Lyle in Sanquhar has in his possession a letter from Burns, of year 1788, and written from Mauchline.

On one occasion, at least, Burns found his way to that most-out-of-the-way village, Wanlockhead, which lies in the utmost confines of the Parish of Sanquhar, and some ten miles from the Royal burgh. We suppose the road would take the same course that it does at the present day, and unforgettable to the present writer is his walk thereon one hot summer day from Sanquhar to that mountain village—a really singular abode of men where no hens lay and no corn grows. The steep ascents, the many turns of the road, and the frequent disappointments that the village was not *yet* in sight, were suggestive to us of a climb in our boyhood from the bottom of Edinburgh Craighleith Quarry to the top thereof. Burns' horse troubled him the day he visited this strange place, the weather being wintry and the roads slippery with ice. So he took it to the smith to be "ironed," but the smith had other work on hand at the time, and could not spare a moment to sharpen the shoes of the stranger's horse. But, fortunately, Burns had a friend in Wanlockhead—one John Taylor—a man in authority, and to him he sent a short missive urging him to come to his help, which missive was backed by the Poet's companion at the time, a man of the name of Sloan, who added: "J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire bard a particular favour if he would oblige them instantaneously with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the Poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horse's shoes sharpened." Says the Ayr gentleman who describes the incident, "On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith, the

smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horse's shoes, and, it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had 'never been weel paid but aince, and that was by the Poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse.' The smith, of course, would have a claim upon the verses, but these are really addressed to the friend in need, John Taylor. They are the following :—

“ With Pegasus, upon a day,  
Apollo, weary flying,  
Through frosty hills the journey lay,  
On foot the way was plying.

“ Poor, slip-shod, giddy Pegasus  
Was but a sorry walker ;  
To Vulcan, then, Apollo goes  
To get a frosty calker.

“ Obliging Vulcan fell to work,  
Threw by his coat and bonnet,  
And did Sol's business in a crack—  
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

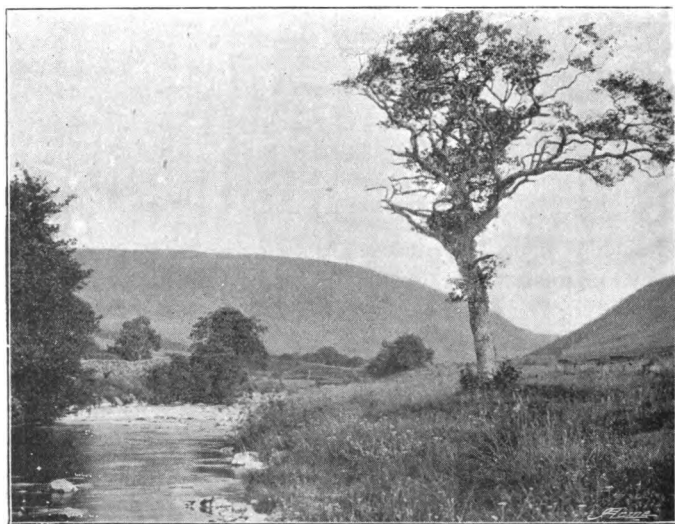
“ Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead  
Pity my sad disaster ;  
My Pegasus is poorly shod—  
I'll pay you like my master.”

We shall now accompany the Poet further up Nithsdale to New Cumnock, which, unlike the places already mentioned, which are in Dumfriesshire, is in Ayrshire. Already we have referred to Burns' habits of open-air composition, and certainly he did compose one terrible ode—that to Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive—beginning

“ Dweller in yon dungeon dark,  
Hangman of creation, mark !”

on the road from Sanquhar to this Ayrshire town. It is perhaps one of the bitterest things he ever wrote, and, though the subject of it was no favourite, it is possible he afterwards regretted having written such dreadful lines. He himself, in a letter to Dr. Moore, tells us what occasioned them. “ In January last,” he writes, “ on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Whigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the

day; and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald (she died in London on 6th December, 1788), and poor I am forced to brave all the terror of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse — my young favourite horse, which I had christened Pegasus—twelve miles farther on through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire to the next inn! The powers of poetry and prose sink under me when I describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode." Yes, *written* at New Cumnock, but, doubtless, composed—the thoughts and words coming quick and glowing to him—as he nursed his wrath on that wild twelve miles' ride.



*Afton Water.*

Afton Water flows into the Nith at New Cumnock, and this would be a stream well-known to the Poet, as the inn where he frequently spent the night stood close by its banks. This inn, now used as a farm house, still stands. Many theories have been propounded by Burns students as to the origin of the poem in which he has immortalised the Afton, but perhaps no better one has yet been offered than the following, which is from a letter we recently received from Dr.

Robert Stirling, of New Cumnock. We had before heard the story from more than one person in this part of Ayrshire, but the doctor has kindly, and in a clear and graphic way, written it down for us. And our thanks are now offered to him here for giving us such a valuable bit of Burnsiana. He writes :—

“The main thing which identifies Burns with New Cumnock is Afton Water. Major Logan, of Laight, Afton's Laird in the ‘Kirk's Alarm,’ was a great admirer and friend of the Poet. His house, which still exists exactly as it did in Burns' day, was situated on the side of the river about half a mile from the village. The scenery there is very fine, and is faithfully described in the song. During the three years Burns lived at Ellisland he frequently travelled to Mossiel on horseback, and he invariably slept over the night in New Cumnock, where he always had supper with the Major. When I came here about five years ago, hitherto a comparative stranger in Ayrshire, I was naturally interested in Burns' associations in the district, and was fortunate in forming the friendship of an old gentleman of education, a native and a Burns enthusiast, who told me the following story :—An old farmer in the parish, whom he knew well when a young man, was stable boy at the Inn in Burns' day. Many a time he took the horse from the Poet and stabled it for the night. Burns' *modus operandi* was usually this : having seen his horse safely in the stable, he would go into the Inn and greet all he met with great frankness, and often in good humour. After a refreshment he washed and took the road to Laight, where he usually stayed till well on in the evening. The landlady, a Mrs. McKnight, had the reputation of being a clever, keen-on-the-world woman, and she always managed to make profit out of these visits. Burns, at this time, was at the height of his fame, and his company was eagerly sought after by all classes. As soon as he left for Laight, she despatched messengers over the parish informing all and sundry that Burns would be staying in her house that night. The result was, when Burns came back from Logan's, he found the Inn besieged by his devotees. Till well on in the morning, free drinking and merriment were the order of things, over which the Poet, of course, was the presiding genius. But one night after his return from Laight he stoutly refused to join the company, and went to his bed-room, and asked for writing material. In the morning he sent the stable boy with a letter to the Major, which turned out to be a copy of one of his finest songs, ‘Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.’ On the previous evening he went out for a walk by himself as it was exceptionally fine. He must have conceived the poem during this short walk, and wrote it in the Inn at night. I am inclined to believe that this is a true version of the origin of the song, and, I think, very interesting, as giving one an idea of how Burns was lionised even in a remote, quiet, upland parish. I think there is no doubt but the Mary in the song was his ‘Highland Mary,’ whose memory struck the finest chord in his heart. So far as I can make out, Mary Campbell was never near New Cumnock, and Burns must have idealised her as asleep by the banks of the stream. There is an old house very much

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in ruins beautifully situated at the water side, not far from Laight, and the New Cumnock people point this house out as the one in which Mary resided, but this is traditional."

Another link with New Cumnock is that the "Jamie Goose," of *The Kirk's Alarm*, was the Rev. James Young, minister of the Parish, who lies buried in the old churchyard.

KIRKWOOD HEWAT, M.A.

## CENTENARY TRIBUTE

TO

### THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

IMMORTAL Bard, whose fame each hurrying year,  
 In steady sequence claims its heritage ;  
 A priceless heirloom to maintain, revere,  
 And hand down faithfully from age to age.  
 Could I that deathless duty humbly share,  
 O precious priv'lege ! much-indebted care !

Nor to that purpose can my muse bestow  
 A better service than these lines I trace,  
 Since by the contrast, they but clearer show,  
 Thy far transcending excellence and grace.  
 Sweetest of singers, patriot, and seer,  
 All homage to thee, absolute, sincere !

A hundred years have dawned and waned to gloom,  
 Since from this sphere thy meteoric light  
 Sped to the ebon reaches of the tomb,  
 And Poesy was palled in garb of night.  
 Nor since hath Nature's muse, in bard, reposed  
 The deep-down secrets she to thee disclosed.

Methinks 'twas thy intense humanity  
 For man and mouse, for bird and fragile flow'r,  
 Which made the Goddess with urbanity,  
 Commit in trust her sceptre to thy pow'r :  
 And never to his spouse hath consort paid  
 The love and self-devotion were by thee displayed.

And now, in cottage, as in lordly hall,  
 Thy soul-inspiring, mind-enriching themes,  
 Alike the peasant and the prince enthral,  
 While toil-earned hours of leisure pass in dreams  
 Of better days, when man to man shall give  
 Fraternal love, and each for other live.

O blessed hope ! and splendid fruit of works,  
 Should these the prophecy accelerate,  
 The spirit, which within its substance lurks,  
 An active agency, inducing Fate ;  
 And when to its persuasion, Scotland wholly turns,  
 'Twill rank her noblest meed to shade of Robert Burns.

JAMES LAING,  
 Hon. Secy. The Glencairn Burns Club, Glasgow.

## GILBERT BURNS IN EAST LoTHIAN.

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THE Poet Burns was in his grave; the public had been asked, and they had generously responded to the appeal, for contributions towards the support of his widow and children, who had been left in circumstances of extreme distress. The interest thus awakened in the public mind extended also towards the brothers and sisters of the Poet, and probably induced Captain Dunlop of Dunlop to offer, at the close of last century, to the Poet's brother, Gilbert, the management of his farm of Morham West Mains, or Morham Muir as it is now called, in East Lothian. Gilbert Burns, even after the disastrous experiences occasioned by bad seasons and low prices through which the agricultural world had passed since his boyhood days, had just entered as tenant into possession of the farm of Dinning in the Parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, but this opportunity of following the occupation to which he had been brought up, without sharing the pecuniary risk attendant on the life of a farmer, induced him to seize with avidity the offer made by Captain Dunlop. He had, moreover, the utmost confidence in the integrity and ability of John Begg, the husband of his youngest sister, Isabella, who agreed to carry on the farm at Dinning for him until the expiry of the lease. Shortly before leaving Dinning for East Lothian his sixth child was born, and it may have been that the increasing number of his family constituted as substantial an argument in favour of the step he was taking as anything else.

The Parish of Morham where his work now lay is the smallest in the county, and indeed one of the smallest in Scotland. It lies about three miles to the S.E. of the county town of Haddington, and occupies an undulating slope rising from the centre of the county to the Lammermuirs in the south. Much of the land in this neighbourhood had formerly belonged to the Bothwell family, and, nestling close to the banks of the river Tyne, but a couple of miles away, may still be seen the stupendous ruins of their castle of Hailes. The eastern part of the parish is a rich arable tract, and its

useful character contrasts strongly with the well-wooded and ornamental amenities of the adjoining estate of Whittinghame, belonging to Mr. A. J. Balfour. The western part assimilates more to the woody character of the neighbouring estates of Lennoxlove and Coalstoun. From the more elevated parts, extensive and magnificent views may be obtained. The Firth of Forth, the Fife Hills, Bass Rock and Isle of May northwards; the Pentland Hills, Arthur's Seat, Stirling Castle, and even Ben Lomond to the west; while but a few miles to the south stretch the Lammermuirs. Morham West Mains had formerly formed part of a much larger possession, 450 acres of which had been let for £50 yearly rental, and which was relinquished even at that price because it was too dear. It was at that period covered with whins, heather, broom, and bad grass, and but a small portion of the moor was arable. On the sale of the estate, and its consequent division into three small properties, the name Morham Moor, which had been applied to the whole extent, was conferred on that part called Morham West Mains,



*Morham Mains.*

probably because it was by far the worst part of the divided property. Towards the end of last century this part came into the possession of Mr. Dunlop, of Dunlop, Ayrshire; and here he erected a substantial, pleasant, and commodious residence,

which he and his wife occasionally visited for a short time looking after the improvements needed on the estate. Robert Burns addressed several letters to Mrs. Dunlop, here. When her son, Captain Dunlop, came into possession, he took the farm into his own hands, and it was then that he engaged Gilbert Burns to become his farm-manager. The farm, much of which required to be reclaimed from its moorland state, consisted of a poor stiff clay, very difficult to work, and requiring great discretion and a considerable amount of patience in the working, so that in his new sphere he had little time to devote to the very limited society which the neighbourhood afforded. Dr. Patrick Carfrae, whose introduction to Robert Burns with whom he corresponded, had been brought about by the kind services of his parishioner, Mrs. Dunlop, had removed to Dunbar from the Manse of Morham a few years before Gilbert Burns came to East Lothian, but occasionally (the distance being inconsiderable) he rode over to Morham, where he had the double pleasure of enjoying the companionship of his successor at the manse, and spending a few hours with Gilbert Burns. The Rev. John Steel, the parish minister, whose friends used to tell him that his hands smelt as much of the spade as the pulpit, was a man of no ordinary ability and scholarship. He spent much of his leisure time at Morham Muir, where he rented twenty acres of land, all of which he reclaimed and cultivated almost unaided. He, Thomas Henderson, the worthy schoolmaster of the parish, and the tenant farmers of Hailes and Cairndinnes were Gilbert's most frequent visitors. Two sons were born to him during his residence here, thus making, with his aged mother, for whom he had always retained a place at his fireside, ten souls dependent on him for their maintenance. In 1803, when he had been there little more than three years, the estate was sold, and he removed to Grants Braes, about four miles off, on the Lennoxlove estate, to act in a similar capacity, but on a larger scale, to Katherine, Lady Blantyre. Grants Braes was a two-storeyed and thatched house standing on the side of the public road which follows the south bank of the Tyne about a mile to the west of Haddington. A fine piece of haugh land lies between the house and the river, on the opposite side of which, in a fine situation, is Clerkington House, long the ancestral home of the powerful Cockburn

family. The view from the windows of Grants Braes stretched over the finely timbered parks of Lennoxlove, anciently called Lethington. A small postern gave him access to this rich sylvan scenery, and afforded a short cut to the ancient stronghold of Lethington, where Lady Blantyre resided. What memories such surroundings must have awakened in a mind like that of Gilbert Burns, as the history of the place gradually unfolded itself to him. Here the Blind Baron, Sir Richard Maitland, dictated his poetical effusions to his faithful amanuensis—his daughter Mary—herself no mean versifier. Perhaps Gilbert Burns was acquainted with the aged Baron's poem, "In Praise of Lethington," and he was almost sure to have learned that here Wishart, attended by Knox, had been a guest the night before his apprehension. Beneath that double row of lime and ash trees, Secretary Lethington, when he escaped from the turmoil of Court life for a brief period, was wont to pass rapidly to and fro pondering over the weighty affairs of State — hence the name of the "Politician's Walk." It was from the topmost window of the tower that John, 2nd Duke of Argyle, when a child, fell without any serious result—the incident occurring on 30th June, 1685, the same day as his grandfather's (Archibald, the 9th Earl) head fell beneath the stroke of the executioner's axe. Less than a mile away lies the Burgh of Haddington, where the sturdy tower of the Parish Church, to which he and his family (for he was one of its elders) resorted every Sabbath day. Beneath the shadow of the Church tower, but on the opposite side of the river, he would know the spot pointed out as the site of the humble dwelling where John Knox first saw the light, and where many years afterwards Thomas Carlyle caused a sturdy oak to be planted as a fitting emblem of the great Iconoclast.

In the work of his factorship, farm-managing, wood-planting, attending public meetings in the interest of his employers, surveying, and even drawing plans, Gilbert Burns led a busy life for nearly a quarter of a century. They were the happy days of his life, and yet not unmingled with cares and sorrow. Other three daughters were added to the family circle, and three were taken from him in early youth by the hand of death. The older children attended the Mathematical School at Haddington, where the teacher was the afterwards famous Edward Irving, who frequently resorted

to Grants Braes in his walks to and from Bolton Manse, where he was the weekly visitor of Dr. Stewart. It was almost natural that the children of Gilbert Burns should become acquainted with Jeanie Welsh, the pupil of Edward Irving; and long years after, under date 14th Feb., 1859, this same little girl, now Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle, in writing to a friend, thus mentions her early visits there:—

“That little picture of your visit to Grant’s Braes! How pretty, how dream-like! Awaking so many recollections of my own young visiting there! The dinners of rice and milk with currants—a very few currants—kind, thrifty Mrs. Gilbert Burns used to give me, with such a welcome! Of play-fellows, boys and girls—all I fancy dead now—who made my Saturdays at Grants Braes *white* days for me! I went to see the dear old house, when I was last at Sunny Bank, and found the new prosaic farmhouse in its stead, and it was as if my heart had knocked up against *it*! A sort of (moral) blow in the breast is what I feel always at these sudden revelations of the new, strange, uncared-for thing usurping the place of the thing one knew as well as oneself, and had all sorts of associations with, and had hung the fondest memories on! When I first saw Mrs. Somerville (of mathematical celebrity) I was much struck with her exact likeness to Mrs. G. Burns—minus the geniality, and plus the feathers in her head!—and I remember remarking to my husband, that, after all, Mrs. Burns was far the cleverer woman of the two, inasmuch as to bring up *twelve* children, as these young Burns were brought up, and keep up such a comfortable house as Grants Braes, all on eighty pounds a year, was a much more intricate problem than the reconciliation of the Physical Sciences! And Mr. C. cordially agreed with me.”\*

Colonel Davidson, the friend to whom she addressed these words, has in the same vol., p. 7, recorded his remembrance of a visit in early life to Grants Braes:—

“Grants Braes happened then to be the residence of Gilbert Burns, the elder brother of the Poet. He was standing at his door . . . and brought me into the house. I sat patiently and wonderingly by one side of the fire-place, and young as I was, I felt a sort of awe. I knew about Burns and his songs; and a kind of reverential feeling possessed me as I sat in his brother’s house. I had often seen Gilbert in church, where he was an elder, and had marked him, especially on sacramental occasions, when he solemnly dispensed the sacred bread. He had a splendid head, with high forehead and “lyart haffets wearing thin and bare.” The lower part of his face was less refined than that of his brother, the mouth larger, and the chin well developed, indicating stronger moral qualities.”

In the early part of the year 1820 his aged mother, who had been enfeebled for some time, became much weaker, and on

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\* “Memories of a Long Life.” P. 314.

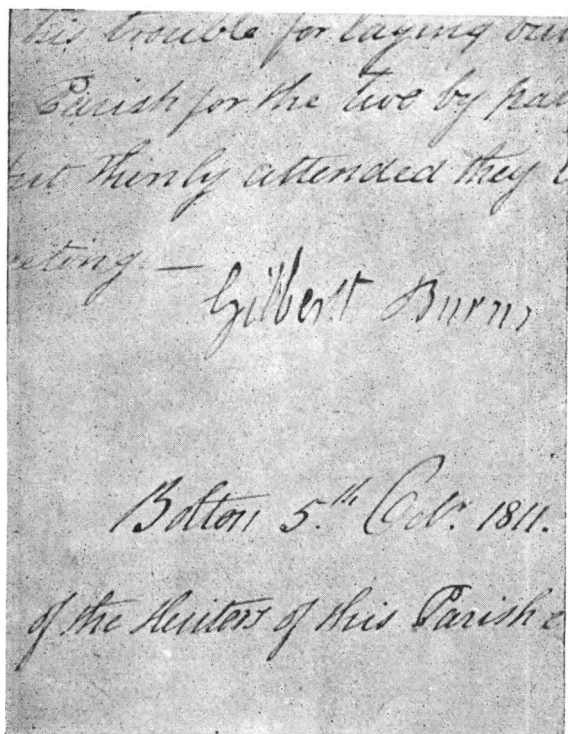
Friday, January 14, she sank into her eternal rest. The Thursday following, her mortal remains were deposited in Bolton Churchyard, beside those of her three grandchildren. Seven years after, on the 4th January, his daughter, Jean, in her 20th year, was laid beside his dead; and, as though his cup of sorrow was not yet full, on the 26th of the following month, his son, John, was also taken from him by an attack of typhus fever in Edinburgh, just as he was about to be licensed for the ministry. These severe afflictions told heavily on one whose powers of mind and body were gradually decaying under advancing years, and a few weeks after, in the quiet of a Sabbath morn, undisturbed save by the tinkling of the early morning bell, his spirit too passed to the Eternal, and the old hearse of Bolton (now an object of antiquarian interest and curiosity) made another journey to the churchyard of Bolton. His appearance and character have been finely portrayed by J. M'Diarmid, in "Sketches from Nature," who thus writes of him:—

"He was nearly two years younger than Robert, possessed the same penetrating judgment; and, according to Mr. Murdoch, their first instructor, surpassed him in vivacity till pretty near the age of manhood. Both were early inured to toil and familiar with the hardships of the peasant's lot; both were subject to depression of spirits, and, from whatever cause, had contracted the same bend or stoop of the shoulders. In other respects, their frames were cast in a very manly and symmetrical mould; the profile of their countenances was nearly alike; the phrenological developments not dissimilar; and to sum up all in one word, the principal disparity lay in the form and expression of the eye, which, in Gilbert, was fixed, sagacious and steady—in Robert, almost always "in a fine phrenzy rolling." Their father was a remarkable man, and Gilbert bore a great resemblance to his sire. His piety was equally warm and sincere; and in all the private relations of life, as an elder of the church, a husband, a father, a master, and a friend, there never, perhaps, was a better man.

His last appearance at a Bolton Heritors' Meeting, where he regularly attended as mandatory for Lord and Lady Blantyre, was on the 9th June, 1825. His signature as Preses often appears. It is recorded of him that, as an elder of Haddington Parish Church, he always claimed the right of adding an admonition to the rebuke administered by the moderator to those poor fallen ones who had the misfortune to appear before the session. The last time his name appears in the collection book there, as the uplifter of the money deposited in the plate,

is on the 5th November, 1826, just five months before his death.

On the appointment of Mr. Goodlet, as his successor, the old house was pulled down, and a new residence erected on its site. On Christmas morning of 1891 this second structure



his trouble for laying out  
Parish for the two by par  
but thinly attended they  
meeting - Gilbert Burns  
Bolton 5th Oct. 1811.  
of the Ministers of this Parish

was completely gutted by fire, and in that condition it still remains. The once trim garden is desolate, the fences torn down, and the boxwood borders trampled low; and the stranger, little expecting to view such utter desolation in the midst of such lovely scenery, hurries on to Bolton Churchyard, where so many relatives of the Poet sleep beneath the well-kept sward of that sunny sloping brae; and, although the emblems of death are on every hand, they produce not nearly half the gloom that is forced upon the sympathetic mind by the ruins of Grants Braes. The family burial ground is within a dozen yards of the ponderous mausoleum in which lie the Lords and



Ladies of the Blantyre family, whom he served so well. Not to the burial place of the owners of the surrounding acres does the stranger turn, but he stands uncovered beside the grave of him who once was their faithful steward; and many a hand is thrust between the iron railing to pluck a blade of grass or the head of a daisy, as a remembrancer both of a worthy man and the brother of a great Poet.

Mr. Gilbert Burns, his youngest son, of Knockmaroon Lodge, Chapelizod, County Dublin, in 1877, left to the minister



and kirk-session of Bolton the sum of £50, the interest of which was to be expended in keeping the burial ground in order. He desired the sod to be kept clean, trim, and free from coarse weeds, but that no garden flowers, shrubs, or trees should be planted in it. He desired also that the headstone and railings should be painted when necessary. The surplus

of the annual interest was to be divided among the deserving residents of the parish. It is perhaps needless to add that the wishes expressed in the bequest are faithfully observed by the kirk session.

EDWARD J. WILSON.

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## A "TRUE MAN" BALLAD.

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*For Recital on 25th January and 21st July.*

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Who fears to speak of Robert Burns?  
 Who blushes for *his* fame?  
 Let "Fause Face" *blink*, let "Faint Heart" *slink*—  
 And hang *their* heads in shame.  
 He's half a knave, or all a slave,  
 Who slights our Poet thus;  
 A TRUE MAN, like you man,  
 Will fill your glass with US.

We pledge the memory of A MAN,  
 A KINGLY man—a *True*:  
 He is not gone, his *Soul* shines on,  
 All radiant to our view;  
 His *name* lives on—his *fame* moves on—  
 Still rises like a tide;  
 And TRUE MEN, like you men,  
 Repeat his name with pride.

Leal brither Scots, in distant lands,  
 Their fondest memories twine,  
 Of Home, of Love, of Friendships dear,  
 With his songs of Langsyne.  
 And though their *clay* be far away  
 Beyond th' Atlantic's foam;  
 In TRUE MEN, like you men,  
 Their *Spirit* dwells at home.

Alas th' uncanny, nipping spring  
 That chilled his early May!  
 Alas the coward breath that dims  
 The lustre of *his day*!  
 But not for *us* are craven thoughts,  
 They long have passed away;  
 And TRUE MEN, like you men,  
 Are *Plenty* here *to-day*.

The "thoughtless follies" he deplored,  
 No longer cloud our view :  
 No more in humble tone, we sue  
 To hush the prudish crew ;  
 No more we'll speak of "sad regret ;"  
 Our pleading still in vain,  
 Nor Charity, nor Truth we've met—  
 We ne'er will *plead* again.

The TRUE MAN will not meanly crawl,  
 Where selfish gain may lead ;  
 Nor sink the voice, nor fold the arm,  
 Nor shrink in time of need.  
 The TRUE MAN reads in Songs of Burns  
 With clear *unblinking* sight,  
 True WORTH to prize, Sham to despise,  
 When warring for *the Right*.

And on *this* day, we'll proudly say,  
 As only TRUE MEN can ;  
 " *His* fame is clear, *his* name is dear,  
 We hail AN HONEST MAN."  
 And on *this* day, a Scot's heart aye  
 To Scottish land returns ;  
 And swells with pride—in mounting tide,  
 At name of ROBERT BURNS.

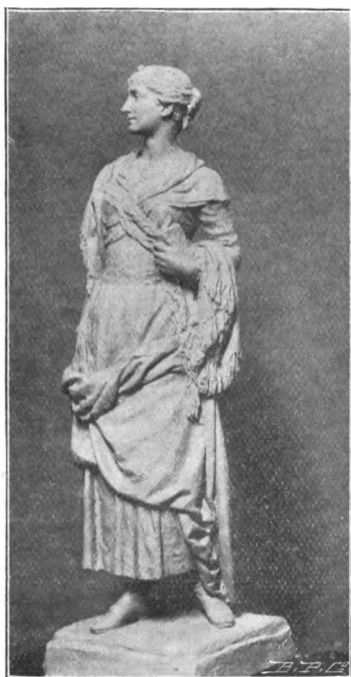
JAMES ADAMS, M.D.



## STATUE OF HIGHLAND MARY AT DUNOON.

“Thou lingering star with less’ning ray,  
That loves to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher’st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.”

**I**NDISSOLUBLY wedded to the immortal genius of Coila, calling forth the purest and most tender of his imperishable lyrics, Mary Campbell was born at the farmhouse of Auchamore, situated near the high road which runs behind the



*Highland Mary.*

remains of the ancient stronghold known as Dunoon Castle, on the Firth of Clyde.

The consent of His Grace the Duke of Argyll and the Dunoon Commissioners having been obtained, it is now intended to use a portion of the rocks skirting the beach, in front of the noted ruins, as the site for a commanding statue of Highland Mary.

The execution of the Memorial has been entrusted to Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., Edinburgh, who has produced a design which has met with the highest commendation, and whose well-known reputation as an erudite Burns student, and an art sculptor, will sufficiently ensure the production of a work creditable alike to himself, the heroine, and the inspired author of "To Mary in Heaven."

The Statue, looking towards Ayrshire, will be constructed of bronze, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of the countless thousands who, as excursionists, travellers, and seafarers, constantly throng the familiar highway of the noble river, already rendered more than famous by the "Genius of Steam" (James Watt), who had birth on the world-famed Banks of Clyde.

The details of the costume have been chiefly taken from the works of the eminent contemporary artist, David Allan, whose graphic and truthful illustrations of Scottish life, particularly the rank in which Mary Campbell lived, are in the highest degree artistic and accurate.

It is intended that this tribute to the Bard's Immortal Memory shall be unveiled on the 21st of July, 1896, the Centenary of his death-day; and that on the occasion there should take place a National demonstration at Dunoon.

COLIN RAE BROWN.



## REVIEWS.

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### CHAMBERS'S BURNS.—THE FORTHCOMING CENTENARY EDITION.

WE have been favoured with advance sheets and general prospectus of the new issue of the above work, for the editing of which the proprietors have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. William Wallace, M.A., of the *Glasgow Herald*. A more profound Burns scholar and capable Burns critic could not have been selected to bring the work of the erudite, conscientious, and painstaking Robert Chambers up to date. Apart from his literary gifts, Mr. Wallace is specially fitted for the task. We have had so much ignorant and careless editing of Burns within the last half century, that we hail with the supremest satisfaction the advent of such a man as a Burns biographer. In the pursuit of his profession Mr. Wallace lived successively in Ayr, Dumfries, and Edinburgh, for lengthened periods; in which places his leisure time was employed by personal research in Burns lore, the result being an accumulation of original and important facts which shed an entirely new light on certain periods of the Poet's career, and which will be incorporated in the forthcoming volumes. Mr. Wallace is more than a mere Burns enthusiast. The fugitive Burns articles which have already appeared over his name prove him to be the possessor of a judicial and judicious mind. He is a stickler for facts, spares neither time nor trouble in ferreting them out, and is given to weighing their import without the slightest prejudice. In the volume which has come to hand, we note that he sets down what is new in the unostentatious manner which is the best proof of its truth, and his own faithful verification of it. He has also been at enormous pains to annotate the text, and, by his labours, has placed Burns on the same level as the best editions of the classics. In fact, the whole work is one of rectification, elucidation, and solidification of what is now beyond dispute. He is no believer in the "down grade" theory of the Dumfries period, as can be gathered from the valuable contribution which appears this year in our own pages. In this connection, the summing up of the Life in the last volume will be awaited with breathless interest, the confident expectation being that the myths and misrepresentations of the close of the Poet's career will be ruthlessly exposed and at once and for ever exploded. The plan of Chambers's edition commends itself both to the student and general reader. The poems, the biography, and the correspondence are arranged to show their relation to one another—that is to say, the story of the life is accompanied by the tale of work accomplished, and everything else calculated to illustrate Burns's poetic evolution. This plan is still adhered to, the new material swelling each volume to between seventy and a hundred pages beyond the original dimensions. The price—seven and sixpence per volume—places it within the reach of all. When completed, we have no hesitation in saying that

it will be a "Burns" as perfect as brains and money can make it. We may add that each volume will be illustrated by photogravures from original drawings by Martin Hardie, R.S.A.; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A.; R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A.; G. O. Reid, A.R.S.A.; and G. Pirie; in addition to a reproduction of the Nasmyth portrait and the Beugo engraving.

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## ROBERT BURNS AND THE SCOTCH EXCISE BOARD. BY JAMES ADAMS, M.D., GLASGOW.

THAN Dr. Adams, the dead Burns has never had a stauncher, truer, or more judicious friend. He has made a life-study of the Poet's career, accepting no statement on trust from any of his biographers, but coming to his conclusions by careful and unwearied investigation on his own account. His information on everything relating to Burns is consequently of the most minute and exact sort, so much so, that in any disputed point, speaking for ourselves, we would accept the dictum of Dr. Adams in preference to any other Burns authority living. Nothing has ever deterred him in his youthful determination to show to the world that Burns was a man "much misunderstood," and now, in his old age, he has the utmost contempt for the faint-hearted section of his admirers who leave the mud-throwing to his enemies without let or hindrance. In this pamphlet he takes up the oft-repeated tale of Burns's censure by the Scotch Excise, and conclusively proves it to be another version of the "three black crows," the germ of which is to be found in the Poet's own letters to Graham of Fintry and Mrs. Dunlop. The evidence is laid before the reader in clear and incisive style, the groundwork being contemporary events, and the transcripts of Mr. Macfadzean, the discoverer of the long-lost books of the Scots Excise Office. Dr. Adams's father was intimate with Mr. Findlater, Burns's supervisor, and often conversed with him on the subject, repeatedly receiving from him the emphatic assurance that Burns was "never faulted for any cause, nor was he ever absent or unfit for duty." In the face of contemporary evidence, apart altogether from what Dr. Adams has accomplished, the wonder is that the tradition still survives in certain shady places. Those who wish to ascertain the plain, unvarnished truth of the matter had better procure Dr. Adams's booklet, which is written in his usual characteristic and seductive style.

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## BURNS—EXCISE OFFICER AND POET: A Vindication.

By JOHN SINTON, Supervisor of Inland Revenue, Carlisle.  
—MUIR AND CO., English Street, CARLISLE.

THIS is another contribution on the same subject, with this difference, that Mr. Sinton reviews the whole period covered by the Excise connection of the Poet, which is treated in a manner eminently creditable to the head and heart of the writer. He goes over the same ground as Dr. Adams, and with identical results. Mr. Sinton's pamphlet is specially valuable from the fact that in the Appendix, the Excise documents are presented in a form almost

equivalent to veritable *fac similes*. We heartily commend the spirit which prompts such a painstaking piece of work as Mr. Sinton's, and earnestly trust that it may find outlet in other directions as much in need of "redding up" as the Excise episode.

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THE PENNY POETS.—ROBERT BURNS.—Selected  
Poems and Songs. "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE,  
LONDON.

MR. STEAD deserves every credit for his endeavours to bring the standard poets within the reach of the million by his penny editions. The task of selecting representative pieces so as to bring each volume within the required dimensions is one requiring, not only discrimination, but the fullest knowledge of the characteristics of each author. We are glad to say that in this respect Burns has not suffered at Mr. Stead's hands. The selection is fairly representative, and, on the whole, well chosen. In his introduction, also, he does well in giving the opinions of qualified judges in preference to anything that he himself may have had to offer. But we demur altogether to his statement "that his native woodnote wild is but partially intelligible," consequently "the Englishman accepts the Poet at his countrymen's valuation." We have taken the trouble to turn over the pages of one of the popular editions, with the result that we have found upwards of two hundred compositions in which not a single syllable of Doric occurs—surely grounds sufficient for any Southron to form a judgment on his genius. Many of his purely Scottish pieces can also be read by the average Englishman without much reference to a glossary. What of Barrie, Crockett, and the other "Kailyairders," who are labouring so hard just now for the lingual enlightenment of Cockneydom? They surely must be taken at the same valuation, notwithstanding what the publishers say as to the business side of a pre-Burnsian patent Doric mixture, which bids fair to become fashionable. It is a pity that Mr Stead did not send his final proofs to the "Kailyaird" to get his "Haggis" properly tested. We thought that even he himself would have known the difference between the "stinkin' ware" he presents to his readers, and the "skinkin' ware" that appears in Burns's manuscript. What can we make of the line—

"Or fricassee wad her spew,"

and the reference to a "*gracefu*' prayer in the last stanza?"

"Racer Jess an' twa-three *more*" is certainly a little less naughty than the original, but it spoils the rhyme and sacrifices the sense. "*Spritty knows*" we know nothing about, and don't wonder at an Englishman breaking his shins over them. The barley-bree "*bangs us fu' o' knowledge*," according to the penny text. There are other typographical errors, but in all conscience the volume is "panged" with plenty for a penny.

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BURNSIANA, &c. By JOHN D. ROSS.—ALEXANDER GARDNER, Paisley.

THE fifth volume of Mr. Ross's *Burnsiana* has been forwarded to us by the Publisher. Like its precursors, it forms a very handy and valuable reference book for the Burns student. So long as Mr. Ross sticks to his original intention of a carefully selected scrap-book, he does well; but when he forsakes that idea for original matter, he does not do so well by a very long way indeed. We fail to perceive, for instance, what Burns literature can possibly gain from such egotistical drivel as "The Elder Disraeli on Burns," or the bumptious ignorance displayed in the "Raeburn Portraits," both of which appear in the present volume. There is plenty of more valuable material at hand for the gleaner, and Mr. Ross ought to place a higher value on his space. Conducted on the lines we have indicated, *Burnsiana* deserves a permanent position as a Burns serial.

IN MY CITY GARDEN. By GEORGE UMBER.—ALEXANDER GARDNER, Paisley.

THOUGH this book does not fall within the special province of the "Chronicle," we have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to its exceptional merits as a charming repository of brilliant little essays on the philosophy of the ordinary incidents of ordinary life. It is long since we made the acquaintance of "George UMBER," which *nom de plume* is now perhaps more widely known than the real name of the thoughtful city doctor who is the author, and the more we read him the more we love him and his "auld-farrant" literary ways. Every chapter of his latest production is calculated to yield purest pleasure, without alloy of any kind, to every one who reads. The "Bairns' Burns Anniversary" can be perused with profit by their elders. It is a well-written summary of the life of the Poet, expressed in choice and simple language—exactly what might have been expected from the prose poet of a Glasgow "City Garden" to the immortal Poet of Scotland. The illustrations are cleverly conceived and well executed. If we mistake not, the artist is no other than the author's son, who has already won high honours in his profession. Indeed, all through, the work is so Hogarthian in letterpress and illustration, that we suspect the genial philosopher has not gone far beyond his own fireside for his *dramatis personæ*. We trust the volume will meet with success commensurate with its merits. It is superbly got up, the renowned Paisley Press excelling itself in this instance, if that were possible.

RANDOM SKETCHES ON SCOTTISH SUBJECTS.

By JOHN D. ROSS.—ALEXANDER GARDNER, Paisley.

MR. ROSS is an indefatigable worker in the field of Scottish literature, and deserves unstinted praise for his Burns enthusiasm. It might be better,

however, if he refrained from publication until he had a greater accumulation of material ; for to fritter away one's strength on mere booklets is not wise. In the volume before us, he takes up eleven items, connected more or less with the song lore of Scotland, and treats of them shortly and chattily. A perusal of these short essays convinces one that Mr. Ross's critical acumen is not at all equal to his evident enthusiasm and good intentions. He is also too free in the use of his "whiting-brush," notably when treating of Mr. Wallace Bruce, whom he makes out to be a Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Coleridge, Whittier, Moore, Chaucer, and Byron, all rolled into one, in a single, sonorous, euphonious sentence. This is really too tall for this side of the Atlantic. Again in writing on "The Mother of Burns," he not only relates nothing new, but does not even set down in full what is already on the published record. Nor is he as exact as he ought to be when writing about Robert Burns. William Burnes never spelt his name with the double "s," though his illustrious son used that form till the final change to "Burns." Again, Gilbert Brown of Craigminton married Agnes Rennie in 1731, and she died in 1742, when the Poet's mother was ten years of age. Gilbert married again in 1744, when his daughter Agnes went to live with her grandmother. From this second marriage sprang Mrs. Allan, of Old Rome, a note of whose connection with the Poet would have been interesting. The other subjects do not exactly fall within our sphere. The volume is printed and bound in Mr. Gardner's usual unexceptional style.



# A FIFTH INSTALMENT OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BURNS,

in continuation of the volume compiled by the late James Gibson, and published by the late James M'Kie of Kilmarnock, in 1881.

NOTE.—The Editor regrets that, in consequence of extra pressure, room could not be found for a large bibliography which had been prepared. The portion given in this issue is only a selection from the Burns literature of the past year.

## PART I.—EDITIONS OF THE WRITINGS OF BURNS.

POEMS, | chiefly in the | Scottish dialect, | by | Robert Burns.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,  
He pours the wild effusions of the heart :  
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire ;  
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

Kilmarnock : | printed by John Wilson | = |  
M,DCC,LXXXVI. [Facsimile, MDCCCXCV.]

“Reduced Facsimile First Edition ;” issued by Messrs. David Bryce & Son, Glasgow.

Size  $1\frac{3}{8}'' \times 1\frac{3}{8}'' \times \frac{1}{4}''$ , pp. 240. Collation : pp. i-ii, Title (enclosed in ornamental frame) as above, with the words “Entered in Stationers-Hall” (within ornamental frame) in centre of *verso*; pp. iii-vi, “Preface”; pp. vii-viii, “Contents”; pp. 9-235, text ; pp. 236-240, “Glossary.”

Issued in tinted paper wrappers bearing a reproduction of the title-page upon the front, and enclosed in a metal case carrying a magnifying glass.

Messrs. Bryce, the publishers of this edition, have for long made a specialty of the production of books of midget dimensions. The “reduced facsimile first edition” of Burns’s Poems is No. 6 of their “Midget Series.” It is a *fac-simile*, by the process of “photo-relief,” from one of the two copies of the first edition in the British Museum, London. The entire book is printed upon a sheet  $14'' \times 11''$ ; as issued it measures  $1\frac{3}{8}'' \times 1\frac{3}{8}''$  and is probably the tiniest edition of Burns yet issued.

The impression consisted of 20,000 copies, and was issued in January of the year, at prices ranging (according to the material of the “case”) from *one shilling and three pence to six shillings*.

The lyric | poems of | Robert | Burns | Edited by Ernest |  
Rhys | J. M. Dent & Co. Aldine House | 69 Gt. Eastern  
St. London E.C. | [1895.]

Small octavo, pp. xxiv + 243. Collation : pp. i-ii, half-title—The | lyric poets | Robert Burns—*verso* blank ; frontispiece, etched portrait of the Poet ; pp. iii-iv, title (within ornamental frame and with two figures) as

above, *verso* blank; pp. v-viii, "Contents"; pp. ix-xxiv, "Introduction" [containing memoir of the Poet], dated "January 1895" and initialled "E. R.;" pp. 1-220, text; pp. 221-243, "Glossary" (imprint—Printed by | Turnbull and Spears, | Edinburgh.—in centre of *verso*).

Issued (with top edges gilt, the others uncut) in pale green limp cloth, gilt, and lettered across back—The | lyric | poets | Burns | J. M. Dent | & Co.—and on front board—The | lyrical | poems | of | Robert | Burns. The published price was *two shillings and six pence net*. "A Limited Edition, printed on hand-made paper and bound in vellum," was published at the price of *five shillings net*.

The Masterpiece Library. | V.— Robert Burns. | Selected poems and songs. | Contents. | Introduction. | The Cotter's Saturday | Night. | Tam o' Shanter. | Halloween. | The Twa Dogs. | The Brigs of Ayr. | Selected poems. | Songs. | Glossary. | London: | "Review of Reviews" office. | July 4th, 1895.

Crown octavo, pp. 58. Collation: pp. 1-2, title as above, with "Preface" [by W. T. Stead] on *verso*; pp. 3-5, "The poems of Robert Burns;" pp. 5-49, text; pp. 50-58, "Glossary;" three leaves of advertisements follow.

The imprint—London: Wm. Clowes and Sons, Limited, Stamford Street and Charing Cross—is at foot of last page.

Issued in orange coloured paper wrappers, lettered on front—The penny poets.—V. | Robert Burns. | Selected Poems and Songs. | The Masterpiece Library, | "Review of Reviews" office, London. | Entered at Stationers' Hall. The published price was *one penny*.

The "prospectus of 'The Penny Poets'" announced the date of publication of the "Burns" as "June 27." The volume did not appear until the date mentioned on title.

The impression at 31st December 1895 had consisted of 116,000 copies, a figure exceeded by three of the series, viz., Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and other Poems"; Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion"; and James Russell Lowell's "Poems (Selections)."

This volume was given, bound with Nos. 6, 7 and 8 of the series, as a "literary supplement" to "Our Poets' Corner." (See Burnsiana, p. 120.)

ROBERT BURNS | The Poems, Epistles | Songs, Epigrams & Epitaphs | Edited by Jas. A. Manson | With Notes, Index, Glossary, and | Biographical Sketch | [Ornament] | Clement Wilson | London: 29 Paternoster Row, E.C. MDCCCXCVI

Small octavo, in two volumes: volume I, Poems and Epistles; volume II, Songs, Ballads, Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Collation, volume I: pp. i-ii, half-title—Poetical Works of | Robert Burns | Volume One—with "Motto prefixed to the Kilmarnock Edition" in centre of *verso*; pp. iii-iv, title as above (imprint—Morrison and Gibb, printers, Edinburgh—in centre of *verso*); pp. v-vi, "Preface," initialled "J. A. M.;" pp. vii-x, "Contents to Vol. I;" pp. xi-xxxvi, "Biographical Sketch [of Robert Burns];" pp. xxxvii-xxxviii, "The Kilmarnock Preface (1786);" pp. xxxix-xl, "The Edinburgh Dedication (1787);" pp. 1-312, text (imprint repeated at foot of last page).

Collation, volume II: pp. i-ii, half-title — Poetical Works of | Robert Burns | Volume Two—with "Motto prefixed to the Kilmarnock Edition" in centre of *verso*; pp. iii-iv, title, same as to volume I (imprint—Morrison and Gibb, printers, Edinburgh—in centre of *verso*); pp. v-xi,

Contents to Vol. II, *verso* blank; pp. 1-252, text; pp. 253-272, "Notes to Vol. I;" pp. 273-288, "Notes to Vol. II;" pp. 289-327, "Glossary of Scots words" (*verso* blank); pp. 329-339, "Index to first lines (imprint repeated in centre of *verso*).

Issued (with top edges gilt, the others uncut) in dark green cloth boards, lettered across back—Poetical | works | of | Robert | Burns | vol. I [vol. II] | Clement | Wilson; and having facsimile of the Poet's autograph—"Robt. Burns"—on outside of front board. (Some of the cases have a medallion portrait of the Poet, in place of the facsimile autograph).

The volumes are post-dated, having been issued to the public on 15th December 1895. The published price was five shillings.

"Although the text of Burns is practically fixed, I have nevertheless carefully collated several of the standard editions, and corrected not a few misreadings."—Extract from Editor's "Preface."

The prospectus claims that "in respect of the daintiness of its typography, and of its handy size, this Edition will be the most beautiful issue of Burns's Works ever published. No expense or effort has been spared to this end."

## PART II.—BURNSIANA.

ANNUAL BURNS CHRONICLE AND CLUB DIRECTORY. (Instituted 4th September, 1891.) Edited by D. M'NAUGHT, Kilmaurs. [Portrait of Burns.] No. IV. January, 1895. [8vo.]

*Kilmarnock*: D. BROWN & CO. [1895.]

BURNSIANA: A COLLECTION OF LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS RELATING TO ROBERT BURNS. Compiled by JOHN D. ROSS. . . . Vol. V. [fcap. 4to.]

ALEXANDER GARDNER, *Paisley*. 1895.

SARTOR RESARTUS; LECTURES ON HEROES; CHARTISM; PAST AND PRESENT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With the Author's latest Corrections. [cr. 8vo.]

*London*: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LD. 1895.

Pp. 300-331: "Lectures on heroes. V.—The hero as man of letters: Johnson, Rousseau, Burns."

CATALOGUE (No. 6, 1895) OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS, chiefly of literary and artistic celebrities, of the early part of the nineteenth century, on sale by H. SOTHERAN & Co., . . . London, W. [cr. 8vo.]

"Nearly the whole of the following Autographs and MSS. have been obtained from one source, and consist for the most part of Letters addressed to ALLAN CUNNINGHAM by contemporary writers, on those subjects with which his name is associated, notably the BRITISH ARTISTS and POETS, with special reference to the Life and Works of ROBERT BURNS."—*Extract from "Preface."*

The letters include a "copy in Allan Cunningham's handwriting of a letter from Robert Burns to David Bryce, a shoemaker in Glasgow, dated Mosgill, 12th June, 1786, concerning the conduct of Jean Armour;" letter "from Mrs. Maclehose . . . to Allan Cunningham . . . detailing very fully and minutely the circumstances attached to the publication of the famous suppressed letters to Clarinda, forbidding Cunningham to republish same in his edition of Burns' Works"; also letters relating to Burns, from (among others) Thomas Carlyle, John Gibson Lockhart, Hugh Miller, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and William Wordsworth.

[ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.] SCOTT. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. BURNS. By PRINCIPAL [JOHN CAMPBELL] SHAIRP. COLERIDGE. By H. D. TRAILL. [cr. 8vo.]

*London*: MACMILLAN AND CO. 1895.

"The sixth volume of the 'English Men of Letters' in the Three-and-Sixpenny Series."

Principal Shairp's "Burns" is a reprint of the issue of 1879.

BELL'S READING BOOKS.—GREAT SCOTSMEN: short lives for young children. By the author of "Great Englishwomen," etc. [fcap. 8vo.]

*London*: GEORGE BELL AND SONS. 1895.

Pp. 55-64: "Robert Burns (1759-1796)."

RULES OF THE BRIDGETON [GLASGOW] BURNS CLUB (Instituted 1870), with Report of meeting on the 136th anniversary of the Poet's Birthday, and List of Members. [fcap. 8vo., pp. 27.]

*Glasgow*. 1895.

Pp. 11-20: Report of anniversary meeting, 25th January, 1895, containing the speech of Mr. Wm. Freeland in proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

MAN AND THE YEARS, AND OTHER POEMS; by DAVID BUCHANAN. Selected and edited, with a biographical sketch, by WILLIAM FREELAND. [cr. 8vo.]

*Glasgow*: JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS. 1895.

Pp. 138-144: "25th January, 1859."

CATALOGUE OF VALUABLE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, including a portion of the Library of a Noble Lady, and Selections from other Libraries, containing a number of important LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS OF BURNS AND SCOTT, . . . [etc.] Which will be sold by auction, by MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE, . . . at their house, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, [London,] W.C. On Monday, the 1st day of July, 1895, and Three following Days. . . . [roy. 8vo.]

J. DAVY & SONS, [*London*]. 1895.

The MSS. of Burns include several poems and letters, among the latter being one to "Clarinda" and two to Robert Ainslie (the "Spunkie" letter, and one unpublished, dated from "Newcastle, May 29, 1787").

LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD TO FANNY KEMBLE, 1871-1883. Edited by WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT. [small cr. 8vo.]

London: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON. 1895.

Letter IX, [1873,] pp. 20-24: 'Burns and Béranger—which was the Greater Genius?'

Reprinted from *Temple Bar* (London), January. 1895.

THISTLEDOWN. A BOOK OF SCOTCH HUMOUR, Character, Folk-Lore, Story, and Anecdote. By ROBERT FORD. . . . New and Enlarged Edition, with Illustrations. [cr. 8vo.]

Alexander Gardner, PAISLEY. 1895.

Chapter X, pp. 210-242: "Humours of Scottish Poets."

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE LAND OF BURNS. Also, Guide to the town of Ayr. Price twopence. [cr. 8vo.]

Printed at the "AYR ADVERTISER" office. [1895.]

Pp. 16. With portrait of Burns and eight illustrations.

GOLF SONGS AND RECITATIONS; by DAVID JACKSON, tailor, golfer, poet, Leven. Second edition. [cr. 8vo.]

Leven: THOMAS PORTER. 1895.

Pp. 58-59: "To Burns."—Six stanzas.

THE SECOND EDITION OF BURNS. By JAS. BARCLAY MURDOCH, F.S.A. Scot. [8vo., pp. 16.]

[Kilmarnock: D. BROWN & CO. 1895.]

Mr. Murdoch contributed some "notes" on the second edition of Burns's "Poems" to the *Burns Chronicle* of 1895. Of that article, with several corrections, fifty copies were printed for the author.

OUR POETS' CORNER. A PORTRAIT ALBUM OF FAMOUS POETS. August, 1895. 5. Robert Burns. 6. Henry W. Longfellow. 7. William Shakespeare. 8. Elizabeth B. Browning. With literary supplement of their masterpieces. One Shilling. [imp. 4to.]

REVIEW OF REVIEWS [OFFICE], London.

Issued in an "ornamental wrapper, decorated with an elaborate drawing of Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, specially made by Mr. Herbert Railton."

The portraits "are uniform, measuring 15"×11" with the margin, and have been drawn from the best portraits available." The portrait of Burns is after the Nasmyth painting.

The "literary supplement" was

THE MASTERPIECE LIBRARY, SERIES ONE, VOL. II. The Penny Poets: Burns, Shakespeare, Longfellow, E. B. Browning. [cr. 8vo.]

London: "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE. 1895.

This volume included Nos. 5-8 of "The Penny Poets," and was issued in coloured cloth boards. "No. V.—Burns" is described at page 117.

BURNS EXCISE OFFICER AND POET. A VINDICATION. [Portrait of Burns.] By JOHN SINTON, Supervisor of Inland Revenue, Carlisle. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [8vo., pp. 19.]

Carlisle: MUIR & Co. 1895.

This "paper" was communicated to the Carlisle Burns Club, and afterwards issued "as an attempt to do something towards removing an undeserved slur on the Poet's memory."

The information given in the pamphlet has been public property since 1875. See note (pp. 123-4) to Dr. James Adams's "Burns as an Excise-man," in *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, April 20, 1895.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS; by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Tenth Edition. [cr. 8vo.]

London: CHATTO & WINDUS. 1895.

Pp. 38-90: "Some Aspects of Robert Burns."

SCOTLAND PICTURESQUE AND TRADITIONAL: A Pilgrimage with Staff and Knapsack. By GEORGE EYRE-TODD, Author of "The Sketch-Book of the North," "Byways of the Scottish Border," etc. [roy. 8vo.]

CASELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED, London. 1895.

Chapter XXIII, pp. 317-320: "The birth-place of Burns: Ayr—Burns's Cottage—A Wild Night—Tam o' Shanter." With three illustrations (from photographs) of "The Cottage."

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST; AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM WATSON. With Portrait after a Photograph by Frederick Hollyer. [fcap. 8vo.]

London: JOHN LANE. 1895.

Pp. 33-46: "The Tomb of Burns."—A poem.

Reprinted, without alteration, from *The Spectator* (London), July 6, 1895.

## A SELECTION FROM THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE YEAR.

*Note.*—The place of publication, when not forming part of the title of the periodical, is added within brackets.

THE EVERGREEN: a northern seasonal. Spring 1895.

Published in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, and in London by T. Fisher Unwin.



Division IV, "Spring in the North."—Pp. 110-115: "The Land of Lorne and the Satirists of Taynuilt." Being an account of the origin of the Burns. By Alexander Carmichael.

THE AYR OBSERVER, Tuesday, January 22, 1895, No. 4383.

Page 3: "The religion of Burns."—"Extracts" from "proof-sheets of a [new] work on Burns."

The "extracts" were concluded in the following issue of the newspaper (Friday, January 25, 1895, No. 4384, p. 3).

THE GLASGOW HERALD, Friday, January 25, 1895, 113th year, No. 22.

Page 6: "Work for the Burns Clubs."—A leader.

Page 9: "Burns in Italian."—A review of *Poesie di Roberto Burns. Prima Versione Italiana, di Ulisse Ortensi.* (Parte Prima. 1893). By J. Young.

THE SCOTSMAN (EDINBURGH), January 25, 1895, No. 16,092.

Page 3: "Burns and Highland Mary."—Twelve stanzas. By Eric Mackay.

THE GLASGOW HERALD, Saturday, January 26, 1895, 113th year, No. 23.

Page 4: "Burns as 'prodigy.'"—A leader.

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, January 26, 1895, No. 1604.

Page 6: "Burns as a freemason."—With fac-simile of the Poet's letter of 23d Aug. 1787 to the "Men & Brethren" of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

TEMPLE BAR (LONDON), January 1895, Vol. 104.

Pp. 27-45: "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883." Letter IX, [1873]: "Burns and Béranger—which was the Greater Genius?"

The letter was included in a volume issued, in November following, under the title given above.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY (GLASGOW), January and February 1895, Vol. 3.

Pp. 77-78, 99: "The Jacobite Minstrelsy of Burns." By John Muir, F.S.A. Scot.

CALEDONIA (ABERDEEN), February 1895, No. 2.

Pp. 129-136: "Carlyle on Burns." By John Muir, F.S.A. Scot.

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, Saturday, February 2, 1895, No. 1605.

Page 6: "'The fauna and flora of Burns.'" (Being notes of a lecture delivered by Mr. D. M'Naught, Kilmaurs, to the 'Glenfield Ramblers' Society.)"

The "notes" were continued in issue of February 9, and concluded in issue of February 16, following.

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, Saturday, February 9, 1895,  
No. 1606.

Page 6: "Reminiscences of Old Kilmarnock.—I. The Samson Family, &c." By Thomas Lang, Melbourne.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE (LONDON), February 1895, Vol. 9.

Pp. 225-228: "The Line of Robert Burns." By J. Monro.—With five illustrations from photographs, including one each of the four "Robert Burns."

THE HOUSEWIFE (LONDON), March 1895, Vol. 10.

Pp. 183-188: "Character Sketches. Based on physiognomy and graphology. Burns, Scott and Byron." By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL (DUNDEE), Saturday, March 9, 1895,  
No. 1941.

Page 5: "Tam o' Shanter." By Robert Burns.—With illustration of the "keystone" scene.

The poem was given as introductory to "Tam o' Shanter; or, The Mystery of Alloway Kirk: a romance of the days of Burns," which was commenced in issue of following week, and continued weekly until concluded in issue of Saturday, September 7, 1895 (No. 1967).

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS, Saturday, March 23, 1895, No.  
8426.

Page 2: "Burnsiana.—The Bard's Gifts to Jessie Lewars.—Interesting Relics of his Last Illness."—With portrait of Mrs. James Thomson (Jessie Lewars).

The "gifts" were a copy each, with inscription by the Poet, of (1) Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (vols. 1-4), and (2) *Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio*. (London. 1794.) Attention was drawn to their being at that time in the book market.

The same newspaper on Monday, October 21, 1895, announced (page 5) that "Lord Rosebery has become owner of the volumes, his intention being to add them to his private collection of Burnsiana."

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, Saturday, March 23, 1895,  
No. 1612.

Page 6: "The wicked toun o' Ayr."—On the origin of the "imputation."

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW (PAISLEY), April 1895, Vol. 25.

Pp. 203-226: "The Songs of Scotland before Burns." By J. Cuthbert Hadden.

NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL (GLASGOW), Tuesday, April 16,  
1895, No. 15,030.

Page 2: "Robert Burns and Scotch Excise Board." (First Article.) By James Adams, M.D.

The "Second [and concluding] Article" appeared (page 2) in issue of Saturday, April 20, 1895, No. 15,034.

GLASGOW WEEKLY MAIL, Saturday, April 20, 1895, No. 1730.

Page 1: "Burns as an Exciseman.—Scotch Board and the Poet.—Important find of official books."—An abridgement of Dr. James Adams's two articles in the *North British Daily Mail*.

It is here claimed that Dr. Adams "brings to light *for the first time* extracts from the minutes and private reports of the old Scotch Board of Excise, clearly disproving the old, vague charges that Burns had been either reprimanded, suspended, or dismissed by the Board for . . . some . . . fault."

The "articles" contain only the same information which Mr. William Wallace contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, so far back as March 27, 1875. That article was headed "Recent Discoveries regarding Burns."

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, Saturday, June 1, 1895, No. 1622.

Page 6: "A Laigh Kirk episode: the forced settlement of Mr. Lindsay."

In the following number (June 8, 1895, p. 6) was given "Interesting correspondence between her [Maggie Lauder's, *i.e.*, Mrs. Lindsay's] grandson and Robert Chambers."

THE SPEAKER (LONDON), Saturday, June 15, 1895, Vol. 11.

Pp. 661-662: "A Literary Causerie.—A new 'Waverley.'"—A review of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.'s. Reprint of the "48-volume Waverley of 1829." Initialled "A. T. Q. C." [A. T. Quiller Couch.]

The "review" contains some "reflections" on Scotsmen and their enthusiasms: "why," the reviewer asks, "is it all lavished on Burns? . . . Why not Sir Walter?"

The issue of the week following contained (pp. 688-9) a letter headed "Burns and Scott," dated from "London, June 18th, 1895," and initialled "J. B."

"Burns-Worship" was the heading to a contribution from Mr. Quiller Couch in issue of June 29 (pp. 717-8).

Issue of July 9, 1895, contained (p. 19) a letter headed "Mr. Quiller Couch on Burns," dated from "16 Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow, July 2nd," and signed "Charles A. Mackinley."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS, Friday, June 28, 1895, No. 8509.

Pp. 2-3—"Literary Landmarks of Glasgow. V.—The Bohemia of Burns." [By J. A. Kilpatrick.]

Article VI. of "Literary Landmarks" (Friday, July 5, 1895, No. 8515, page 2) was headed "More Burnsiana."

BELGRAVIA (LONDON), July 1895. Vol. 87.

Pp. 248-283: "Famous Poets. V.—Robert Burns."

THE SPECTATOR (LONDON), July 6, 1895, No. 3497.

Pp. 14-15: "The Tomb of Burns."—A Poem. By William Watson.

The issue of the same journal of July 20, 1895 (pp. 80-81) contained a letter on "The tyranny of coincidence," signed "Alfred Ainger." The writer drew attention to what he considered "coincidence enough to be in itself striking . . . for the idea of plagiarism is of course too ridiculous"—between Mr. Watson's poem and Wordsworth's "At the Grave of Burns."

"Wordsworth and Mr. Watson was the heading to a "special" in issue of the week following (July 27, 1895, pp. 107-8).

THE STANDARD (LONDON), Tuesday, July 23, 1895, No. 22,170.

Page 5: "Burns and Highland Mary."—A leader.

THE GLASGOW HERALD, Saturday, July 27, 1895, 113th year, No. 179.

Page 7: "Burns's true successors."

THE GLASGOW HERALD, Thursday, August 15, 1895, 113th year, No. 195.

Page 6: "Byron and Burns."—A leader.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Saturday, August 17, 1895, Vol. 107.

Page 210: "Songs before Burns." By Andrew Lang.

THE AYRSHIRE POST (AYR), Friday, August 23, 1895, No. 965.

Page 5: "Ayr Burns Statue.—Unveiling of last panel.—Oration by Rev. Dr. Burrell, New York.—Poem by Mr. Wallace Bruce.—The ceremony."

GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD, Saturday, August 24, 1895, No. 1601.

Page 2: "Burns's Cottage."—A letter. Initialled "J. S. H."

An "Answer to a Correspondent" ("W. F.") in issue of August 17, 1895, drew "J. S. H.'s" letter, which formed the first of a long correspondence as to whether the building now known as "The Burns Cottage" is, or is not, the cottage of 1759.

BLACK & WHITE (LONDON), Saturday, August 31, 1895, Vol. 10.

Page 268: "America's gift to Ayr. Bronze Panel by G. E. Bissell."—Illustration, with description, of the panel.

THE DUNDEE WEEKLY NEWS, Saturday, September 14, 1895, No. 2104.

With this number was given "Burns Supplement." [med. 4to.] Pp. 1-3, Life of Burns, with portrait and illustrations; pp. 3-16, Poems and Songs, with notes and illustrations. Included also are sketches and portraits of the Poet's descendants.

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD, Saturday, September 21, 1895, No. 1638.

Page 4: "Excise officer and Poet."—A review of *Burns excise officer and poet*, by John Sinton.

Page 6: "Burns and his editors."

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINER AND COACH (EDINBURGH), Saturday, September 28, 1895, Vol. 6.

Page 29: "Specimen Essay—The relative greatness of Burns and Scott." By Henry James Harrison.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY (GLASGOW), October 1895, Vol. 4.

Page 2: "Burns' Songs in Gaelic—'John Anderson, my jo John.'" Signed "Eadar. Le 'I.B.O.'"

THE AGNOSTIC JOURNAL AND ECLECTIC REVIEW (LONDON),  
October 5, 1895, Vol. 37.

Pp. 211-213: "The relationship of Burns to Highland Mary"—introductory to "Burns, Highland Mary, and their traducers," by Robert Alison.

Mr. Alison opposes the "episode" theory of Scott Douglas, believing, with very many others, the "Highland Mary" incident to have been in 1784, possibly earlier.

In answer to a query from "Coila" in issue of November 2, 1895, p. 281, Mr. Alison writes again (issue of November 9, 1895, pp. 301-302), "Burns and Highland Mary—1784 or 1786."

THE GLASGOW HERALD, Saturday, October 19, 1895, 113th year, No. 251.

Page 4: "The comparative greatness of great Scots."

THE LITERARY WORLD (LONDON), October 25, 1895, Vol. 52.

Pp. 320-321: "On Centenaries, with some remarks on those of Thomas Carlyle and Robert Burns."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW (LONDON), November 1895, Vol. 58 (New Series).

Pp. 662-673: "The Burns and Dunlop Correspondence. With extracts from some unpublished letters of the Poet." Signed "L. M. Roberts."

"The Athenæum" (London), November 9, 1895, contained a letter (p. 47), signed "W. E. Henley—T. F. Henderson, Editors of 'The Centenary Burns,'" stating "that the article is wholly unauthorised; that the extracts contained in it are private property; and that its existence is the result of a breach of confidence . . . on the part of 'L. M. Roberts.'"

In the December issue of "The Fortnightly Review" a slip with this note was inserted: "The unpublished letters of Burns, quoted in the article on the Burns and Dunlop Correspondence in the November number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, are the private property of Colonel Wallace, of Lochryan, Wigtonshire, N.B. The Editor regrets to find that quotation from them was unauthorised."

THE SOUTHERN PRESS (GOVAN, GLASGOW), Saturday, November 23, 1895, No. 471.

Page 5: "Burns, the Man and the Poet."—Report of lecture by Mr. Alex. Allan.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL (EDINBURGH), Jan. 1, 1896, Part 144 (Fifth Series).

Pp. 817-820: "A Century of Burns Biography." By William Wallace.

#### NOTE.

BURNS CHRONICLE, No. 3, 1894, Bibliography, Part 2, Burnsiana, p. 181: "The Dublin University Magazine; a Literary and Political Journal." January, March, 1845.

The author of the two "articles" was Sir Samuel Ferguson.

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FEDERATED CLUBS.

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No. 40—Aberdeen	No. 39—Glasgow—St. David's
23—Adelaide	41 „ Dennistoun
20—Airdrie	43 „ Northern
2—Alexandria	47 „ St. Rollox
6—Alloa	49 „ Bridgeton
19—Auckland	61 „ Glencairn
12—Barrow-in-Furness	63 „ Mossiel
64—Beith	67 „ Carlton
15—Belfast	68 „ Sandyford
30—Blackburn	70 „ St. Rollox Jolly
29—Bolton	Beggars
4—Callander	59—Gourock—Jolly Beggars
71—Carlisle	53—Govan—Fairfield
11—Chesterfield	21—Greenock
51—Chicago	6—Kilmarnock
42—Crieff	58—Kirkcaldy
66—Crossgates	18—Liverpool
45—Cumnock	1—London
62—Cupar	28—Mauchline—The Jolly
35—Dalry	Beggars
55—Derby	8—Morpeth
37—Dollar	56—Muirkirk—Lapraik
10—Dumbarton	65—Musselburgh
52—Dumfries “Mechanics”	32—Newark
14—Dundee	17—Nottingham
69—Dunedin	48—Paisley
5—Earlston	72—Partick
22—Edinburgh	26—Perth
44—Forfar	54—Perth—St. Johnstone
3—Glasgow—Tam O'Shanter	31—San Francisco
7 „ Thistle	13—St. Andrew's
9 „ Royalty	50—Stirling
24 „ Bank	16—Sydney
27 „ Springburn	57—Thornliebank
33 „ Haggis	46—Warwickshire
34 „ Carrick	25—Winnipeg
36 „ Rosebery	60—Wolverhampton
38 „ Jolly Beggars	

# D I R E C T O R Y

O F

## B U R N S C L U B S A N D S C O T T I S H S O C I E T I E S

O N T H E

### R O L L O F T H E B U R N S F E D E R A T I O N, 1896.

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- No. 0. KILMARNOCK Burns Club** (Mother of the Federation). Instituted 1808. President, David Murray, M.A., B.Sc.; Secretary and Treasurer, Alex. Davidson, 58 Portland Street, Kilmarnock. Meet in George Hotel, Kilmarnock. 220 members.
- No. 1 The LONDON Robert Burns Club.** Instituted Hallowe'en, 1868. Federated at the origin of the movement in 1885. President, P. E. Clunn, 9 Nevern Road, Sth. Kensington, S.W.; Vice-President, A. Macnaughton, 42 Gutter Lane, E.C.; Dr. D. Menzies, 1 Harewood Square, London, N.W.; Colin Rae Brown, 17 Nevern Road, South Kensington, S.W.; Andrew G. Soutter, Roseneath, 79 Bethune Road, Stamford Hill, N.; R. Gunn Mackay, Berriedale, Stamford Hill, N.; D. Duff, 8 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.; James Dickson, Blenheim Lodge, 474 Seven Sisters Road, Woodberry Down, N.; W. H. Pitman, Museum Mansions, W.C.; R. S. Darling, 104 Lavender Hill, S.W.; R. W. Murray, 103 Osbaldeston Road, Stoke Newington; Dr. Sturrock, St. Pancras Workhouse, N.W.; A. M'Killican, 12 Regency Square, Brighton; H. D. Colvill Scott, National Liberal Club, Whitehall, S.W.; M. Butt, Maisonette, Marlborough Road, Richmond Hill; H. Carter, 181 Edgware Road, W. Meet in Holborn Restaurant. 70 members. Founder of the Club, Colin Rae-Brown, 17 Nevern Road, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, London, S.W.
- No. 2. ALEXANDRIA Burns Club.** Instituted 1884. Federated in 1885. President, Robert Telfer, 34 Lennox Street; Vice-President, David Walker, 150 Main Street; Treasurer, William Carlile, 178 Bank Street; Secretary, Duncan Carswell, Linnbrane Terrace. Meet in Village School, first Friday of each month. 32 members.
- No. 3. GLASGOW Tam o' Shanter Club.** Instituted 1880. Federated in 1885. President, William Muirhead, 104 Bothwell Street; Vice-President, Hugh Fraser, 71 South Portland Street; Hon. Secretary, James Angus, 6 Gibson Street, Hillhead. Meet in Trades' House Restaurant, Glassford Street, on last Friday of each month, from November till May.
- No. 4. CALLANDER Burns Club.** Instituted 1877. Federated in 1885. President, William Russell; Secretary, James S. Anderson, Callander.

- No. 5. **EARLSTON Burns Club.** Instituted January, 1885. Federated in November, 1885. President, Thomas Boston Murdison; Vice-Presidents, Adam Nichol, Alexander Bone, and William Blackadder; Hon. Treasurer, William Grieve; Hon. Secretary, William Kerr; Committee, William Harrison, John Aitchisen, James Huggan, George Miles, John Stafford, Thomas Laurie, Robert Kerr, Robert Douglas, and Robert Watson.
- No. 6. **ALLOA Burns Haggis Club.** Federated in 1885. President, William Barclay, 18 Greenfield Street; Treasurer, William Breingan, Coalgate; Secretary, George B. M'Murtrie, 43 Greenfield Street, Alloa.
- No. 7. **GLASGOW Thistle Burns Club.** Instituted 10th March, 1882. Federated in 1885. President, Edward Murray; Vice-President, John Neish; Treasurer, Andrew Kerr; Secretary, John Peters, 142 Main Street, Anderston, Glasgow. 30 members.
- No. 8. **MORPETH AND DISTRICT Burns Club.** Federated in 1885. President, Thomas Hutchison; Secretary, John Dobson, Oldgate Street, Morpeth.
- No. 9. **GLASGOW Royalty Burns Club.** Instituted 1882. Federated in 1886. President, Councillor Langlands, 7 Lorne Terrace, Maryhill; Vice-President, John Young, 42 Bath Street, Glasgow; Secretary and Treasurer, R. M. Renwick, Lyndale, Cambuslang. Meet in White's, 7 Gordon Street, last Thursday of every month, from October to March. Members of Federation invited. 62 members.
- No. 10. **DUMBARTON Burns Club.** Instituted 1859. Federated in 1886. President, Andrew Kyle; Senior Vice-President, Ex-Dean of Guild Allan; Junior Vice President, Bailie Barlas; Secretary and Treasurer, James M'Gilchrist, Gas Works, Dumbarton, Committee, Councillor Dr. M'Lachlan, Councillor Robert M'Farlan, Provost Garvie, Matthew Lawson, Councillor Jas. Kirk, Andrew Watson, Captain Roberts, Ex-Bailie MacLeod, Dean of Guild Thomson. Meet in Elephant Hotel. 36 members.
- No. 11. **CHESTERFIELD Burns Society.** Federated in 1886. President, Dr. Goodfellow; Vice-Presidents, J. M'Naughton and Alexander Stewart; Hon. Secretary, George Drennan, 77 Salter Gate, Chesterfield; Committee, Messrs. M'Millan, Howie, Leuchars, Strachan, Morrison, Anderson, Cameron, and Forbes.
- No. 12. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS Burns Club.** Federated in 1886. President, Samuel Boyle; Secretary, Alexander M'Naught, 4 Ramsden Square, Barrow-in-Furness.
- No. 13. **ST. ANDREWS Burns Club.** Instituted 1869. Federated in 1886. President, William Brown; Vice-President, John L. Macpherson; Secretary and Treasurer, William Brown, 116 South Street, St. Andrews. 80 members. Rooms, Royal Hotel. Poet-Laureate, the Rev. Canon Tuttiatt.
- No. 14. **DUNDEE Burns Club.** Instituted 2nd February, 1860. Federated in 1886. President, James Fowler; Vice-President, David Pryde; Treasurer, Alexander Strachan, Jun.; Secretary, John Beat, 36 Nethergate, Dundee; Committee, John Ovenstone, Thomas Bennett, John A. Purves, Matthew Gibson. 60 members.



- No. 15. BELFAST Burns Club. Instituted January, 1872. Federated in 1886. President, Andrew W. Stewart, 245 Shankhill Road; Vice-President, James Dewar, 2 College Gardens; Treasurer and Secretary, Peter Galloway, 15 Donegal Place; Committee, J. Gemmell, W. H. Anderson, Dr. Philip, A. M'Cowatt, Jno. Hetherington, James Jenkins, W. Campbell. 55 members.
- No. 16. SYDNEY Burns Club. Instituted 1880. Federated in 1886. President, Alex. Kethel, J.P.; Vice-Presidents, James Muir and Thomas Lamond; Treasurer, W. W. Bain; Secretary, W. Telfer, School of Arts, Pit St., Sydney, N.S.W. 400 members.
- No. 17. NOTTINGHAM Scottish Society Burns Club. Federated in 1886. President, Andrew Crawford; Secretary, D. Stuart Hepburn, 9 Wellington Circus, Nottingham.
- No. 18. LIVERPOOL Burns Club. Instituted 1864. Federated in 1886. President, Rev. J. M'Gavin Sloan, 9 Alroy Road, Anfield; Vice-President, Thomas Bryde, 3 Argyle Road, Anfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Alexander Smith, 104 Salisbury Road, Wavertree, Liverpool. 100 members.
- No. 19. AUCKLAND Burns Club and Literary Society. Instituted 1884. Federated in 1886. Patron, His Excellency the Earl of Glasgow, G.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand; President, James Stewart, C.E.; Vice-Presidents, George Fowlds, Alex. Murchie, and the Hon. William Samson, M.L.C.; Hon. Treasurer, John Henry; Hon. Secretary, John Horne, Wellington Street, Auckland, N.Z. Executive, Robert Geddes, Wm. Henry, Alex. Wright, Charles A. Dunn, and D. Finleyson.
- No. 20. AIRDRIE Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated in 1886. President, William Anderson; Vice-President, William Thomson; Secretary and Treasurer, James Sommerville, Royal Hotel, Airdrie. 50 members.
- No. 21. GREENOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1802. Federated in 1886. Honorary President, "Ian Maclaren"; President, John M'Clure; Vice-Presidents, Bailie M'Farlane, Port-Glasgow, and R. B. Shearer; Hon. Secretaries, J. B. Morison, and S. C. D. Taylor, 15 Newton Street; Hon. Treasurer, A. T. Anderson; Hon. Librarian, J. M. Farquhar. Club Rooms and Library are always open to visitors, as Caretaker lives on premises.
- No. 22. EDINBURGH Burns Club. Instituted 1858. Federated in 1886. President, John Smart, R.S.A.; Vice-Presidents, Lord Provost M'Donald, Archibald Munro, M.A., William Raeburn, Thomas Carmichael, S.S.C., James Tullo, and C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.; Chaplain, The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, M.A.; Bard, Thomas Hepburn; Treasurer, George T. Thin; Secretary, George A. Munro, S.S.C., 37 Castle Street; Members of Council: The *ex officio* members, viz., Mr. Smart, Lord Provost M'Donald, A. Munro, William Raeburn, Thomas Carmichael, James Tullo, C. Martin Hardie, Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, Thomas Hepburn, George T. Thin, and George A. Munro; and the following ordinary members—Councillor Cranston, Thomas Duncan, James Stirling, James Grieve, Andrew Isles, W. G. Stevenson, J. M. Henry, Henry Kirkwood, Thomas Bonnar, George Dobie, D. Wightman, J. A. Trevelyan Sturrock, A. Orrock, John Tod, A. Anderson, Peter Lawrence, W. Ivison Macadam, James Masterton, Thomas Burns, Peter L. Henderson, and Dr. Kennedy Melville.

- No. 23. ADELAIDE South Australian Caledonian Society. Federated in 1886. Hon. Chief, Hon. Dr. Allen Campbell, M.L.C.; Chief, J. L. Stirling; Secretary, John Drummond, 50 Rundle Street, Adelaide.
- No. 24. GLASGOW Bank Burns Club. Instituted 1844. Federated in 1886. President, William Bowie, 220 Buchanan Street; Vice-President, Robert C. Kerr, 21 Argyle Street; Treasurer, David Gibb, 289 Allison Street; Secretary, J. M. King, 16 Inglefield Street. Meet on 27th January, in Whyte & Smith's, Glassford Street. 150 members.
- No. 25. WINNIPEG St. Andrew's Society. Federated in 1886. Chief, W. A. Dunbar; Secretary, David Philip, Government Buildings, Winnipeg, Man. Rooms, Unity Hall, Hain Street.
- No. 26. PERTH Burns Club. Instituted 1873. Federated on 19th June, 1886. President, William Whitelaw, M.P. for Perth, Huntingtower Park, by Perth; Vice-President, Dr. Holmes Morrison, Marshall Place; Treasurer, William Stevenson, Balhousie Villas; Secretary, James Harper, 68 St. John Street, Perth. Meet in Salutation Hotel, Perth. 80 members.
- No. 27. GLASGOW Springburn Burns Club. Federated 1886. Hon. President, Grame A. Whitelaw, M.P.; President, John Young; Vice-President, R. Gibson; Treasurer, John Flint; Members of Committee, John Law, William T. Muir, Thomas D. Wilson, Secretary, William M'Bain, Janefield Cottage, Springburn, Glasgow.
- No. 28. The JOLLY BEGGARS Burns Club, Mauchline. Federated in 1886. President, Thos. Harvey, Solicitor; Secretary and Treasurer, Andrew Miller, Greenside, Mauchline. Meet in Poozie Nancie's, Mauchline.
- No. 29. BOLTON Federated Burns Club. Instituted January, 1882. Federated in 1886. Hon. President, J. Johnson, M.D., 54 Manchester Road; President, George Petch, 30 Dean Road; Vice-President, John M'Leod, Crown and Cushion Hotel, Mealhouse Lane; Treasurer, Mr. John Hardie, 30 Cannon Street; Secretary, Nathaniel Batters, 49 Howarth Street, Bolton; Committee, James Flockhart, W. Sutherland, W. J. Steel, P. Nisbet, and A. Robertson. Meet in the Wheat Sheaf Hotel, Great Moor Street, Bolton. Meeting night, first Tuesday in each month, at 8 p.m. 30 members.
- No. 30. BLACKBURN Burns Club. Federated in 1886. President, William Ferguson; Secretary, Robert M'Kie, No. 1 Wellington Street, Blackburn. 50 members.
- No. 31. SAN FRANCISCO Scottish Thistle Club. Instituted 1882. Federated in 1886. Chief, Donald G. C. M'Kay; Recorder, George W. Patterson, 320 Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- No. 32. NEWARK Caledonian Club. Federated in 1886. President, John Huggan; Treasurer, Paul Buchanan, corner of 16th Avenue and Bergen Street; Secretary, John Hogg, Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.

- No. 33. GLASGOW Haggis Club. Instituted 1872. Federated in 1886. President, G. C. H. M'Naught, Melrose Lodge, Pollokshaws; Vice-President, James Young, 303 South Cumberland Street; Treasurer, Thomas Macfarlane, 90 Regent Terrace; Secretary, R. J. Cameron, 212 St. Vincent Street; Committee, Office-bearers for the time being. Meet in Cobden Hotel. 40 members (limited).
- No. 34. GLASGOW Carrick Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1859. Federated 15th January, 1887. President, D. Gordon; Treasurer, D. Norval; Secretary, John Newbigging, 25 Albert Drive, Crosshill. Meet in 62 Glassford Street, Glasgow, every Saturday, excepting the months of July and August. 40 members.
- No. 35. DALRY Burns Club. Instituted 1826. Federated in 1887. President, David Johnstone, Inspector of Schools; Vice-President, Robert Fulton, Writer; Secretary and Treasurer, Alex. Comrie, Accountant, Dalry, Ayrshire. This is the oldest known Burns Club with an unbroken record of its transactions to date. 30 members. The anniversary meeting is held on the Friday nearest 25th January.
- No. 36. GLASGOW Rosebery Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated in 1887. President, W. Craibe Angus, 159 Queen Street; Vice-President, Robert Kennedy, 202 Hope Street; Treasurer, Hugh Sturdy, 39 Kilmarnock Road, Shawlands; Secretary, James Angus, 22 Ratho Terrace, Springburn; Committee, R. W. Poe, J. S. Fisher, J. S. Buckie, M. Shields, J. Law, S. T. Walker. 119 members.
- No. 37. DOLLAR Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1888. President, James M'Arthur Moir, Hillfoot; Treasurer, John Fleming, Chapel Place; Secretary, W. G. Cruickshank, Aberdona Villa. Meet in Castle Campbell Hotel. 40 members. This Club offers prizes to be competed for annually by the pupils of the Public School, in Singing and Reciting from the works of the Poet. An open competition of a similar kind is also held annually in December.
- No. 38. GLASGOW "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Federated 1888. Vice-President, David Caldwell; Secretary, Jas. Gillespie, Junr., 80 Gloucester Street, Glasgow.
- No. 39. GLASGOW "St. David's" Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1889. President, Henry Cowan; Secretary, Alex. Porteous, 5 March Street, Strathbungo. Meetings held at 163 Ingram Street, Glasgow.
- No. 40. ABERDEEN Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1889. President, James M'Intosh, 50 Mushit Hall; Secretary, A. M. Byres, 21 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.
- No. 41. DENNISTOUN Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated in 1889. President, Thomas Baxter; Vice-President, W. Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. M'Intosh, 300 Duke Street. Club Room, Loudon Arms Hotel. 25 members.
- No. 42. CRIEFF Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Malcolm Finlayson, Solicitor; Vice-President, W. Duncan, Royal Hotel Secretary, Wm. Pickard, Writer, Crieff.

- No. 43. GLASGOW Northern Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Moses Chalmers; Secretary, Alex. Duncanson; 24 Grafton Street, Glasgow.
- No. 44. FORFAR Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated in 1891. President, John Ferguson, Allan Bank; Vice-President, George S. Nicolson; Treasurer, Andrew Rennie; Secretary, Henry Rae, 14 Montrose Road, Forfar. 150 members.
- No. 45. CUMNOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1891. President, A. B. Todd, Breezy Hill, Cumnock; Vice-President, John Samson, Lugar; Treasurer and Secretary, Matthew Brownlie, Ayr Road, Cumnock; Committee, Provost Hunter, William Hill, D. A. Adamson, H. Bowie, R. Bird, Auchinleck, and G. Craig, Lugar. 70 members.
- No. 46. WARWICKSHIRE Burns Club. Instituted 1888. Federated in 1891. President, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., 16 Great College Street, Westminster; Vice-President, The Mayor of Royal Leamington Spa, Dr. Thursfield, M.D.; Treasurer and Secretary, Robert Greenfield, F.R.H.S., Ranelagh Nursery, Leamington; Committee, Dr. Guthrie Rankin, M.D., Dr. George Wilson, W. Galt, Dr. Nicolson, Messrs. Nasmyth, Johnstone, Lorimer, Armstrong, John M'Laren, Donald M'Rae, R. B. Jardine, Mayor of Coventry, Councillor Loudon, and Mr. Dykes. 70 members.
- No. 47. ST. ROLLOX Burns Club. Instituted November, 1889. Federated 1891. President, William Thomson, 153 Wellfield Street, Springburn; Vice-President, William Cameron, 34 Alexandra Parade; Treasurer, D. Crawford, 100 Taylor Street; Secretary, T. Paton, 21 Tennant Street; Committee, John Cameron, A. M'Cormick, T. King, G. Blair, J. Chalmers. 26 members (limited).
- No. 48. PAISLEY Burns Club. Instituted 1805. Federated in 1891. President, Ex-Provost John M'Gown; Vice-President, George Wylie; Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, James Edward Campbell, M.A., B.L., Writer, 3 County Place, Paisley. Membership limited by Constitution and Rules to 40. Meeting place, County Hotel, Paisley.
- No. 49. BRIDGETON Burns Club. Instituted 1870. Federated in 1891. President, Robert Scott, 8 Buchanan Street; Vice-President, A. J. Bain; Treasurer, William Campbell, 32 Monteith Row; Secretary, William Cochran, 53 West Regent Street, Glasgow; Committee, James Tait, James Hendry, Hugh Arbuckle, James Baird, George Thomson, Dr. Munro, William Rodger, John Gardner, A. J. Bain. 320 members.
- No. 50. STIRLING Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Dr. Macnab; Secretary, J. L. Hutcheson, *Journal* Office, 5 King Street, Stirling.
- No. 51. CHICAGO Caledonian Society. Instituted 1883. Federated in 1892. Chief, Hugh Shirlaw; Chieftain, F. D. Todd; Treasurer, Angus Maclean; Secretary, Charles T. Spence, 3002 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. 197 members. Society meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month in Hall, 1-85 E. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

- No. 52. **DUMFRIES Mechanics' Burns Club.** Instituted 1884. Federated in 1892. President, Archibald Fairley, Wallace Street; Vice-President, William Glendinning, 1 West Park Terrace, Maxwelltown; Treasurer, John Kemp, West Park House, Maxwelltown; Secretary, James Anderson, 15 Rosevale Cottages; Committee, Alexander Ireland, Robert Beattie, Robert Anderson, John Hume, Robert Ritchie, Alexander Cochrane, Thomas Haining, John Kelly. 50 members (limited).
- No. 53. **FAIRFIELD Govan Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1886. Federated in 1892. President, James Cunningham, 2 John Street; Vice-President, Duncan Calder, 1135 Dumbarton Road; Treasurer, Hugh Marr, 37 White Street; Secretary, William Munro, 4 Hamilton Street. Meet in Waverley Hotel, Langlands Road. 56 members.
- No. 54. **ST. JOHNSTONE Burns Club, Perth.** Instituted January 1892. Federated on 1st December, 1892. President, Alex. Davidson, Rosslyn Place; Vice-President, George Young, Edin Villa; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Macgregor, 15 Balhousie Street. Meet in County Place Hotel. 90 Members. Honorary members, Lord Provost Dewar, Wm. Whitelaw, M.P., Andrew Muir.
- No. 55. **DERBY Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1891. Federated in 1893. President, A. E. Berry, Harrington Street, Peartree, Derby; Vice-Presidents, R. T. Russell, and M. A. Cunningham; Treasurer, George M'Lauchlan, 49 Molineux Street, Derby; Joint-Secretaries, Wm. T. Boyd, St. Peter's Street, Derby, and M. A. Cunningham, 54 Sadler Gate, Derby. 91 members.
- No. 56. **MUIRKIRK Lapraik Burns Club.** Instituted 8th February, 1893. Federated in 1893. President, John Maider, Glasgow Road; Vice-President, Thomas Weir, Main Street; Treasurer, James Young, Main Street; Secretary, John M'Donald, Furnace Road; Committee, John Hair, James Samson, David Samson, Hugh Cameron, John Lindsay, David Slimmon, and Andrew Pringle, all residing in Muirkirk. 52 members.
- No. 57. **THORNLIEBANK Burns Club.** Instituted 23rd January, 1891. Federated in 1893. President, Capt. J. M. Campbell, Thornlea, Giffnock; Vice-President, David Buchanan; Treasurer, David Marshall; Secretary, Malcolm Jamieson, Thornliebank. Meet in the Club, Thornliebank. 125 members. The club gives prizes annually to the school children for reading and singing Burns' poems, etc.
- No. 58. **KIRKCALDY Burns Club.** Federated in 1893. President, Alexander Strachan, 3 Sands Road, Kirkcaldy; Vice-President, William Herd, Merchant, Bridgeton, Kirkcaldy; Treasurer, James Morrison; Secretary, Charles Robertson, 29 Links Street, Kirkcaldy.
- No. 59. **GOUROCK "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club.** Instituted 1893. Federated in 1893. President, Commissioner Stewart, Craig Bank; Vice-President, David Malcolm, 20 Shore Street; Treasurer, William Lee, jun., Mather House; Secretary, John Young, 14 Shore Street, Gourrock. Meet in Gamble Institute. 60 members.

- No. 60. WOLVERHAMPTON Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated in 1893. President, Capt. Alexander M'Bean; Vice-President, Mr. James Boswell; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. William Gemmell; Hon. Secretary, James Killin, Beechgrove, Compton Road, Wolverhampton. 84 members.
- No. 61. GLASGOW Glencairn Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated in 1893. President, Archibald M'Connachie, 117 Watt Street; Vice-President, Robert Corbet, 2 Ardgowan Terrace; Treasurer, W. F. Hutchison; Secretary, James Laing, 218 Watt Street; Assistant-Secretary, John M. Picken, 375 Paisley Road. Meet at 375 Paisley Road, on first Thursday of each month. 60 members (limited).
- No. 62. CUPAR Burns Club. Instituted and Federated in 1893. President, H. T. Anstruther, M P., Gillingshill, Pittenweem; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Douglas and W. D. Patrick; Chairman of Committee, H. Bruce; Secretary and Treasurer, David Walker, 6 Bonnygate; Assistant-Secretary, L. Berry. Prizes given. 120 members.
- No. 63. GLASGOW Mossiel Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated in 1893. President, Don. Hamilton, 313 Crown Street, S.S.; Vice-President, J. M. Cowden, 9 Walton Street, Shawlands; Treasurer, J. F. Hepburn, 169 Eglinton Street; Secretary, R. F. Morrison, 130 Thistle Street, S.S., Glasgow. Meet in Mrs. Anderson's, 3 Cathcart Street. 50 members.
- No. 64. BEITH Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated in 1893. President, James Crawford, Townhead; Vice-President, James Anderson, King's Road; Treasurer, John Short, Main Street; Secretary, H. W. Crawford, New Street House; Committee, J. Hamilton, J. E. Hood, R. H. Sinclair, A. Hamilton, James Stevenson, R. Urquhart, T. Smith, J. C. Wilson, W. Hamilton. 40 members.
- No. 65. MUSSELBURGH and Fisherrow Burns Club. Federated in 1894. President, R. Bissett, Millhill, Musselburgh; Vice-President, G. W. Wood, Commercial Hotel, Annan; Treasurer, T. A. Hogg, High Street, Musselburgh. Secretary, John Grahame, Royal Hotel, Musselburgh. 70 members.
- No. 66. CROSSGATES Burns Club. Instituted 14th September, 1889. Federated on 21st February, 1894. President, Andrew Dall, Rosebank; Vice-President, James Parker, Church Street; Treasurer, Andrew Forrester, Middleton Place; Secretary, William Muir, Back Street, Crossgates. Meet in Crossgates Hotel. 110 members; that is, 55 gentlemen and 55 ladies. Meets once a fortnight on Saturday night, from the month of September to April, and every member takes a lady to the annual festival.
- No. 67. GLASGOW Carlton Burns Club. Instituted and Federated, February, 1894. President, James G. Hendry, 36 Cumberland Street; Vice-President, James M'Pherson, 170 Oxford Street; Treasurer, James Milligan, 2 South Portland Street; Secretary, John F. Robertson, 36 Cumberland Street; Committee, Andrew Barclay, Thomas Cameron, Andrew Fergus, Andrew M'Clure, John M. MacConachie, Samuel Parsons, William Crawford, George Cairns. 60 members (limited). Membership complete.

- No. 68. GLASGOW Sandyford Burns Club. Instituted 13th December, 1893. Federated on 13th October, 1894. President, John Watson, 65 St. Vincent Crescent; Vice-President, Jas. Boyd, Craigmaddie Terrace; Treasurer, J. G. M'Hardy, 6 Franklin Terrace; Secretary, Archibald Black, 9 Kelvingrove Street. Meet in Masonic Hall, Overnewton. 152 members. The club was inaugurated in 1893. Had so many applicants for admission that they had to confine it to this number, but have been compelled to rescind the rule; so it is now unlimited.
- No. 69. DUNEDIN Burns Club. Federated in 1894. President, Dr. W. M. Stenhouse; Vice-Presidents, John B. Thomson and James Muir; Treasurer, John Scott; Secretary, William Brown. 400 members. Meetings held on the third Wednesday of every month in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, and on the 25th January, annually, the largest hall in Dunedin is filled to overflowing.
- No. 70. GLASGOW St. Rollox "Jolly Beggars." Federated 2nd March, 1895. President, James Moffat, 174 Stirling Road; Secretary, Matthew Ferguson, 64 St. James' Road, Glasgow.
- No. 71. CARLISLE Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Federated in 1895. President, Wm. Mather, 37 Chiswick Street; Vice-Presidents, A. Lyon, 106 London Road, John Sinton, 39 Cavendish Place, Thomas Bowman, 18 Howard Terrace, and John Meldrum, 32 Petteril Street; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, John Jardine, 20 Broad Street. Committee, Messrs. Tran, 27 Lorne Street; Laidler, 12 London Road Terrace; Buckle, 30 Howe Street; Malcolm, 21 Howard Place; Gregson, Broad Street; Muir, 71 and 73 English Street; A. Thomson, 4 Eden Mount; T. Welsh, 19 Hart Street. 68 members.
- No. 72. PARTICK Burns Club. Instituted 1885. President, Ex-Bailie John White, J.P., Cairnduna; Vice-Presidents, Provost James Caird, Collingwood; J. Parker Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, M.P.; Ex-President, Dr. G. Compbell, 12 Hamilton Crescent, W.; Secretary and Treasurer, Ronald Stout, Esq., 178 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 213 members.
- No. 73. LENZIE Burns Club. Federated 31st December, 1895. Secretary, James Ferguson, Rathmore, Lenzie.

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## 1896 REGISTER OF BURNS CLUBS

### AND OTHER

### SCOTTISH SOCIETIES

#### NOT ON THE ROLL OF THE FEDERATION.

- ABINGTON Burns Club. Instituted on 25th January, 1887. Hon. Presidents, Sir E. A. Colebrooke, Bart., Abington House, and Rev. Robert Logan, Moffat, Dumfriesshire; President, James Paterson, Over Abington; Vice-President, William Clark, Glengonnarfoot; Treasurer, Thomas Smail, Commercial Bank; Secretary, Robert Colthart, Arbory Villa, Abington, N.B. Meet in Colebrooke Hall, 82 members. Rev. George M'William, M.A., Crawfordjohn, has been appointed Chaplain, and John Arbory (Macfarlane), Montreal, Author of *Heather and Harebell*, a native of Abington, has been appointed Poet Laureate of the Club.

- ALBANY** Caledonian Club. Instituted 1874. President, Ogilvie Clark, 3 South Swan Street; Vice-President, Alexander Hyslop, Clinton Avenue; Treasurer, John Kirkpatrick, 615 Clinton Avenue; Secretary, James H. Hendrie. 90 members.
- ASHINGTON** Burns Club. Secretary, Alex. Duncanson, Ashington, Morpeth.
- AYR** Burns Club. Hon. President, Sir William Arrol; President, Walter Neilson; Vice-Presidents, Richard Niven, Walter Bain, W. H. Dunlop, J. M. Watt, Rev. Mr. Higgins, Major Burns, and Captain Galloway; Hon. Treasurer, J. A. MacCallum; Hon. Secretary, George Bain, Smith's Cottage, Ayr.
- BALERNO** Burns Club. Instituted 1881. President, D. B. Fairbairn, Balerno; Vice-President, Robert Orr, Balerno; Treasurer, James Craik, Balerno; Secretary, John Fairbairn, Balerno. Meeting Place, Balerno, Midlothian. 30 members.
- BARLINNIE** (Glasgow) Burns Club. Instituted January, 1893. Hon. President, Robert Ford, Esq., Dennistoun, Glasgow; President, John Panton, Woodbank, Barlinnie; Vice-President, George Smith; Treasurer, John Brackenridge; Secretary, James H. Duff, Woodbank, Barlinnie. 60 members.
- BARRHEAD** "Tam o' Shanter" Club. Secretary, John M'Whirter, Gateside, Barrhead.
- BATHURST**, N.S.W., Burns Club. Secretary, William Ferrier, Piper Street.
- BATTLE CREEK** (Mich.), Clan Macdonald. Secretary, Frank Reid, 34 Irving Street, Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.
- BAY CITY** (Mich.), Clan Forbes. Secretary, George E. Smith, 509 Eleventh Street.
- BAY CITY** (Mich.), St. Andrew's Society. Secretary, G. A. Wilson, Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.
- BEDLINGTON** and District Burns Club. Secretary, John Tate, Bedlington Iron Works, Northumberland.
- BELFAST** Benevolent Society of St. Andrew. Instituted 1867. President, James Dewar, 2 College Green; Vice-Presidents, William Fair, Crown Villas, Bangor; Q. Dunlop, Castlereagh Avenue; W. Campbell, Limestone Road; W. Archibald, 38 Cliftonville Avenue; D. C. Kemp, 1 Albert Square; and A. M. Blackhall, Bromsgrove, Bloomfield; Treasurer, William Pratt, 20 Castle Place; Secretary, John Boyd, 2 Corporation Street. 140 members.
- BELLSHILL** Burns Club. Secretary, John Murdoch, Commercial Place, Bellshill.
- BERWICK-ON-TWEED** Burns Club. Instituted November, 1894. President, A. L. Miller, Esq., J.P., Ravensdowne; Vice-President, Dr. Mackay, Castlegate; Treasurer, Thomas Thomson, Hair's Hotel; Secretary, James Irvine, 17 Knowehead, Tweedmouth; Assistant-Secretary, D. Gollan, Tweed Cottage, Berwick. 80 members.
- BRANTFORD** Burns Club. Secretary, Joe J. Inglis, Jr., Brantford, America.
- CALEDONIAN** Society of Homestead, Pa. Instituted 20th March, 1894. President, George Donaldson; Vice-President, John Millar; Treasurer, William Ramsey; Secretary, William Thomson, Box 18, Homestead, Pa. 60 members.



- CAMBUSLANG Burns Club.** Secretary, George Johnston, Excelsior Villa, Cambuslang.
- CAMPBIE Burns Club.** Instituted 1890. President, Watson Hunter, Stirling Place; Vice-President, Major R. Stirling, Union Place; Treasurer, John M'Donald, Main Street; Secretary, James Simpson, Main Street, Lennoxtown. 35 ordinary members, 18 hon. members.
- CARDIFF Burns Club.** Instituted 1891. President, A. Hood, Esq. Vice-Presidents, J. Waugh, A. C. M'Intosh, and A. Low; Treasurer, A. Pettigrew; Secretary, W. W. Pettigrew, Roath Park. 40 members.
- CLAN CAMERON (No. 7) Order of Scottish Clans.** Chief, Jno. B. Craig, 40 Marlboro' Street, Prov., R.I.; Financial Secretary, J. M. M'Nair, 234 Orms Street; Treasurer, Alfred Dawson, 20 Westminster Street; Secretary, James Shaw, P.O., E. Prov., R.I. 37 members.
- CLAN FRASER (No. 11) Order of Scottish Clans.** Instituted 25th April, 1884. Chief, James Meiklejohn, Prospect Road, Pawtucket, R.I.; Tanist, George M'Kenzie, 27 Smith Street, Pawtucket; Treasurer, David M'Fadyen, 316 North Main Street, Pawtucket; Secretary, John Birtwell, 9 Lockbridge Street, Pawtucket. 90 members.
- CLAN MACKENZIE (No. 96) Order of Scottish Clans.** Instituted 1891. Chief, Charles K. Cameron, 79 King Street; Tanist, John Leitch, 179 Princess Street; Treasurer, John White, Charlotte Street; Secretary, Joseph A. Murdoch, 23 Carmarthen Street. 80 members.
- CLAN MACKINLAY Association.** Instituted 13th August, 1893, at Chicago, Ills. Chief, L. D. M'Kinlay, M.D., Topeka, Ka.; Secretary, Main B. M'Kinlay, Paris, Ills.; Treasurer, Hon. John F. M'Kinlay, Detroit, Michigan; Historian, Hon. J. S. Goodwin, 1164 Rookery, Chicago, Ills.; Assistant-Historian, Wm. E. W. MacKinlay, Ottawa, Ills.
- COATBRIDGE Burns Club.** President, D. Howat; Vice-President, T. M. King; Secretary, J. Milne Boyd, solicitor, Colt Terrace.
- COWPEN, The Sydney Burns Club.** President, Henry Henderson; Secretary, John Harrison, Kitty Brewster, Cowpen, Northumberland.
- CRAIGNEUK Burns Club.** Secretary, William M'Millan, 3 Shieldmuir, Motherwell.
- CROSSGATES Burns Club.** President, Andrew Dall; Vice-President, James Parker; Treasurer, Andrew Forrester; Secretary, William Muir, Back Street, Crossgates, Fifeshire.
- DETROIT (Mich.), Clan Cameron.** Secretary, A. W. M'Nair, 12 Woodware Avenue.
- DOUGLAS Burns Club.** Secretary, G. Torrance, North Quay, Douglas, Isle of Man.
- DUBLIN St. Andrew's Society.** Secretary, J. C. Anderson, 37 College Green, Dublin.
- DUMFRIES Burns Club.** Secretary, H. S. Gordon, Solicitor, Mount Brae, Dumfries.
- DUMFRIES Burns "Howff" Club.** Secretary, John Conner, care of Mrs. Smith, Globe Hotel, Dumfries.
- DUMFRIES "Wale of Good Fellows" Club.** Secretary, Robert Bower, 4 Ramsay Place, Dumfries.

**DUNS Burns Club.** Instituted 1889. President, Sir James Miller, Bart., of Manderston; Vice-Presidents, A Morison, J. R. Williamson, W. Friar Robson, and A. Smith, Crumstane; Secretary and Treasurer, John M'K. M'David, Schoolhouse, Gavinton, Duns. 50 members.

**EDINBURGH Ninety Burns Club.** Instituted 1890. Hon. President, The Earl of Selborne, House of Lords, London; President, Henry R. Elliott, 4 Shandwick Place, Edinburgh; Vice-President, Peter Smellie, solicitor, 1 Roseburn Street, Edinburgh; Treasurer and Secretary, John A. Clues, 10 Dublin Street, Edinburgh; Committee, D. Lawson Johnstone, Alexander Gunn, S.S.C., Alexander Ford, Adam Mackay. 153 members.

**EDINBURGH (Portsburgh) Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1894. President, Thomas Sibbald, 20 Rosebank Cottages; Vice-President, Alexander Craigen, 96 Grassmarket; Treasurer and Secretary, James M. Sibbald, 13 Calton Hill. 30 members.

**EDINBURGH (South) Burns Club.** Hon. President, Henry Murray; President, J. P. Omand, 18 M'Laren Road; Vice-President, W. G. Marshall; Treasurer and Secretary, James Granger, 16 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh.

**FORT WAYNE (Ind.) Caledonian Society.** Secretary, William Lawson, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A.

**GALASHIELS Burns Club (dormant).** Secretary, James Wilson, 25 Channel Street, Galashiels.

**GIRVAN, The Carrick Burns Club.** President, William M'Creath, J.P., Burnbank; Vice-Presidents, James Aird and Hugh Dickie; Treasurer, Thomas Weeple; Secretary, Andrew Robertson, The M'Kechnie Institute, Girvan.

**GLENPATRICK Burns Club.** Secretary, John Carson, 27 High Street, Johnstone.

**GOREBRIDGE Burns Club.** Secretary, P. Hume Patterson, Gorebridge.

**HAMILTON Burns Club.** Instituted 27th January, 1877. President, H. S. Keith, Muirhouse, Hamilton; Vice-President, Wardrope Moore, Greenhall, Blantyre; Treasurer, J. Cunningham Kay, Bank of Scotland, Hamilton; Secretary, T. A. Robertson, Quarry Street, Hamilton. Meets in Commercial Hotel, Hamilton. 120 members.

**HAMILTON "Glencairn" Burns Club.** President, James Cook. Vice-President, William Ross; Secretary, Gavin C. Prentice, 28 Woodside Walk. Club meets at 49 Campbell Street.

**HAMILTON Junior Burns Club.** Instituted September, 1886. President, Thomas Aitchman, 11 Portland Place; Vice-President, James Garrioch, Beckford Street; Treasurer, John Stewart, Cadzow; Secretary, William Wilson, 11 Union Street; Committee, James Gourley, George Falconer, and Thomas M'Cubbin. 30 members.

**HAMILTON Original Burns Club.** Secretary, James Eglinton, 32 Hope Street.

**HAMILTON (Ont.) Clan M'Kenzie Club.** Secretary, James M'Kenzie, 202 Fay Street, South.

**HAWICK Burns Club.** Secretary, James D. Simpson, Herron Hill Terrace, Hawick.

**HULL Burns Club.** First instituted 1863; re-formed 1892. President, A. W. Ansell, Esq., 19 St. George's Road; Vice-Presidents, Six; Treasurer, J. H. Brown, Esq., 13 St. George's Road; Secretary, J. Hy. Rea, 25 De la Pole Avenue. 200 members.

**ILLINOIS Clan Macgregor, No. 66 O.S.C.** Instituted 23rd May, 1890. Past Chief, Robert Baird, 510 Cool Street; Chief, Thomas Ritchie, 702 South Monroe Street; Tanish, John Rowen, 701 South Illinois Street; Treasurer, William B. Paterson, 208 Main Street; Secretary, G. Y. Paton, 525 South Illinois Street, Streator, Illinois; Financial Secretary, John Hall, 1202 South Vermillion Street. Meet in German Oddfellows' Hall, 107 Main Street, Streator. 52 members.

**INNERLEITHEN Burns Club.** Instituted 1884. President, Robert Euman, clothier, High Street, Innerleithen; Treasurer and Secretary, James Mitchell, Hall Street, Innerleithen. Meet in Volunteer Arms Hotel. 37 members.

**IRVINE Burns Club.** President, Robert J. Hamilton, Esq.; Vice-President, James John M'Naughton, Esq., Ejidia; Hon. Treasurer, Robert F. Longmuir, Esq., Marine Lodge; Hon. Secretary, James Dickie.

**JOHNSTONE Burns Club.** Instituted 1892. President, Provost Thomson, Bank House; Vice-President, Councillor J. Aitken, High Street; Treasurer, Thomas Boyd, Canal Street; Secretary, Charles A. George, Ann Street. 85 members.

**KIRN Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1892. President, Robert Cameron, British Linen Bank, Dunoon; Vice President, Commissioner Shields, Avondale, Park Road, Kirn; Treasurer, John Kesson, Adelaide Cottage, Kirn; Secretary, John T. Johnston, Auldhouse, Kirn. 80 members.

**LADIES' SCOTTISH CLUB of Rochester, N.Y.** President, Margaret Morton, 29 South Clinton Street, Rochester; Vice-President, Catherine Walker, M.D., 49 Park Avenue; Treasurer, M. Jeanette Ballantyne, 65 Howell; Secretary, Katharine Ross, 74 East Avenue. 50 members.

**LEITH Burns Club.** Secretary, William Wilson, 21 Panmure Place, Edinburgh.

**LINLITHGOW Burns Club.** Secretary, John Patrick Hardy, 34 Kelvin-side Gardens, Glasgow.

**LONDON (Ont.) Clan Fraser.** Secretary, John G. Jones, 241 Queen's Avenue.

**MANCHESTER and Salford Caledonian Association.** President, Thomas Ballantyne; Secretary, Duncan MacLean, 13 Alexandra Grove, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

**MELROSE Burns Club.** Instituted 1887. President, A. Murison Small, W.S., Collingwood; Vice-President, John Dickson, St. Helen's; Treasurer and Secretary, Thomas H. Smart, St. Dunstan's Place, Melrose. 50 members.

**MILNGAVIE Burns Club.** Secretary, Peter Adams, Industry Cottage, Milngavie.

**MILWAUKEE (Wis.) St. Andrew's Society.** Secretary, Hugh W. Guthrie, 207 Brady Street, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

**MONTREAL** Clan MacIennan. Secretary, George G. Barry, 40 Inspector Street.

**NEWCASTLE** and **TYNESIDE** Burns Club. President, Dr. Adam Wilson; Vice-President, J. S. Barr, Esq.; Treasurer, W. Maxwell, Esq.; Secretaries, H. Cuthbertson, Esq., and P. Bell, 7 Holly Av., West. Meet in Hotel Metropole, Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 200 members.

**OBAN** Burns Club. Instituted 1889. President, A. L. MacLachlan, 3 Soroba Road; Vice-President, Ian Macnaughton, Park Cottage; Treasurer, Malcolm M'Gregor, Hamilton Park; Secretary, Thomas Boyd, 5 George Street. 40 members.

**OVERTOWN** Burns Club. Instituted 1870. President, William Kerr, Cottage Overtown; Vice-President, Robert Taylor; Treasurer, Henry Hamilton, Quarry Knowe; Secretary, George M'Dougall, Durham Bank Orchard. 23 members.

**PATERSON** (N.J.) Caledonian Club. Secretary, Archibald M'Call, 131 North Ninth Street, Paterson (N.J.), U.S.A.

**PHILADELPHIA** Burns Association. President, George Goodfellow; Secretary, Joseph Ferguson.

**PHILADELPHIA** Burns Statue Association. Instituted 10th December, 1893. Chairman, William Leitch; Vice-Chairman, John M'Blane; Treasurer, John Burleigh; Secretary, J. W. R. Collins, Broad Street Station.

**PHILADELPHIA** Caledonia Club. Instituted 9th April, 1859. Chief, William Leitch; First Chieftain, John Nixon; Second Chieftain, Jas. Irvine; Third Chieftain, Hugh Tulloch.

**PHILADELPHIA** Clan Cameron. Instituted 19th March, 1890. Chief, James W. Scott; Secretary, R. W. Clark.

**PHILADELPHIA** Scots Thistle Society. Instituted 30th November, 1796. President, Joseph Wishart; Secretary, Joseph Fergusson.

**PHILADELPHIA** St. Andrew's Society. Instituted on 7th December, 1749. President, John Ferguson; Vice-Presidents, G. W. Hall and Dav. Milne; Treasurer, Alex. Harding; Secretary, William Randolph Smith.

**PHILADELPHIA** Tam o' Shanter Club. Instituted 1883. President, W. M. Collins; Vice-President, John Dale; Treasurer, John M'Innes; Secretary, John Thom.

**PITTSBURGH** (Pa.) Waverley Society and Burns Club. Secretary, Robert Thomson, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.

**POLLOKSHAW**s Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1886. President, John O. Crookshanks, 6 Shawhill Street; Wm. S. Brown, Viewfield, Giffnock; Treasurer, David Allan, 205 Kilmarnock Road; Secretary, James Murray, 91 King Street. 70 members.

**PORTOBELLO** Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1892. President, Robert Dickson Glover, Brighton Park; Vice-President, William White, 160 High Street; Treasurer, Robert Edward, 137 High Street; Secretary, Wm. Baird, F.S.A. Scot., Clydesdale Bank. 66 members.

- POSSILPARK Burns Club.** Instituted 22nd March, 1892. President, Thos. Hetherington; Vice-President, Michael Osborne; Treasurer, David Fraser; Secretaries, Thos. Hetherington, 49 Bardowie Street, and Walter Crawford, 260 Saracen Street. 100 members.
- PROVIDENCE Clan Cameron.** Secretary, James Shaw, 28 Bishop Street, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
- PROVIDENCE Caledonian Society.** Secretary, George Gibb, 408 Chalkstone Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
- SCOTTISH THISTLE Club of Ottawa, Ills.** Instituted 1st October, 1894. Chief, Wm. James M'Lean, 702 Joliet Street; Vice-Chief, Andrew Ross, 1204 W. Madison Street; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. E. W. MacKinlay, Post Office Block, Ottawa, Illinois, U.S.A. 60 members.
- ST. ANDREW'S Society of Bay County.** Instituted 1890. President, C. C. Stewart; Vice-Presidents, Joseph Kerr and Henry J. Smith; Chaplain, Rev. T. W. Macheon; Physician, Dr. H. M. Gale; Treasurer, Alex. Culbert; Secretary, G. A. Wilson, Bay City, Mich. 67 members.
- ST. JOHN, N.B., Clan Mackenzie.** Secretary, Joseph A. Murdoch, Haymarket Square.
- STOW Burns Club.** Instituted January, 1892. President, Rev. W. Workman, Manse; Treasurer, Mr. Jas. Sanderson, Post Office; Secretary, Wm. H. Cook, Fountainhall, Midlothian. 45 members.
- THAMES (Auckland) Burns Club.** Secretary, John Gibb, Gas Works, Thames, Auckland, N.Z.
- WATERBURY (N. H.) Burns Club.** Secretary, W. H. Callan, 495 Washington Avenue.
- WEST BAY CITY (Mich.) Clan Fraser.** Secretary, John Kennedy, 510 N. Chilson Avenue.
- WOODSTOCK (Ont.) Clan Sutherland.** Secretary, C. W. Oliver.
- YONKERS (N.Y.) The Robert Burns Club.** Secretary, Kenneth M'Kay, 9 Poplar Street.



MOTTO—"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

# THE BURNS FEDERATION

KILMARNOCK, INSTITUTED 1885.

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*Members of the Executive Council of the Burns Federation.*

*President*—PETER STURROCK, Esq., Kilmarnock.

*Vice-Presidents*—R. W. COCHRAN PATRICK, Esq., LL.D.; EDWARD COMBES, Esq., C.M.G.; Rev. WILLIAM DUNNETT, M.A.; ROBERT GOUDIE, Esq., Ayr; COLIN RAE BROWN, Esq., London.

*Honorary Secretary*—Captain DAVID SNEDDON.

*Honorary Treasurer*—Captain ARTHUR STURROCK, Kilmarnock.

*Editor, "Annual Burns Chronicle"*—D. M'NAUGHT, Esq., J.P., Kilmaurs.

*Members (Kilmarnock)*—Provost DAVID MACKAY; GEORGE DUNLOP, Esq.; JOHN BAIRD, Esq., J.P.; JOHN NEWLANDS, Esq.; JOSEPH BROCKIE, Esq.; J. B. WILSON, Esq. (*Glasgow*)—Dr. WILLIAM FINDLAY; Dr. JAMES ADAMS; W. CRAIBE ANGUS, Esq.; WILLIAM MARTIN, Esq.; WILLIAM WALLACE, Esq.; Dr. A. PATTERSON, 22 India Street.

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The object of the Federation shall be to strengthen and consolidate the bond of fellowship presently existing amongst the members of Burns Clubs, by universal affiliation; its motto being—"A man's a man for a' that."

The members of every Burns Club registered as belonging to the Federation, shall be granted a Diploma admitting them to meetings of all the Clubs connected with the Federation, they being subject to the rules of the Club visited, but having no voice in its management, unless admitted a member of the Club visited, according to local form. The Affiliation Fee for each Club shall be One Guinea, and for each Member's Diploma, One Shilling, these payments being final and not annual.

The Funds of the Federation, so accruing, shall be vested in the Executive Council for the purpose of acquiring and preserving Holograph Manuscripts and other interesting Relics connected with the life and works of the Poet, and for other purposes of a like nature, as the said Council may determine.

The headquarters of the Federation shall be at Kilmarnock, the Premier Club in the movement, the town in which the first edition of the Poet's Works was published, and which contains the only properly organized Burns Museum in the United Kingdom.

The Election of an Honorary Council, comprising:—Presidents of the Affiliated Clubs, and other Gentlemen of eminence nominated by the Executive. The Executive Council to consist of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the leading Affiliated Clubs, and other eligible gentlemen, with power to add to their number.

## WAS BURNS *CENSURED* BY THE BOARD OF EXCISE?

MR. JAMES MACFADZEAN says—"No." Among the books of the Scotch Excise Board found by him in a lumber room of Somerset House in 1867 was a *Register of Censures*, kept by the General Examiner at the head office, Edinburgh, covering the whole period of Burns's official career. He searched this record most minutely, and the Poet's name was "conspicuous by its absence." For many years afterwards these books were preserved in the Secretary's Office, London, open to inspection by anyone interested; and it is now stated that they have been destroyed.

The accuracy of Mr. Macfadzean's researches has recently been impugned on the grounds that two well-known and genuine diaries, which are still extant, show that Burns was *admonished*, once in 1792, and again in 1795.

To the uninitiated it may be explained that an Excise diary is the official record of a supervisor's daily work, and contains, among other things, all the faults, trivial or serious, that he has been able to discover against his subordinates. Any Excise Officer of experience who examines these diaries sees at a glance that the complaints were of a trivial nature, and quite insufficient to affect any man's character, either private or official. An outsider may readily comprehend the nature of these when I say that the principal faults which brought on Burns these admonishments were only oversights or clerical mistakes. In the first instance, on 10th May, 1792, Burns, in taking a trader's stock of green tea, entered 160 lbs. in his book, instead of 16 lbs., causing an apparent increase of 144 lbs., which error he himself rectified on his next visit. In the second instance, he neglected to visit a tanner, as he ought to have done, according to instructions, on the 25th May, 1795, and Supervisor Findlater came in on the following day, and discovered the omission. These are the most heinous faults in the two diaries, the other items being characterised as trifling inadvertencies; and the following extracts show clearly that an admonishment (or a mild reproof in Burns's time) was not registered at the head office at all until the year 1804. For the Poet's views as to the meaning of the word, we have only to turn to the "*Cottar's Saturday Night*"—"The father mixes a' wi' admonition due."

In a General Letter sent out by the Scotch Board, on 21st December, 1803, occurs the following:—

"An officer, assistant, or supernumerary reported by supervisor or collector for a trivial fault shall be admonished either simply or sharply, with certification, and the number and nature of these admonishments is to be recorded by the General Examiner.

"An officer, assistant, or supernumerary reported by collector or supervisor for a more serious offence shall be reprimanded either simply or sharply with certification.

"The Board have directed the General Examiner to keep an *exact record* of the number of reprimands given to each officer, and to acquaint the Board when a fourth reprimand, including the past, or a third reprimand in future cases, is ordered, that a minute of suspension may be made out, and sent with such last reprimand."

The chief deduction to be drawn from these extracts is that, in 1803, admonishments had no cumulative effect, and it is also apparent that their registration in the books of the Head Office was now insisted upon for the first time. It soon became evident, however, that the mere registration of admonishments was a useless proceeding; and, in order to place them on a similar footing with reprimands, the following General Letter was promulgated on the 25th April, 1806:—

“By the Board’s minute of the 22nd April, it is determined that from and after the 5th day of July next, six admonishments shall be held equal to a reprimand, and the General Examiner is directed to keep an *exact record* of the number of admonishments issued to the several officers, and to acquaint the Board when a sixth one is ordered to any of them, reckoning from the above-mentioned period, that they may be converted into a reprimand, but it is to be understood that admonishments incurred previous to the 5th July next are not meant to be wiped out in considering the general character of officers; but, as with regard to this new regulation, you will cause your Supervisors and Officers to enter a copy of this letter in their general letter books that none of them pretend ignorance.

A. PEARSON.

Thus in 1806 admonishments had a cumulative effect for the first time. And the Excise Table of Discipline became,—

6 admonishments = 1 reprimand.

3 reprimands = 1 suspension.

2 suspensions = 1 dismissal.

Further, in a General Letter of 2nd October, 1815, the following paragraph appears:—

“When the appointment of an Examiner is to be made, the official character shall be examined of the three oldest Foot-walk officials who have made application for promotion, and served the preparatory period of seven years; reference being had to the dates of their respective commissions, and the officer against whom the fewest censures appear—an *admonishment not to be deemed a censure*—shall be appointed.”

“Every Foot-walk officer shall be eligible to the station of Examiner or supervisor at the end of *seven* years from the first appointment to a fixed charge instead of *nine* years as heretofore.”

This last extract shows conclusively that even in 1815 an admonishment was not reckoned a censure, and also that Burns’s promotion was in no way delayed, as he had only been eight years in the Excise at the time of his death.

Taking all these facts into consideration, no one will be surprised at Mr. Macfadzean not finding Burns’s two admonishments in the Register of Censures.

Under the superintendence of his father, the writer, when a boy, made complete copies of the pages in the old Excise Books on which Burns’s name appeared; and although some people may not think the question of great importance, yet he has been urged to make the above statement in the interest of the many who do.

R. W. MACFADZEAN.



# BURNS CLUB NOTES.

(COMMUNICATED.)

## BRIDGETON BURNS CLUB.

53 WEST REGENT STREET,  
GLASGOW, 9TH DECEMBER, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I send you herewith list of our Office-Bearers for insertion in the "Burns Chronicle." Besides the prizes you mention in last year's "Chronicle," we give Silver Medal for Recitation, and Special Prizes for Recitation and Singing to children in Standards III. and IV. I enclose an account of the Semi-Jubilee of our Club which may be interesting to your readers.—Yours truly,  
WM. COCHRANE, *Hon. Secy.*

### SEMI-JUBILEE OF THE CLUB.

This year being the Semi-Jubilee of the Club, the Committee thought it a fitting opportunity for providing an Insignia of Office for the President to wear at all meetings of the Club. They accordingly appealed to the members for Subscriptions to enable them to provide a Gold Medal and Chain. The appeal was responded to so spontaneously that the Committee received in a comparatively short time the requisite amount—viz., £50. A "Tattie an' Herrin" Supper was held in Whyte's Restaurant, Gordon Street, Glasgow, on 21st December last—Rector Menzies, President, in the Chair. During the evening Mr. Wm. Rodger presented Rector Menzies with the Gold Medal and Chain, which bore on the obverse side an impression of the "Naysmith" portrait of Burns, and on the reverse side the Glasgow Coat of Arms, the name of each Past-President of the Club, with his year of office, being engraved on a separate link of the Chain. This Medal, which was designed and executed by Mr. Robt. Scott, 8 Buchanan Street, is in future to be worn by the President as his Badge of Office. It is expected that he will manifest his appreciation of the honour by adding a link to the Chain, on which his name and year of office shall be engraved, so that in course of time the Medal and Chain will become a most valuable and interesting asset of the Club.

## CAMPSIE BURNS CLUB.

(Instituted 1890.)

MOTTO—"Shall Brithers be an' a' that."

SYLLABUS—Session 1895-96.—September 28th, 1895—"Auld Lang Syne,"—Mr. Watson Hunter. October 26th—"Four Famous Works,"—Mr. George M'Kay. November 20th—Lecture,—*"The Love Songs of Burns,"*—Rev. J. Y. Scott. December 28th—"The Sincerity of Burns,"—Mr. James Simpson. January 24th, 1896—School Children's Annual Prize Competition. January 25th—"Anniversary Celebration. February 29th—"The Songs of our Country,"—Mr. John M'Donald. March 28th—"The Patriotism of Burns,"—Mr. Peter Kincaid. April 25th—Annual General Meeting.

### CONSTITUTION.

1.—This Club shall be called the "CAMPSIE BURNS CLUB." The objects of the Club shall be to promote a knowledge of the Life and Works of ROBERT BURNS, Scotland's National Bard, and to endeavour by subscription and such other means as may be available, to establish a fund for the encouragement of the knowledge and cultivation of the Works of BURNS, and Scottish Literature amongst the School Children of the Parish of Campsie.

2.—To celebrate the Anniversary of the Poet's Birthday by a Social Festival.

## RULES.

1.—The Council to consist of Ex-President, President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, and seven other Members, who shall have power to transact all business, five to form a quorum.

2.—The meetings to be of a Literary and Social Character, keeping as much as possible in touch with the Life and Works of the Poet, said meetings to be held in the Lesser Public Hall, on the last Saturday of every month, at 7 o'clock P.M., excepting the months of May, June, July, and August; arrangements for Anniversary Celebration to be made at December Meeting.

3. That the entrance fee be One Shilling and Sixpence, which sum shall include first session's subscription, and One Shilling annually. Subscriptions payable not later than April in each year. Members being two years in arrears will be suspended until their arrears are paid up.

4.—Honorary Members may be admitted on payment of a donation of Five Shillings, which sum will be applied in carrying out the aims of the Club.

5.—Candidates for admission to be proposed and approved of at any meeting of the Club, vote of admission to be by a majority of members present.

6.—That the members of the Council shall retire annually, but shall be eligible for re-election; election to take place at April meeting.

7.—That no alteration be made on these rules except at the Annual General Meeting in April.

## ROSEBERY BURNS CLUB.

MOTTO—"The pith o' sense and pride o' worth."

Meetings in Bank Restaurant, 41 Queen-Street, at 7.30 p.m.

YLLABUS—1895-96.—October 21st—"Sir Walter Scott,"—G. G. Napier, M.A. November 5th—"American Snacks,"—Robert W. Poe. November 26th—"A Talk about Scottish Ballads,"—John M. Fraser. December 10th—"Tannahill," Alfred MacDowall. January 27th—"Burns Anniversary Festival." February 4th—"Burns in relation to the literature of his time,"—James Glen. March 3rd—"The Sea as a Burns Theme,"—J. S. Fisher. March 31st—"Tattie and Herrin' Supper."

BURNS ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL on Monday, 27th January, 1896, in the Grand Hotel. Chairman—The Hon. The Lord Provost, Sir James Bell, Bart. "The Immortal Memory," by William Wallace, M.A.

## HAMILTON JUNIOR BURNS CLUB.

EXCURSION TO KILMARNOCK ON JUNE 19TH, 1895.

Meet at Club Room, Mr. R. Bell's, Union Street, at	-	-	8-30 A.M.
Leave C.R. Central Station at	-	-	9-25 "
Arrive in Kilmarnock at	-	-	10-53 "

Headquarters—Sun Hotel, Kilmarnock.

Lunch,	-	-	-	-	-	11-15 "
Drive,	-	-	-	-	-	12-30 "

The Company will be photographed at Burns Monument.

Visiting Kay Park—Burns Monument—Tam Samson's House—The place where the First Edition of Burns' Works were Printed—Torbolton—Mossgiel Farm—The Braes o' Ballochmyle—Poesie Nansie's, where the Jolly Beggars met, etc.

Dinner at Mauchline at	-	-	-	-	-	3 P.M.
Leave Kilmarnock at	-	-	-	-	-	7-35 "
Arrive at Hamilton at	-	-	-	-	-	9 "

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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BURNS'S DIRECT DESCENDANTS.—In answer to many inquiries which reached us after the publication of the article in last year's *Chronicle* bearing on the direct descendants of the Poet, we beg to say that we have nothing to add to the information therein contained. The fact of the existence of other branches of the family was perfectly well known to us, but as they did not fall to be treated of under the heading which we deliberately selected, they were, of course, left out. A comprehensive list of *all* the descendants of Robert Burns, the Poet, will be found in the 2nd volume of the *Chronicle* (1893), p. 34. We cannot too severely reprehend certain articles which have appeared, professing to deal with the subject, and which are as misleading as they are fragmentary and incomplete.—[EDITOR.]

---

BURNS'S MARRIAGE.—It is not so widely known as it ought to be that the Poet and Jean Armour were actually man and wife before the birth of the first twins in 1786. The story of the burning of the "marriage lines" by Jean, at the instigation of her father, proves conclusively that old Armour considered their preservation to be convincing proof of the irregular marriage which had taken place, and which he was determined to annul. The keenness of the Poet's feelings, when he heard of the destruction of the paper, may be gathered from the incoherent letters he wrote about that date referring to the incident. If the ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace, as seems to be put beyond doubt in the Mauchline article which appears in the present issue of the *Chronicle*, the destruction of the marriage certificate could not possibly affect the fact of the marriage, which could, at any moment, have been substantiated by oral evidence. Dr. Edgar, in his *Old Church Life in Scotland*, expresses surprise that Mr. Auld and his Session ignored the irregular marriage in 1786, and proceeded upon its validity in 1788. But Mr. Auld might not have been convinced of the truth of the report till the latter date—a view which is strengthened when the attitude of the Armour family is taken into consideration. Great confusion exists among the editors of Burns with regard to the precise date of the irregular marriage, but the weight of evidence clearly points to the spring or early summer of 1786. In fact, the conclusion is inevitable that it took place then, or it did not take place at all. To Dr. Edgar we are indebted for the actual words used by Dr. Auld when reproving Burns and Jean on 30th July, 1786. (See *Old Church Life in Scotland*—Second Series—p. 402). The couple are there treated as "scandalous persons," and in the manner prescribed by the law of the Church. But on 5th August, 1788, an altogether different view is taken of the case. "Compeared Robert Burns with Jean Armour, his alledged spouse. They both acknowledged their irregular marriage and their sorrow for that irregularity, and desiring that the Session will take such steps as may seem to them proper in order to the solemn confirmation of the said marriage. The Session taking this affair under their consideration agree that they both be rebuked for their acknowledged irregularity, and that they be taken solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as husband and wife all the days of their life." The Session minute of August 6th, 1786 (the following Sunday), must be read in the light of the foregoing, for whatever may have been the position of the other individuals who appeared "before the congregation" on that particular occasion, Burns and Jean were rebuked "for their acknowledged irregularity," and that alone.

[VERITAS.]

WILSON'S SECURITY FOR THE FIRST EDITION.—It is well known that Wilson, the Kilmarnock publisher, declined to venture on a second edition of the Kilmarnock volume, because sufficient pecuniary guarantee was not forthcoming. There were many men in Kilmarnock who would have taken the responsibility on request, but the independent spirit of the Bard may have recoiled from again asking his personal friends for a renewal of their patronage and support. In the *Contemporaries of Burns* (Appendix, p. 5) we are informed that to John Goldie belongs the credit of carrying Burns's first publishing venture to a successful issue. Calling one day at Mossiel, he was so delighted with the Poet's latest compositions, that he invited him to come to Kilmarnock on a certain day to meet Goldie and a few of his friends, who, he promised, would soon set the press agoing. Burns kept the appointment, and was introduced to Mr. Paterson of Braehead; Dr. Hamilton; Major Parker, of Assloss; Dr. William Moore; Mr. Robert Muir, wine merchant, and a few other prominent citizens. In the course of the evening, Burns read several of his pieces; and so delighted were the company, that they at once became security to Wilson for the printing of his work. Such is the tradition preserved in the *Contemporaries*, which was published in 1840. It is more than probable that Burns was already known to some of Goldie's guests, and to Tam Samson and his circle as well. The dedication is, as every one knows, to Gavin Hamilton, who, doubtless, took his full share of the responsibility.

[KILLIE.]

BURNS'S MODELS.—In turning over the pages of the *Watson Collection*, published 1706-1711, I came across an old Scots poem entitled "The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan," which so much resembles "Tam Samson" as to lead to the conviction that Burns modelled his famous elegy on the lines of this older composition in praise of "Hab Simpson," the renowned piper referred to in "Maggie Lauder." The opening stanza is as follows:—

"Kilbarchan now may say, alas!  
For she hath lost her Game and Grace,  
Both Trixie, and the maiden Trace:  
But what remead?  
For no man can supply his place,  
Hab Simson's dead."

His merits as a man, and capabilities as a piper are then dwelt upon in much the same way as the virtues of the renowned "Tam," and the catalogue of his virtues concludes with—

"Alas! for him my Heart is sair,  
For of his Springs I gat a skair,  
At every Play, Race, Feast and Fair,  
but Guile or Greed.  
We need not look for Pyping mair,  
sen Habbie's dead."

Another composition of the same kind—"Epitaph on Sanny Briggs"—has a stanza added as a "Postscript," which may have suggested the "Per Contra" appended to "Tam Samson."

"The Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck, a famous Grey-hound in the Shire of Fife," forcibly recalls "Poor Mailie"—

"But if my Puppies ance were ready,  
Which I gat on a bonny Lady;  
They'll be baith Cliver, Keen, and Beddy,  
and ne'er Neglect,  
To Clink it like their ancient Deddy  
the famous Heck."

"The Mare of Collingtoun"—a poem of portentous length, conveying the last will and testament of the worn-out animal—may also have given Burns a few hints for the same composition—

"My Main, my Tail, an' a' my Hair,  
I leave but any Process mair,  
To Cheasly, Matman, and Tam Blair,  
Three Fishers by Vocation."

[BURNSIAN.]

A BURNS RELIC.—BALMERINO'S DIRK.—The other week we were favoured with a sight of a genuine Burns relic which forms part of a Glasgow trust estate at present in process of realisation. It is, in our opinion, the identical weapon which the Poet refers to in his letter to Johnson of date Feby., 1794. It is in a fair state of preservation, and has long been in the possession of the family of the deceased. The sheath is of leather, mounted with brass, the mounting at the top of the sheath bearing the letters "R.B," rudely cut or etched on the metal. The blade and its handle appear to be of the finest workmanship, and outside the sheath the usual knife and fork are inserted in their receptacles. Burns refers to it in the following terms—"I have got an old Highland duk for which I have great veneration, as it once was the duk of Lord Balmerino. It fell into bad hands who stripped it of the silver mounting, as well as the knife and fork. I have some thoughts of sending it to your care to get it mounted anew. Our friend Clarke owes me an account, somewhere about a pound, which would go a good way in paying the expense. I remember you once settled an account in this way before; and as you still have money matters to settle with him, you might accommodate us both." From the terms of the above, the probability is that the silver mounting was not restored, the cheaper metal being more commensurate with the slender means at the Poet's disposal. We are glad to learn that the relic will probably find a permanent resting place in the Kilmarnock Museum.

[EDITOR.]

THE BURNS WHISTLE.—A feature of the Concert of Burns's Songs, given at Moniaive by Mr. Wm. Kennedy, was the recitation of "The Whistle," illustrated by the introduction of the veritable trophy—the Dane's whistle itself—which had been contended for in a hundred drinking bouts, and which in 1790 was wrested from the combatants at Friars' Carse by

"Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law."

Captain Cutlar Fergusson, to whom the whistle has descended, was so charmed with the *clat* which the introduction of the whistle gave to the recitation of the poem that a replica or *fac-simile* has been made from the original, in order that Mr. Kennedy may the better aid in the fulfilment of the prophesy—

"And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring."

The whistle, as the Burns world knows, is of ebony, set in a silver tube, to which a silver chain of the length of a watch chain is attached. On the silver tube or mount are engraved the Craigdarroch crest and motto; also by way of helping its own identification, the inscription—"The Whistle: Won by Craigdarroch; Sung by Burns."

The replica of the whistle was made by Mr. M'Queen, a deft wood carver of Friars' Vennel, Dumfries. The silver setting was furnished by Mr. R. Scott, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Copy Memo., of 17th September 1888, by James Tennant, to a relation and friend, giving account of the "Auld Nick" horn. This copy is made for Mr. William Macmillan, Union Bank of Scotland, London, in whose possession the horn now lies.

## RELIC OF ROBERT BURNS.

While I have no relic of Burns in my possession, I may here mention that there is one in existence connected with Glenconner, the history of which is not generally known, and which may be interesting as showing how his poetic genius glorified common every-day subjects.

Let me begin at the beginning :—

“A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o’ beast ;  
A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge :  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a’ did dirl.”

The origin of this grotesque poetic conceit is as follows :—

When our great-grandfather was at Corton, Bridge of Doon, a Highland bullock went amissing from one or other of the neighbouring pastures, strayed into the Kirk Yard, passed into the Kirk, could nowhere be found, and went half mad with hunger. A day or so after, some woman body passing the Kirk looked in and was saluted with a fearful roar, and seeing a pair of huge horns projecting above the seats in which the animal had become entangled, she fled in terror and raised the alarm that the Deil was in the Kirk. My grandfather, who was a youngster of perhaps 13 or 14, was curious to see his “Majesty,” and recognising in him the missing bullock, gave the necessary information, and was present when the beast was extricated. Robert Burns was a boy of perhaps 8 or 10, and hearing the terrible story of the Kirk being invaded by “Cloutie,” had it fixed in his mind, and afterwards wove it into the world-known story of “Tam o’ Shanter.” In taking “Nick” out of the Kirk one of his horns was knocked off and was taken to Corton. When the family removed to Glenconner, the horn was brought with them, and was long used as a bolting tube for giving medicine to cattle.

Many years after, the sexton and town-crier in Ochiltree (Peter Kennet) being in want of a horn for making the village proclamations, and for blowing through the village in the early morning to waken the villagers—clocks then being few—the old Alloway “Cloutie” horn was then given to him, fitted with a silver mouthpiece, and used for years to call up the villagers to their daily work. At Peter’s death the horn passed into the hands of the late Mr. David Macmillan, Shoemaker, Ochiltree, and is now in the possession of his son—my old school friend—Mr. William Macmillan, Accountant in the Union Bank of Scotland, 62 Cornhill, London. Some years ago I asked him to give it to the Burns Museum in Kilmarnock ; but he was unwilling to part with it, and I did not press the matter. The early history of the horn was told me by my father when I was a boy, and there are still a few old people alive who know of it as I have now described it.

(Initialled) J. T.

Carnoustie,

September 17th, 1888

Further, I understand that the horn was acquired by Mr. David Macmillan direct from Peter Kennet, a representative ; but a few years ago my sister was told by her next door neighbour in Ochiltree (Miss Marion Caldwell) that the horn was bought at Peter’s sale by her granduncle, John Patrick, and was afterwards given by him to Mr. Macmillan. As no Ochiltree person, and probably not even the man himself, would know who was meant by “John Patrick,” I must—but without meaning offence either to the old man’s memory, or to the feelings of his living relatives—call him by his commonly known name of “Johnnie Petherick.”

(Initialled) J. T.

7 Hillend Gardens, Hyndland Road,  
Glasgow, 4th December, 1895.

7 HILLEND GARDENS, HYNDLAND ROAD,  
GLASGOW, 4TH DECEMBER, 1895.

Dear William,—When we met last summer at Ochiltree, and were speaking of the old “Deil” horn, I promised to send you an account of its history and connection with Robert Burns, “Tam o’ Shanter,” and my ancestors at Glenconner.

Some years ago I sent—when I was living at Carnoustie—an account of it to Sir Charles Tennant, and on looking over my letter book the other day I read that account to your brother John, and we both thought that perhaps the best way now would be just to give you a copy of that record, adding a few words to let you know the channel by which the horn came into your father’s possession.

With these remarks kindly accept the enclosed memo, which will come to you through your brother John, who wishes to take a few “type” copies for perusal by some of his intimate friends.

Let me say further that a Burns Exhibition is to be held in Glasgow next year (1896) the Centenary of the poet’s death; and if you think of sending the horn in for exhibition a copy of the memo could go with it.

Let me add this, as a last request, that if you are ever to part with the horn, give it to some one or other of the Burns Museums—say, for instance, the Kilmarnock Museum, or more appropriate still the one in the Monument at Alloway—the scene of the exploit that memorable night when “Tam” heard the “skirl” of “Auld Nick’s pipes.”

With kind regards,

I am, yours very truly,

JAMES TENNANT.

Mr. Wm. Macmillan,  
Union Bank of Scotland,  
62 Cornhill, London, E.C.



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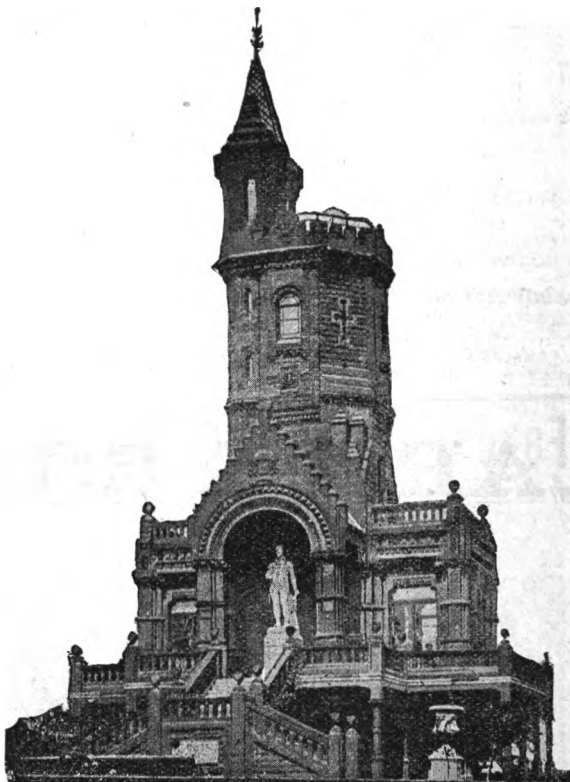
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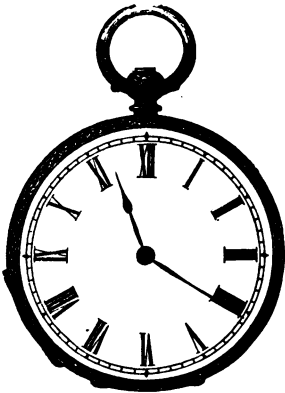
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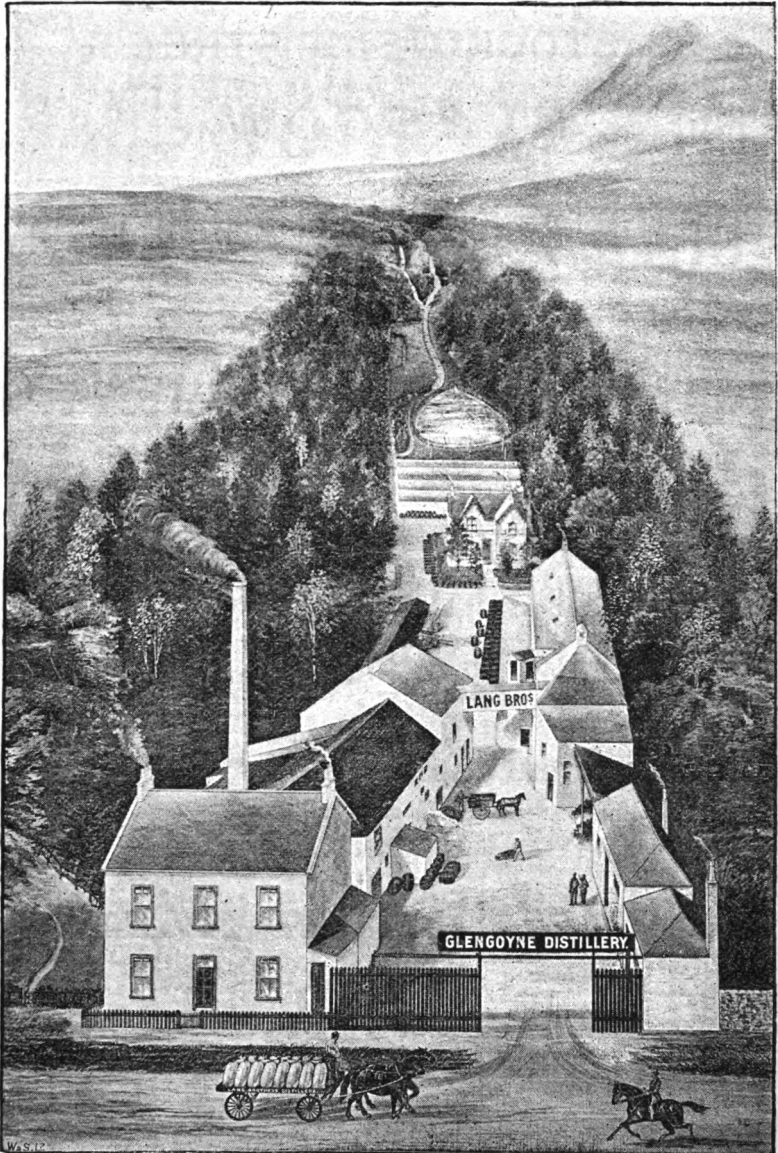
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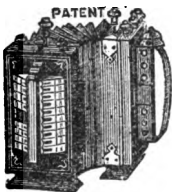
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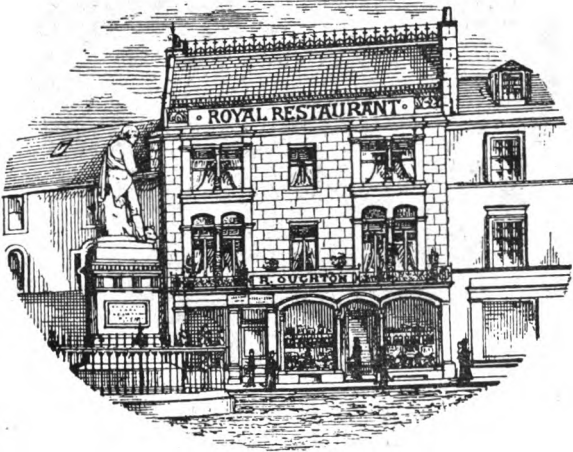
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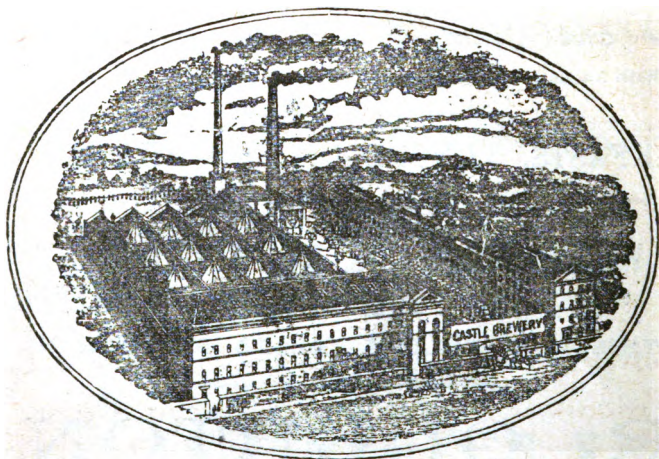


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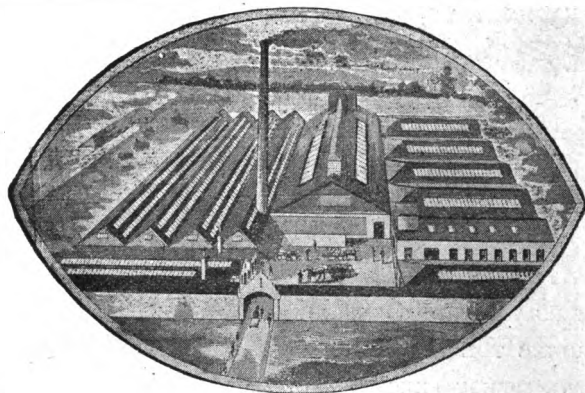
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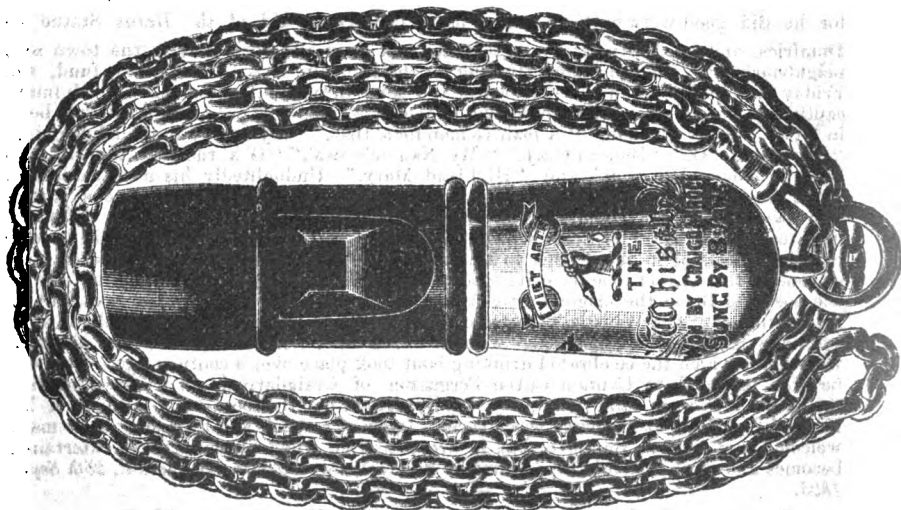
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"THE CRAIGDARROCH WHISTLE."

*After the replica owned by Mr Kennedy.*

### PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT.

"There was a Lad was Born in Kyle," "A Man's a Man for a' that," "My Nannie, O," "My Nannie's Awa," "Duncan Gray," "Whistle on the lave o't," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Whistle," "Mary Morison," "Richland Mary," "My Hearts in the Highlands," "O' a' the airts the Win' can Blaw," "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," "Scot's Wha Hae."

Mr Kennedy will wear his "Craigdarroch Whistle," which will, along with a crystal cut goblet which belonged to the Poet, and was presented to Mr Kennedy by an admirer of his rendering of the poet's songs, be used in illustrating the poem of "The Whistle."

Press Opinions and Terms on Application.

**HONOUR TO A MAXWELLTONIAN IN NEW ZEALAND.**—We observe from a New Zealand paper that Mr William Kennedy, who was well known in musical circles in Dumfries, and who emigrated to New Zealand about two years ago, has just been appointed Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the Dunedin Choral Union, a large and influential musical society in Dunedin.—*Dumfries and Galloway Herald and Register*, 16th January, 1884.

**KENNEDY'S CONCERT AT MONIAIVE.**—The Public Hall at Moniaive, about a mile from the ancestral house of Craigharroch, was crowded last Friday evening on the occasion of the visit of Mr William Kennedy, Dumfries. The audience included many representatives of county families of the Glencairn district, and throughout Mr Kennedy's efforts were received with marked appreciation by the large audience. The programme took the form of a Burns concert, the entertainer telling in graphic and stirring terms the story of the poet's life, and interspersing this with a large number of his finest songs and recitations. This was Mr Kennedy's *debut* as a professional singer in this district, but for many years his worth as a singer of Scotch songs has been known and appreciated, for he did good work on the occasion of the concerts in aid of the Burns Statue in Dumfries, and in assisting various societies and musical associations in the town and neighbourhood. He also frequently sang for the Dunedin, N.Z., Burns Statue fund. On Friday evening he was in excellent voice, and sang throughout in a manner which fairly captivated his audience. His programme of songs included—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," "Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," "My heart's in the Highlands," "My Nannie, O," "Duncan Gray," "My Nannie's awa'," "O' a' the airts the wiin' can blaw," "Mary Morrison," and "Highland Mary." Undoubtedly his most successful effort was his rendering of "Highland Mary," which was given with a degree of pathos and sweetness which could scarcely have been excelled. His reciting of "Tain o' Shanter," was a great hit, with which his audience was simply charmed, while he was equally successful in the "Lines to a mouse," and "To a louse." It is not often that anyone in the concert-room is privileged to have in his possession while reciting any of the poems of Burns the original articles to which reference is made by the poet, but in his reciting of "The Whistle," the famous Bacchanalian story which Burns tells in such exquisite language, Mr Kennedy was favoured by having before him the identical whistle for which the celebrated drinking bout took place over a century ago. For this he was indebted to Captain Cutlar-Fergusson of Craigharroch, in whose possession the whistle now is, and who very kindly lent it for the occasion. Altogether Mr Kennedy's concert at Moniaive was a success in every respect, and he is sure to be made welcome, not only in Moniaive, but in every district, when his name as an entertainer becomes known as it should be.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald*, 25th Sept., 1895.

**MR KENNEDY'S DUNSCORE CONCERT.**—Mr Wm. Kennedy gave his Burns entertainment at Dunscore, on Friday evening, when, despite the unfavourable weather, there was a good attendance. The audience was a most appreciative one. . . . Mr Kennedy has been presented by an admirer with a crystal cut goblet, one of half a dozen which belonged to the poet, and which was given to Mr Gracie, banker, Dumfries, by Mrs Burns.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald*, 16th October, 1895.

**AN INTERESTING RELIC—BURNS'S "WHISTLE."**— . . . Captain Cutlar-Fergusson, to whom the whistle has descended, was so charmed with the *clat* which the introduction of the whistle gave to the recitation that he has had a replica or *fac-simile* made and presented to Mr Kennedy in order that in illustrating the poem he may the better aid in the fulfilment of the prophesy—

"And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring."

—*Glasgow Evening News*, 23rd November, 1896.

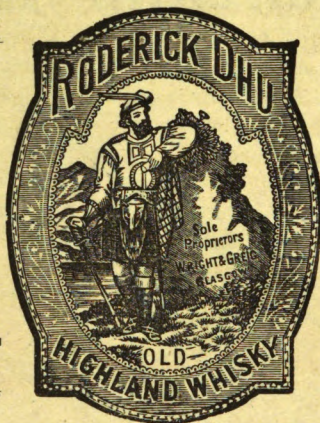
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**Burns Chronicle**  
AND  
**Club Directory.**

(INSTITUTED 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1891.)

Edited by **D. M'NAUGHT, Kilmaurs.**



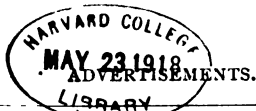
**CENTENARY**

No. VI.  
**January, 1897.**

**ISSUE.**

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## PREFACE.

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IN preparing the present issue of the *Chronicle*, the Editor was chiefly influenced by the consideration that the serial would be unfaithful to its mission if such an important event as the Centenary of the Poet's Death were allowed to pass without some attempt being made to preserve the main feature of the commemoration ceremonies, and the principal speeches the occasion called forth. The material collected for this purpose proved so bulky that the difficulty was to compress it within the limits of the *Chronicle*, and still preserve a due sense of proportion. The Editor hopes that what he has been able to accomplish may form, in some measure, the complement of "The Chronicle of the Hundredth Birthday" issued in the Centenary year of the Poet's Birth.

To his contributors he tenders his best thanks, and sincere regret that so much of the valuable material kindly placed at his disposal is necessarily held over till next year.

D. M'NAUGHT.

BENRIG,  
KILMAURS, 1st January, 1897.



*The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T.*



# BURNS CHRONICLE.



## THE THREE CENTENARIES OF BURNS.



THE perfervid enthusiasm of Scotsmen for their National Poet and everything pertaining to him is a perfect marvel to other nations. No country, either ancient or modern, affords a similar example of progressive fame, which, as yet, shows no sign of culmination, and to which every succeeding 25th of January seems to add a new impetus. Besides the annual strain put upon it, the wonderful hold of Burns upon the people of Scotland has been put to the test on three historical occasions—the centenary of his birth, the centenary of the publication of his poems, and the centenary of his death last July. It is now more than thirty-seven years since the first of these was celebrated, and there are many among us who were witnesses of the spontaneous and unanimous outburst of national feeling which then took place over the whole globe wherever a few Scotsmen could congregate. Nor was the enthusiasm confined to Scotland. Everywhere enlightened civilisation joined hands with Scotland in honouring the Poet of Humanity. Appropriately, the centre of the demonstration was Alloway and Ayr, the places most intimately connected with his birth and early associations. The function which took place at the “Cottage” was in every way worthy of the occasion; peer and peasant vied with each other in doing homage to the inspired ploughman; literature, art, and science flocked to the banks of Doon to hear his praises sung by the eloquent tongue of Hateley Waddell and the host of talent that supported him. Every nook and corner of the land did its best to express the national sentiment, and the result was a saturnalia of universal rejoicing without a parallel in the annals of literature, and equalled only by the enthusiastic proceedings at the Alloway Festival in August, 1844, which were presided over by the Earl of Eglinton,

and attended by Professor Wilson, Sheriff Alison, Sheriff Glassford Bell, William Ayton, and all the *litterati* of the period, as well as by the sons and other relatives of the Poet then living. At the laying of the foundation-stone of the Alloway Monument, by Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, on 25th January, 1820, the national sentiment was equally emphatic and pronounced in expression. In 1886, his birth to fame, through the publication of the first edition of his poems, was observed with as fervid though more circumscribed enthusiasm. Kilmarnock, as the town which stood sponsor at his literary baptism, was the centre of the movement, and the meetings which were held in the George Inn Hall and Corn Exchange will long be remembered as among the most successful and representative that have ever been convened in Ayrshire in honour of the Poet. The celebrations of the death which have recently taken place in Irvine, Ayr, Dumfries, Glasgow, Mauchline, Paisley, and Dunoon, prove conclusively that in no channel does the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* express itself so vigorously as in admiration for Burns. Dumfries, the guardian of the Mausoleum and custodier of the dust of the Poet, naturally occupied the premier place in the death commemorations, and perhaps no more impressive scene was ever witnessed than the reception of the memorial wreaths by Lord Rosebery. They came from every part of our own country, and from the uttermost ends of the earth, in such overwhelming numbers, that at the conclusion of the ceremony the space around the Mausoleum was one solid mass of flowers. Dumfries rose magnificently to the occasion, over 3000 persons being congregated in the Drill Hall to listen, in most seemly silence, to the eloquent sadness of the splendid requiem pronounced by Lord Rosebery. Glasgow, the metropolis of the West, found an appropriate outlet for her energetic hero-worship by getting together in her Art Institute a collection of personal and literary relics of the Poet hitherto unrivalled in its own particular walk. The multitude which greeted Lord Rosebery in St. Andrew's Hall, and listened to him with the rapt attention of devotees, is bound to convince the most sceptical that Burns is the foremost intellectual force of the age, equal, if not superior, in the essentials of moral influence to Shakespeare himself. The high-souled tribute which Lord Rosebery paid to the memory

of Scotia's Bard emphasised that fact. For the superior of that deliverance in appreciation, literary excellence, sober judgment, and all-absorbing sympathy, the record of Burns literature will be searched in vain. Only one other, and he a Scotsman also, has done Burns an equal measure of justice, leavened with the charity that thinketh no evil. The speech of Lord Rosebery, as a present-day essay on Burns characterised by originality, boldness, and sanity of thought, richly merits the most attentive study by all who desire to see Burns as he is, and not as the narrow-souled have represented him.



# THE CENTENARY OF LIFE— NOT DEATH.

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ROBERT BURNS, 21st JULY, 1896,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS DUNLOP,

BOOTLE.

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## I.

NOT thine, beloved Minstrel ! foremost, best  
Of all whom Love holds captive at her feet,  
Nor ours, the doleful mood, when thee we meet  
Where once thy mortal woes were laid to rest ;—  
With smiles we greet thee, a perennial guest  
In pure Affection's most familiar seat,  
Mellifluent Burns ! Nor yet too sweetly sweet,  
Not over-coy thy Muse, nor over-dress'd ;—  
With smiles, with evermore transcendent mirth,  
Thee, happy Bard ! most fortunate of men !  
On this proud day that hail'd thy better birth,  
Unnumber'd souls whom thou hast charm'd since then,  
And all those hundred years, a choral throng,  
Sing whilst they share thy heritage of song !

## II.

I who, long since, and in my native air,  
While yet a child, thy witching wood-notes found ;  
Whose sires beside thee toil'd and till'd the ground,  
And children to their children would declare  
*What bursts of human joy when Burns was there,*  
As at the evening hearth we gathered round,  
Or where the loom shot forth its clickering sound,—  
No breast so cold but would the rapture share,—

I knew thou would'st not scorn the little rill  
 With moist kiss making glad the moorland heath;  
 Nor would "wee modest flower" with crimson frill,  
 Thought I, be absent from thy floral wreath;  
 So this poor reed its tribute too would raise  
 While great ones yield their trumpet-blasts of praise!

## III.

None else but thee could win the world's great heart;  
 Not Homer, nor the polished Mantuan swain;  
 Nor he who tuned his lyre to endless pain;  
 Nor high surmounting Shakespeare far apart;  
 Nor mighty organ-peal of Milton's art;  
 Nor those Lake-showers of soul-refreshing rain,  
 Sir Galahad, and all the silken train  
 Of lady-lords: in college, kirk, and mart,  
 Thee have they crowned the worthiest of men  
 To draw all hearts as tho' they were but one,—  
 Like some frank maid in dewy hawthorn glen  
 So shall the world, while countless ages run,  
 Clasp thee with fonder arms—not asking why—  
 With ever-smiling cheek and tearful eye.

## IV.

Thy song a Benediction breathed on men  
 Who dare do right, and dare not but be free,—  
 That man to human-kind might human be;  
 Might spare the "timorous beastie's" lowly den,  
 And strike with truth-anointed sword or pen  
 Tyrant and rogue of mean or high degree,  
 And crook-knee'd hypocrite; oh! but for thee,  
 Thou fearless Voice, we soon had drooped again  
 Where only Flood might quench or fire consume;—  
 Well might False Faith revile thee, whilst the True  
 Thou summoned like a dead saint from the tomb,  
 In light and love to walk the earth anew,  
 Nor vainly cast, where'er her altars rise,  
 Fresh incense on the pure heart's sacrifice!



## v.

Thine was the martyr-soul, enrobed with flame  
 As Hebrew Psalmist was, that fervid King  
 On Ruin's verge who sat or could not sing,—  
 In depths of woe the ecstatic vision came,  
 While passion rent the heart and ruled the frame ;  
     Whose lyre, like thine, a sweeter note would bring  
     When Pain compelled and Sorrow swept the string ;  
 Thy kindred cross will ever link thy name  
 With his, who both beside the sheepfold grew ;—  
     Take, then, the pledge a thankful world bestows,  
 The cup of "auld acquaintance" ever new,  
     The same in Shepherd-Psalm that "overflows ;"  
 Long as thy laurels live, with his entwined,  
 Will Hope's great "haggis" reek for all mankind !

## vi.

Lone shepherds far away in southern seas  
 Enraptured are by Mailie's plaintive moan ;  
 By light of whaler's fire in frigid zone  
 Rides "Tam o' Shanter" madly through the breeze ;  
 Behold, our "Holy Willie" on his knees  
     In Syrian tent ; by sweet-voiced Mendelssohn  
     Wherever wind may blow is "cauld blast" blown ;  
 The "Jolly Beggars" in hilarious ease  
 Join "Holy Fair" beneath the Sphinx's nose ;  
     The "ae fond kiss" renewed on every shore ;  
 More wide than Amazon "sweet Afton" flows ;  
     The "banks and braes" are fresh for evermore ;  
 And strange new tongues the world has not yet heard  
 Shall sing thee "Auld Lang Syne," Immortal Bard !



# THE BURNS EXHIBITION.

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## OPENING CEREMONY.

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THE Exhibition in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts in commemoration of the Centenary of the death of Burns was formally opened on 15th July, 1896, at noon, by Mr. Andrew J. Kirkpatrick, president of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts and chairman of the Executive of the Exhibition. On the platform were Sir John Watson of Earnock, Mr. Robert Burns Begg (grand-nephew of the Poet), Mr. William Wallace, Councillors Primrose, Graham, and Sorley; Messrs. David Sneddon and W. Craibe Angus, honorary secretaries of the Exhibition; Mr. Robert Philps, honorary treasurer; Provost Mackay, Councillor Campbell, and Deacon Hunter, Kilmarnock; Dr. Hunter Selkirk; Mr. George Gray, Glasgow; Mr. Andrew Gibson, Belfast; Mr. W. A. Scott Mackirdy of Birkwood; Mr. Patrick S. Dunn, vice-chairman of the Executive; Mr. James Deas, C.E., Mr. Robert Brodie, Mr. Paul Rottenburg, Mr. James Deas, jun., Mr. Barrett, of the Mitchell Library; Mr. Gemmill, Mr. Henry Johnston, Mr. W. Freeland, Mr. Hyppolite Blanc, R.S.A. (Edinburgh); Mr. A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A., Mr. Wm. Young, R.S.W., Mr. Skirving, I.A., Mr. Hamilton Maxwell, I.A., Mr. Bonnar (Edinburgh), Mr. William Grimmond, Mr. Robert Walker, acting secretary, etc.

The CHAIRMAN explained that the Lord Provost, who had agreed to perform the ceremony of opening the Exhibition, had been unexpectedly called away from the city. Proceeding, the Chairman said—In 1859 the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated all over the world by enthusiastic meetings. This year, 1896, the centenary of his death will be commemorated. There will be gatherings again all over the world, wherever the people of these islands meet, to hold in remembrance the great National Poet of the world.

Statues will be unveiled to his memory, and to the memory of those associated with him in his life. Wreaths will be laid on his tomb at Dumfries, and many words will be spoken in his honour. This Exhibition, which we are now met to inaugurate, and of which the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery is

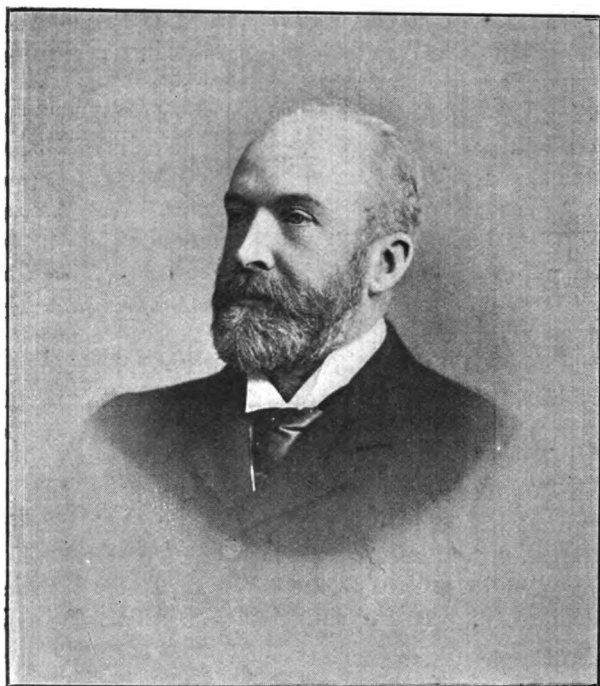


*Mr. Andrew J. Kirkpatrick, Chairman of Exhibition.*

president, was first thought of in 1891, and since then great preparations have been going on ; but the Burns Federation, in conjunction with the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, have carried the idea on to actual performance. Her Most Gracious Majesty has extended to it her patronage, and on our list of office-bearers are included many of the most distinguished names in the country in art and literature. This Exhibition is not a local but a national one. As Robert Burns lived most of his life in the West, it is fitting that this Exhibition should be held in the Western capital. We have received kindly and most ungrudging help from hosts of admirers all

over Scotland, England, Ireland, and America. The interest in everything connected with Robert Burns has gone on increasing, as is shown by the great value put upon every scrap that came from his pen, and because, I believe, more editions of his works have been called for than of any other book except the Bible. There have been 1000 editions (some in foreign languages) of his works published, and many of them are now worth more than their weight in gold. Very many of the editions are now here, and can be seen. I am justified in calling this Exhibition unique, for never before was such homage paid to a national bard. But Robert Burns's life was also unique. It was a life about which no biography or autobiography can tell us all we want to know. We want to get nearer to his life. We want to look on the scenes he lived among. We want to see his face and the faces of his friends. We want to see the books he read, to look at and probably to touch the things that surrounded him, so that we may try to find out how this man, who had to work with his own hands for his daily bread, became an undying poet, and appealed to hearts such as never other poet did. Here you will see much of what you want to see. You will see the mirror on which he saw his own face; and through the manuscripts covered with his own hand with his thoughts, as they rose unbidden from his heart, you will see into that very heart of his. Every admirer of Burns is sure to see something that will increase his enthusiasm. Before sitting down I think it is right that I should name some of the contributors to whom we are specially indebted. The names of individuals are too numerous to mention, and I shall only read the names of public bodies. These include the National Portrait Gallery, London; the Corporation of Glasgow, the University of Glasgow, the University of Edinburgh, the Mitchell Library, the Edinburgh Public Library, the Kilmar-nock Museum and Burns Club, the Paisley Burns Club, Greenock Burns Club, Irvine Burns Club, the Crichton Institution, and other public bodies in Dumfries; the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and Masonic Lodges in Tarbolton and elsewhere; the Chambers Institution, Peebles; the Corstorphine Burns Club, and our president, the Earl of Rosebery. I have now pleasure in declaring this Exhibition open, and I hope it will be a great success.

Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE said—I am not going to inflict a Burns oration upon you. It is not “the witching hour of night,” and even with the best appliances of science we cannot get the appropriate “blast o’ Januar’ win’.” The duty of celebrating and praising Burns in a proper way is to be



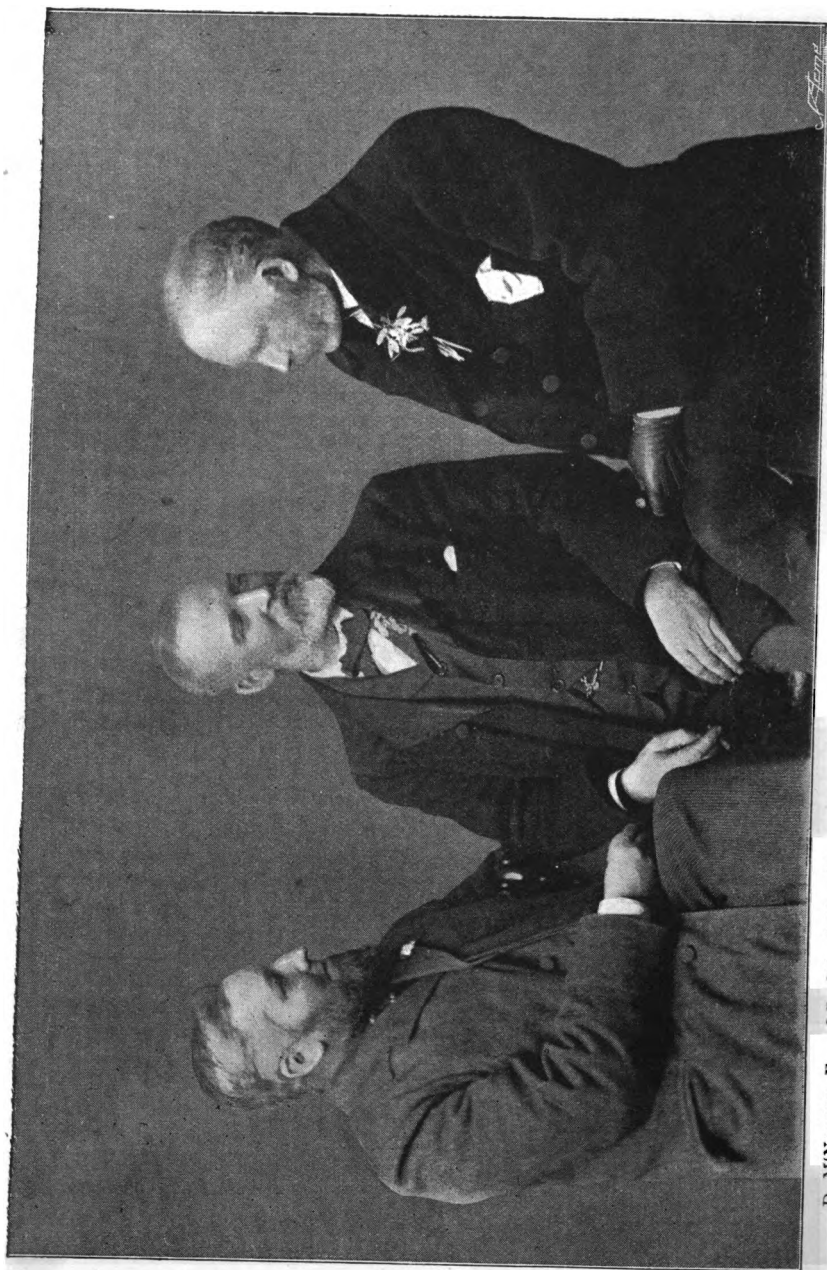
*Mr. William Wallace.*

done a few days hence by our worthy and noble president, the Earl of Rosebery. He has already proved himself to have a living and loving interest in Burns, and, therefore, he may be expected to perform that duty in a fashion worthy of it and of himself. Besides, it would be a gross impertinence for me to make any speech on Burns, because Burns is here all around us—he seems to speak to you—and he never had any middleman, or required any middleman, between him and the Scottish public. Therefore, what I would venture, in the most humble way, would be to try to advise you, if you need it, to get up—I don’t think it

needs to be got up—an enthusiasm for this Burns Exhibition. It is, I believe, as the chairman has said in his admirable remarks, absolutely unique. No other man has ever been able to inspire his countrymen, and not only his countrymen, but his cousins, our kinsmen across the sea, with an enthusiasm which could fill six galleries with portraits, manuscripts, and books all about him. It is the greatest phenomenon of a literary kind that the world has ever witnessed, so far as my knowledge goes, and of that we have every reason as Scotsmen to be proud. The fact is that Burns is the most magnetic personality the world has ever seen, and that is the reason why everything about him, every scrap from his pen, every ghastly caricature of his face even, is treasured as nothing of the kind has ever been before. Only yesterday there was sold a manuscript of “Holy Willie’s Prayer” for £119. It was bought, I am glad to say, by a Glasgow gentleman. That sum of £119 is very nearly six times what Burns cleared by his Kilmarnock edition, which brought him into fame. Well, this is, I believe, a thing that has never before been heard of. I should almost be afraid to make a calculation of the thousands of pounds the treasures here would bring if they were sold. Mr. Barrett is better able than I am to enlighten you on that point. We have cordially to thank the various private gentlemen, clubs, and associations the chairman has referred to for the comparative perfection of the Exhibition. I am sorry to say it is not quite perfect. It wants one or two portraits I would like to see here; and, if any present have influence in Edinburgh, I should wish them to use it to bring some of our friends there to their senses. The Board of Manufactures is a very worthy body—it certainly is composed of individuals each of whom is most estimable—but as a body I must say it has been a little stingy. I do not know what the reason of this is. Perhaps it is the loss of Leith. Perhaps it is the east wind, or a “haar” has come up from the coast. You know that even Burns himself felt that influence. “Chill penury” could not repress that noble rage; but the fogs of Edinburgh for a short time froze “the genial current” even of his soul.

“Last day my mind was in a bog,  
Down George’s Street I stoited;  
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog  
My very senses doited.”

B



D. McNAUGHT, Esq., J.P., Ed. of *Chronicle*.

CAPTAIN SNEDDON.

PROVOST MACKAY.

I think that fog has somehow survived to this day. In the genial months of July and August, however, it may lift. We have some very worthy friends in Edinburgh. Our speakers on the 21st are three Edinburgh men—Lord Rosebery, who has done everything in his power for us; Professor Masson, one of the best Scotsmen and lovers of Burns that ever lived; Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith, who has proved by being a poet himself that he is a disciple of Burns. I would ask these friends if they have any influence to help us to complete our collection by securing the two portraits that are awaiting. If not there is nothing for it but to send a battalion of the “wild west Whigs” of the modern school, headed by the Old Guard of Burns from Kilmarnock, to “inform them and storm them” that these portraits must be here. The portraits are of great value. But there is something more important than the portraits, and that is the manuscripts. I have said that Burns speaks to you here. Being dead he certainly speaks in these marvellous manuscripts, written, I should think, in the finest and boldest handwriting that ever literary man, or any man, ever wrote. Then we have the marvellous literature that has accumulated round the memory of Burns shown in these books. I believe I am right in saying that there is not room for them all in the cases at present. I asked a librarian in Edinburgh the other day if there was any personal literature at all comparable with it, and he said there was only one such literature, and that centred round our Scottish heroine, Queen Mary. It is very remarkable that the two greatest personal literatures in the world belong to Scotland. You can see all these things in the galleries. They speak for themselves, and therefore I need not speak of them or for them. But I may say one concluding word. Scotland has often been called by her friends in the South the knuckle-end of England. It may be, but it has never knuckled down to England. It has been conquered twice, and twice only, and by whom? By two great Scotsmen—John Knox and Robert Burns. John Knox conquered its head; Robert Burns conquered its heart. It is his heart that has filled these six galleries. He gave that heart and his life-blood for us, and the very least we can do is to show how our hearts feel towards him.

Provost M'KAY, Kilmarnock, said—I have been asked to undertake a very pleasant duty, and that is to move



a very cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Wallace for the very able address which he has just given to you, so full of humour, and good, solid sense. I am sure no one could have been asked who had greater ability to discharge the duty of giving an address on this occasion than Mr. Wallace. You know he has just been engaged in editing a life of the Poet, and that work, I believe, when issued—some of the volumes have already been issued—will stand second to none in the matter of Burns literature. He has written a sketch of the life of the Poet, and of all the scenes of Burns which are worth preserving. I am sure that we feel greatly indebted that Mr. Wallace should have to-day undertaken this duty of addressing you. In addition to the vote of thanks to Mr. Wallace, I have to ask you to give a vote of thanks to your chairman, Mr. Kirkpatrick, and I may say this, that unless it had been possible to secure a man of his influence in this great city, backed up as he has very well been by the Corporation of Glasgow, it would have been perfectly impossible for such an exhibition of treasures as are in this hall to come to this city. It is a unique collection, and I am sure the people of Scotland will take pride in it—pride in their National Poet, and pride in the fact that there has been a committee organised able and influential enough to secure these treasures from all quarters of the kingdom, and from the United States and the Colonies as well. I know the labours that Mr. Kirkpatrick has undertaken in connection with this Exhibition—they have been exceedingly arduous. He has had associated with him a most excellent executive council, who have spared no pains in order that the Exhibition should be worthy of our National Poet. You will agree to give them a hearty vote of thanks. I have to ask you, at the same time, to give a vote of thanks to the committee who have so assiduously, day by day, and week by week, for the last twelve months, been collecting these treasures. I am sure, speaking for Ayrshire—I think I can speak for Ayrshire—Ayrshire men are all considered to be Burns daft, but the mania is not confined to Ayrshire enthusiasts. It extends to our Colonies, to America, and, from every part of Scotland and England, I hope enthusiasts will come to spend many days in this Exhibition. I think, as one result from this Exhibition, we shall be able to procure a purer text of the Poet's work

than we have hitherto had. I believe the manuscripts will be carefully scrutinised by men like Mr. Wallace and others who are distinguished in the Burns cult, and that they will take advantage of them to verify any doubtful passages in the Poet's works.

The chairman and Mr. Wallace briefly acknowledged the vote of thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

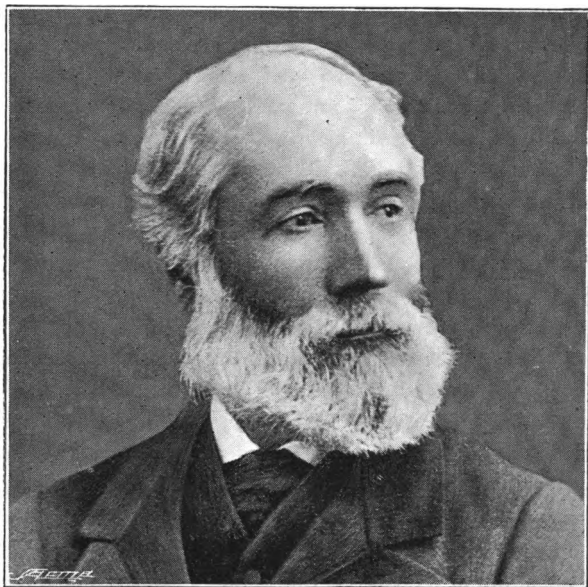
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## THE POET LAUREATE ON BURNS.

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### UNVEILING OF THE IRVINE STATUE.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, 18th July, the statue of Robert Burns, presented to the burgh of Irvine by Mr. John Spiers, of Glasgow, was unveiled by his daughter,



*Mr. Spiers.*

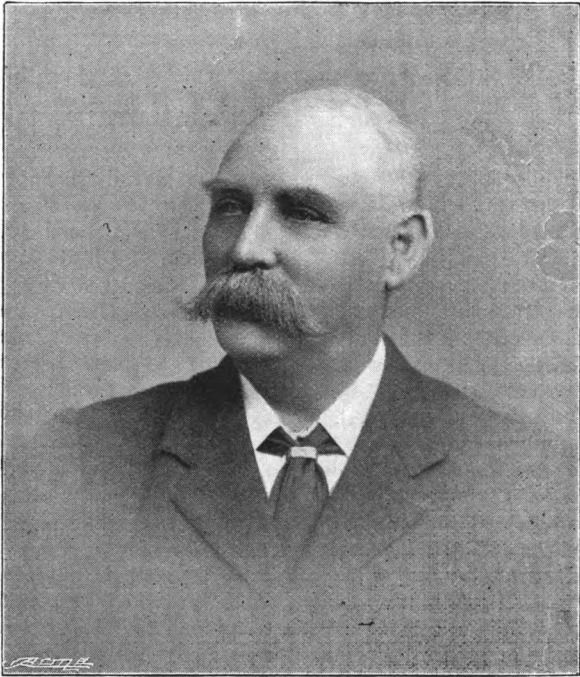
Mrs. George Spiers, and the inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate of England.

Throughout the burgh labour was generally suspended, the shops were closed, and the day was given up to festivity and rejoicing. Flags and bunting were shown from a number of the principal buildings and banners bearing inscriptions were displayed, the most prominent being the line, "We'll a' be proud o' Robin." There was a large influx of strangers by the early trains, members of numerous Burns Clubs in their representative capacity, Freemasons present to take part in the Masonic ceremony, and other visitors. The weather was somewhat gloomy, the sky being overcast by threatening clouds throughout the day, but happily no rain fell.

The proceedings began as early as nine o'clock, when the deserving poor and the old people of the town were entertained to breakfast in the Good Templars' Hall by Mr. John Spiers, the donor of the statue. Between twelve and one o'clock the Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and Statue Committee held a reception in the Town Hall for invited guests, and here luncheon was served. Meanwhile the public bodies who were to take part in the procession were assembling at their various rendezvous; the streets were filled with the blare of the multitudinous bands, and joy-bells rang from the church steeples. The school children, to whom a leading position had rightly been assigned, met at Bank Street School, and received, at the hands of Rev. Mr. Rankin, a medal, which bore the following inscription:—"In commemoration of the unveiling of the statue of the Poet Burns, presented by John Spiers, Esq., to the Burgh of Irvine, and inaugurated by Alfred Austin, Esq., Poet Laureate, 18th July, 1896." On the obverse is a representation of the statue surmounted by the name "Robert Burns," with the dates 1759-1796 on either side. The procession was arranged by Captain J. Bruce Kingsmill, R.A., and gradually converged on the Town House, in front of which a detachment of the 1st Ayr and Galloway Volunteer Artillery, under Captain Stuart, had been stationed as a guard of honour. Everything being in readiness, the procession marched off shortly after one o'clock.

The statue is erected on the banks of the River Irvine, on the northern part of the town moor, about half a mile from the centre of the burgh, and thither the procession passed by way of High Street, Eglinton Street, Burns Street, and Kilwinning Road. Before the last detachment had arrived, from 10,000

to 12,000 persons had assembled on the moor. For the reception of those appointed to take part in the ceremony a couple of platforms had been provided. On one to the right of the statue were Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. George Spiers (son-in-law of the donor), Mrs. Spiers, and Miss Spiers, with Provost Breckenridge, the members of the Town Council, Mr. Dickie,



*Provost Breckenridge, Irvine.*

the Town-Clerk, and the representatives of other public bodies. On the platform to their left were the Provincial Grand Master, H. R. Wallace, of Busbie and Cloncaird, and the members of the Provincial Grand Lodge. Among others within the enclosure were:—Lord Blythswood, Sir John Nelson Cuthbertson, Colonel Browne, commanding 21st Regimental District, Captain Grant, Colonel Dickie, Captain M'Hardy, R.N., Captain Sneddon, Sheriff Cowan, Mr. Pittendreigh M'Gillivray, Mr. Eugene Wason, Mr. Somervell, of Sorn; Provost Willock, Ayr; Provost M'Kay, Kilmarnock;

Mr. M'Naught, Kilmaurs; and other members of the Kilmar-nock Burns Club, with whom were Mr. W. Young, R.S.W., Glasgow; Mr. James Stewart, C.E., president of Auckland Burns Club; and Hon. William M'Cullough, M.L.A., specially representing New Zealand. The school children were stationed immediately behind, and on a platform on the right were the choir and instrumental band.

At the conclusion of the Masonic ceremony, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN delivered the inaugural address—

Mr. Provost, Mrs. Spiers, and townsmen of Irvine, when you invited me to participate in this ceremony, and to unveil the statue of Robert Burns, which you owe to the timely munificence of one of your fellow-citizens, your choice was determined, I can entertain no doubt, far more by the wish to pay respect to the ancient and distinguished office I have the honour to fill than from any estimate, however generous, of my personal claims on your regard. The wise ancients were fond of saying, "Call no man happy till he dies. I should like to supplement that sagacious aphorism by adding, "Call no man famous till he has been dead a hundred years." Long experience has shown that the judgment passed on public men by their contemporaries, though sometimes it may turn out to be sound, is not to be relied on until ratified by the dispassionate arbitrament of time. Burns has now undergone that ordeal. He has been dead one hundred years, and, it may safely be affirmed that he stands on a pinnacle of fame from which he will never be displaced. Now, in England, we all have the greatest admiration for Robert Burns. We read him, we study him, many of us know many of his poems by heart; but we know well that the feelings we entertain for Robert Burns are weak and pale compared with those felt for him in Scotland, more especially in this county of Ayr which had the honour of being his birthplace. With you it is a religion, with you it is a perfect passion; and, I confess, it was that that made me hesitate for a time whether I should come here in your midst to talk upon a subject about which you know so much more, and feel so much more deeply, than I can. I know that what recommends Robert Burns to your love is that he has expressed the sentiments, the passions that you all feel, and that in language that you can all understand. Other poets have been the favourite of cliques and classes; Burns is a universal favourite—he is the favourite of the whole world. And why is this? I believe it to have been because he had the good fortune to be born in a lowly station in life, therefore more near to our mother earth, and better apprehending the enduring passions of the human heart. We sometimes hear of the privileges of birth. Well, for my part, I know of no birth so privileged as that which places a man face to face with the facts of life, which leaves him the freedom of an unconventional mind such as Burns had, and which, moreover, prompts him to express his inward and outward experience in language uncontaminated and untrammelled by literary tradition. It is the greatest fault

of English poetry that it is too literary. When Burns was literary he was weak ; what he says loses all its power. When he speaks in his mother tongue he is to the manner born, carries everything before him, bears us along unresistingly, delighted, on the stream of his own unsophisticated song. Moreover, his sentiments are as unsophisticated as the language in which they are expressed. Whether it was the fascinating face of nature, the charms, the pangs, or the solace of love ; whether it was good fellowship or the duty of patriotism, the moral loftiness of lowly labour,



*Irvine Statue.*

the indefeasible dignity of man—these are the themes upon which Burns loves to dwell ; and, since they are the themes that appeal to every uncorrupted heart, they are the themes on which we love to muse while he

descants upon them. And now you have in this statue, on which I am sure you will look with pleasure, the embodiment of these sentiments. Men of Irvine, guard it as a sacred treasure, hand it down to your children as a priceless and untaxed inheritance. (Loud cheers.)

Mrs. George Spiers was then led forward by the sculptor, and, amid prolonged cheering, unveiled the statue. The conception embodied in the bronze is bold and unconventional. The Poet is represented as if pausing in a journey. His right foot is resting on a stone, and his right hand grasps the end of his plaid, which hangs behind him in graceful folds. His hair is tied behind in the fashion of the last century. The tail coat, long vest, knee-breeches, and thick stockings are copies of the dress actually worn by the class to which Burns belonged a hundred years ago. The statue looks to the south, facing the town, and can be seen from a long distance.

Provost BRECKENRIDGE, in accepting the statue, said that, in the words of the Poet Laureate, the Corporation of Irvine would regard it as a sacred treasure to be handed down to their children as a priceless inheritance. He spoke not only for the Corporation of the present, but for the Corporations of the future; and those who would fill the places of the present civic rulers would look with pride upon the statue, and would regard with feelings of gratitude the great generosity of Mr. Spiers, who had shown his great admiration and veneration for the Poet Burns, as well as his great affection for his native town, by presenting the statue which had been unveiled. (Applause.)

The choir then sang "Scots Wha Hae" to the accompaniment of the band; and the children gave a charming rendering of "Ye Banks and Braes," which brought the unveiling ceremony to a close.

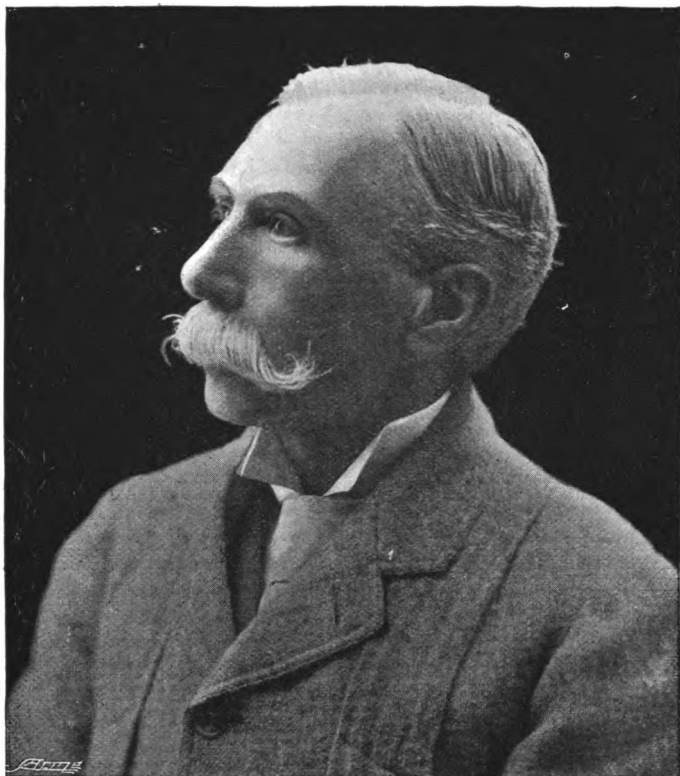
The freedom of the burgh was thereafter presented to Mr. John Spiers, the donor of the statue.

"Auld Lang Syne" was then sung by the choir, the band accompanying, and the vast concourse joining with one voice. The various bodies again fell into processional order, and the proceedings at the statue terminated. The procession returned to the burgh, and there dispersed.

At four o'clock a banquet took place in the Drill Hall, and was attended by a large company. The chair was occupied by Provost Breckenridge, who had on his right Mr. George Spiers, Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, Major H. R. Wallace, Mr. Pittendreich M'Gillivray, Sheriff Cowan, Rev. Henry Rankin, Captain M'Hardy, and Mr. John Smart, artist; and on his left Mr. Alfred Austin, Lord Blythwood, Colonel Browne, Colonel Grant, Mr. Patrick Warner, Mr. Robert Goudie, and Captain Kingsmill. The croupiers were Bailie Miller and Messrs. John Paterson and James J. J. Macnaughton. The company

also included—Rev. W. Lee Kerr, Deacon-Convener Mac-lachlan, ex-Provost Wright, Provost MacKay, Bailie Longmuir, ex-Provost Sturrock, Provost Young, Bailie Jack, Dean of Guild Jaffrey, ex-Provost Watt, Provost Smith, Mr. James Somervell, Mr. Robert Alexander, artist; Rev. John Syme, Provost Willock, and ex-Provost Armour.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been honoured,



*The Poet Laureate.*

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, who was received with cheers, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns."

Mr. Provost, my Lord, ladies and gentlemen, I can assure you it requires a good deal of courage in an undiluted Englishman like myself, no matter how eminent or how popular may be the office that he happens to fill, and



no matter how warm his reception may be—and the reception that you have given me will be always engraven on my heart—I say it requires an extraordinary amount of courage for an Englishman to come here before you and discourse upon Robert Burns. But, sir, it is your wish, it is the wish, I believe, of all of you that I should endeavour to do so, and, therefore, I obey that summons. All I will ask of you is that you will allow me to speak my thoughts and my sentiments on the subject with perfect candour. Now, I think it will at once be conceded that it is right and proper that Robert Burns should live before his countrymen in enduring marble, in imperishable bronze; and this monument we saw this morning will, I am sure, be imperishable. If that be right, then undoubtedly there can be no place more fitting and more becoming for a statue to be erected to his memory than in the town where in early life he experienced dire misfortune, but whence a few years later there proceeded a practical offer of assistance, happily rendered superfluous by the sudden dawning of his fame as a poet. But though no special apology is needed for the erection of a statue to Burns in the burgh of Irvine, will you bear with me if I say that it does sometimes strike Englishmen as strange, indeed almost unaccountable, that on coming to this orderly, disciplined, and God-fearing land, they should encounter so many monuments and memorials of its greatly gifted, but withal somewhat wayward and unchastened song-writer. For this I am perfectly sure there is an adequate reason, or I should not be here to-day. While you all love, cherish, and even venerate the name of Robert Burns, you do so because, no matter what may have been his practice and no matter what may have been sometimes his preaching, nevertheless in some one passage or other of his wonderful writings you come across the glorification of the very virtues, you find him extolling the very ideas of life and conduct which are at the root of the Scottish character. For if we who are born south of the Tweed have formed any just conception of the Scottish character, it is based upon the strong foundation of adamantine will, and Scottish ideals of life and conduct, including self-reverence, self-control, self-denial, and, above all, the sanctifying grace of domestic piety. Nevertheless, I say that whatever may be urged against Burns himself, probably with much exaggeration, you do find these things named, and glorified in his verse. You take up his volume, and you find that he dwells there upon the importance of life and of conduct. It is very often said by some people that Burns was merely a great song-writer. Now there could not be a more inadequate conception of his genius. Great song-writer undoubtedly he was, a song-writer of the very first rank, but he was, moreover, a shrewd philosopher and profound moralist. Gentlemen, you are a nation of moralists, and Burns is always moralising. You are very much addicted to philosophising, and the poetry of Burns is saturated with philosophy. Again, you consider that conduct and character are the most important things in life. Burns, again and again, in his poetry returns to the subject, and dwells upon the importance of right conduct, and upon the lamentable consequences that pursue those that deviate from it. Possibly some may suggest that the philosophy and the morality inculcated by Burns are insisted on every Sabbath Day in kirk, church, and chapel, and no doubt, to a large extent, that is true.

But, though the philosophy and morality of Burns may lack the elevating and commanding sanction of religion, they possess, at the same time, what is far more important—the great charm, the insinuating charm—of verse. There is, again, this difference, it seems to me, between the minister and the Poet—in a single stanza, very often in a single line, the Poet will embody and enshrine for you a moral truth, a domestic duty, or a social obligation which, when expatiated on in the pulpit, may furnish material on a Sabbath Day for a sermon of perhaps rather inordinate proportions. Moreover, the minister speaks to us, no doubt, rather from the vantage-ground of superiority—the Poet addresses you as equal to equal. He enters your home with his captivating voice, he sits down by your ingle nook, and makes his way straight to your heart. He is concise, he is musical, he is sympathetic, and he expresses himself in so magical a way that what he says at once attaches itself to your memory, and lingers there for ever. Now, this invaluable gift makes all of us grateful to the man who possesses it, and Burns possessed this gift in a most remarkable degree. Take, for instance, the most common, the most universal, and, therefore, the most important and most interesting of all obligations, the duty a man owes to wife and children. Well, preachers have dwelt upon it from time immemorial, nor will they surcease, as in duty bound, from insisting on this sacred and superior duty. But not all the pulpit orators that ever lived have done for it what Burns has done for it in lines with which every Scotch husband, every Scotch wife, and every Scotch child is as familiar as with the Lord's prayer :—

“ To make a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.”

Well, when a poet has once said a thing like that, and when an entire people has learnt the lines in which he says it, it is perfectly idle to attempt to displace him in our affection by telling us that he himself was not, perhaps, the best of husbands or the best of fathers. What does any one think to gain by indicating in Burns a certain social fidgetiness, a too marked eagerness for the society of the well-born and the prosperous, or by recalling that he combined with a desire for social distinction, as his brother Gilbert told us he did, a certain jealousy of persons whose rank and position in life were higher than his own. Every one of you has the answer ready, and you give it in the admirable words of the Poet himself—

“ If happiness hae not her seat,  
And centre in the breast:  
We may be wise or rich or great,  
But never can be blest.”

Indeed, the whole of that “ Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet,” is conceived in the same philosophic spirit, and could not have been written by Burns had he not been, what in many respects he was, a sort of rustic Horace. Whatever social weaknesses Burns may have had as a man, as a

poet he knew society through and through. He estimated it at its proper value, and he was well aware how, as Pope has said,

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

That was how it was put by Pope—Pope, the scholar, the wit, the classical friend of the Bolingbrokes and the Warburtons. But note how much more memorably and how much more imaginatively it is put by the Ayrshire Ploughman—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Again, I say, when a poet has stated a great rudimentary and permanent truth in so supreme and consummate a manner as that, in words which everyone can understand and everyone learn by heart, it is as idle as shooting shafts at the sun to ask us to give up loving Burns, worshipping Burns, and venerating Burns. It is because he has this supreme gift of expression that he states these elementary truths in so perfect a manner that you are devoted to his memory, that you cherish his memory, that you follow him through all the various passions of the human heart, and that you find that he is equally happy in giving expression to them all. We have now seen what he has to say of the domestic affections, and what he has to say of the social duties. But, gentlemen, there is another sphere perhaps still more important, and we must follow him there, though, of course, it is very delicate and treacherous ground. I say that when a man has stated radical truths in that manner it is perfectly idle to suppose that you will give up loving him because, as one cannot deny, he was as weak as water in the presence of your native beverage and of your native beauties. (Interruption.) Now, do not suppose—I sincerely hope the time will never come when it will be imputed as a fault of a poet to truly love "the lasses, O," nor when it will be considered unbecoming in him to stimulate his fancy in waters more potent than the waters of the Castalian fountain. But I am perfectly ready to grant and insist upon it that Burns was convivial to a fault, and that he loved them over much, or at anyrate that he loved them very much in the wrong sort of way. I am afraid that this does not meet with an echo in your breasts. At the same time I cannot help thinking that it is true. But Wordsworth, who, I think, wrote better and more wisely of Burns than any other man has done, said of him that he was a man who preached from the text of his own experience. That is why we find his sermons so impressive, and why for our lives we cannot help forgiving the preacher. Nevertheless to you, his countrymen, I would like to say, if you will allow me, I should like to say don't confuse the issue. Don't suppose for one moment that Burns does not stand in need of some forgiveness. Never for a moment imagine that his conduct always merits your admiration. Further, I ask of you not to give any countenance to the notion that the world was unjust to Burns. He himself has left on record that the world was very good to him. Above all, do not encourage the notion which has had far too much currency in our time, that the world is always unjust to

poets. On the contrary, the gibes of envy and the malice of partisans apart, which are as futile as they are fugitive, the world is not only just, it is singularly generous to poets, extending to them a peculiar form of affection, an exceptional amount of indulgence, which it withholds, I think, from all other men. And of this peculiar affection, this exceptional indulgence, Burns got the benefit, and still gets the benefit, perhaps, more than any other poet that ever lived. Therefore don't let us be unjust to the world, but do remember the famous passage in English literature where the recording angel is represented as dropping a tear upon the page and blotting out the record. We are all recording angels where Burns is concerned. Not all the saints in heaven have been so much loved as this flagrant sinner who so charmingly confesses his sins. Therefore I say we are all recording angels so far as Burns is concerned. He confesses his transgressions so fully, so frankly, so pathetically, that even in spite of ourselves we let fall upon the melodious confession the loving absolution of obliterating tears. Let us drink to the immortal memory of Burns. The toast was pledged amid loud applause.

Ex-PROVOST PATERSON proposed "The Health of Mr. John Spiers, the Donor of the Statute."

Mr. GEORGE SPIERS briefly acknowledged.

Sir John Cuthbertson gave "The Grand Master and Craft," the reply being by the Senior Grand Warden, Mr. Munro. Provost Armour followed with the toast of "The Sculptor," which was acknowledged by Mr. Macgillivray.

Rev. HENRY RANKIN proposed "The Poet Laureate." He said that Mr. Austin was best known as a poet, but he had won distinction in other spheres of literary labour. It was over 40 years since he took his degree, and that time had been busily used and amply filled. They found him war correspondent for one of the most important London newspapers, in a war of great magnitude, and in a time of great difficulty and danger. His views on many subjects were so valued that, by leaders in that newspaper, he was privileged to guide public opinion. That he could write prose as well as poetry was shown in two charming works—"The Garden that I Love," and "In Veronica's Garden." In Mr. Austin's poetry there is the stamp of truth when he sings of Nature. Here was one great affinity between him and Burns. Of him they might say what Carlyle said of his great predecessor in the Laureateship—"He is always true when he sings of Nature; he knows her well." (Applause.)

Mr. AUSTIN, who was greeted with loud applause, said he had already observed that it would be extremely difficult before such an audience—before an audience so critical and enthusiastic—to speak becomingly and well of Burns. Still more difficult was it to speak becomingly of one's self. He had listened to Mr. Rankin's speech with more generosity than sense of justice, but he was thankful to him for all he had said. More than once it had been observed to him that day that he had come a long distance to be present at the unveiling of a statue to the memory of Burns. He could assure them he would go ten times the distance to witness the enthusiasm of such an audience for their National Poet. He could assure them it was not their habit in England to make so much of poetry as in

Scotland. Young ladies sometimes wrote for autographs, and ladies of doubtful years were most generous in their praise of poets—(laughter)—but the Scottish people were the only people in the world who had as their hero—whose national hero was—a Poet. Other nations had for heroes poets, statesmen, or politicians, but Burns was in Scotland the national hero. Burns was the King of Scotland. (Loud and continuous cheering.) He sometimes asked himself how that was, and he had come to think that it was because in England poets were very much too respectable. (Great laughter.) He did not think the world ever became thoroughly enamoured of respectability, and the English poets were perhaps much too sedate and domesticated. He could assure them that the poets in England were the best of husbands and the best of fathers. (A voice—"Question.") He could assure them that it was so, and if he had been a younger man he thought he would have turned over a new leaf. He would have loved the lasses a great deal more, and would have been ten times more convivial than ever he had been in the hottest days of his life. (Laughter.) Seriously, however, he might say that, great as his admiration was for Burns, his admiration for the Scottish people in their admiration for Burns was greater still. What did Shakespeare say—"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The Scottish people had done the very reverse of that to Burns. The evil he did was buried with his bones—the good he did lived after him. (Applause.) It was worth coming all the distance he had come to see the love they had for Burns. They were, he observed, going to play "Will ye no' come back again?" Indeed he would. (Applause and waving of handkerchiefs.)

The other toasts were—"Burns Clubs," by Mr. Andross, coupled with the health of Mr. John Smart, R.S.A.; "The Statue Committee," by ex-Provost Goudie, of Ayr, replied to by the Chairman; "The Chairman," by Provost Mackay, of Kilmarnock; and "The Croupiers," by Mr. Alex. Gilmour, to which toast Bailie Miller replied.

## KILMARNOCK.

KILMARNOCK BURNS CLUB. — On Tuesday morning, 21st July, at eight o'clock, before leaving by train to take part in the demonstration at Dumfries, the office-bearers of Kilmarnock Burns Club proceeded to the Kay Park, and paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the Poet by depositing a magnificent wreath of holly and daisies upon his statue. Though the morning was wet, a goodly number of townspeople assembled round the

monument to witness the interesting ceremony. Among those on the balcony were—Provost Mackay ; Mr. John Kerr, B.L., vice-president of the Burns Club ; Captain David Sneddon ; Drs. Rankin and Lawrie ; Mr. William M'Menan, B.A. ; Mr. D. M'Naught, editor of the *Burns Chronicle* ; ex-Bailie John Baird ; Mr. George Dunlop, of the *Standard* ; Mr. Alexander Davidson, secretary of the Burns Club ; Mr. R. Armstrong ; Mr. Adam Mackay ; Mr. Lamb, Dundee, etc.

Provost MACKAY said he thought no better mark of the enthusiasm which they had for our National Poet could be found than in the large number of ladies and gentlemen who had come there on that rather raw and inclement morning to witness the very simple ceremony of the laying of a wreath upon the Burns Statue. In the absence of the president of the Burns Club, he asked Mr. Kerr, the vice-president, to place the wreath around the neck of the statue of the Poet.

Mr. KERR, who was received with applause, said—

I have to congratulate the sons of "Auld Killie" that they still number themselves among the friends of Burns. It is possible that we may be twitted with the modest way in which we have shown our friendship and love of the memory of Burns on this occasion, but I am persuaded that the imperishable light of the poetry of Burns, which first shed its rays in "Auld Killie," still is undiminished, and that, as the town has grown in the past 100 years from village life to its present city-like proportions, so has that light increased in breadth and intensity. (Applause.) It is right that the centenary of the Poet's death should be celebrated with parade at the places of his birth and his death, and that Mauchline and Irvine should be allowed to give their memorials to his memory, and that we should participate in these. It is also to be remembered that the death centenary celebration properly falls to be performed at Dumfries, where some of us are now going. It is my duty on your behalf to place this wreath on the statue of Robert Burns. (Mr. Kerr here ascended a ladder and adorned the statue amid loud applause.)

Mr. LAMB then stepped forward and deposited a beautiful wreath on the pedestal of the statue, as a tribute from the Dundee Burns Society.

Captain SNEDDON read an address which had been forwarded from the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto, Canada. (This address was also read at other demonstrations, and later on found a place in the Glasgow Exhibition. It is very beautifully illuminated.)

Ex-Bailie BAIRD moved a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Kerr and to Mr. Lamb, and thereafter the proceedings terminated.

## VISIT OF BURNS'S DESCENDANTS TO KILMARNOCK.

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On Friday, 24th July, in company with Mr. J. Leiper Gemmill, president of the Glasgow Mauchline Society, whose guests they had been during the previous week, Miss Annie B.



*Miss Annie B. Burns.*

Burns and Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, granddaughter and great-grand-daughter of Robert Burns, and their relative, General Warren Walker, paid a visit to Kilmarnock, and spent some time in viewing the places of interest connected with the Poet. They were received by Provost Mackay,

at whose invitation they were also met by Provost Breckenridge, Mrs. Breckenridge, and Mr. James Dickie, town-clerk, Irvine; Mr. William Middlemas, town-clerk, Kilmarnock; Mr. John Kerr, B.L., solicitor, vice-president of the Kilmarnock Burns Club; Captain David Sneddon, Mr. D. M'Naught, J.P., Kilmaurs, editor of the *Burns Chronicle*; Mr. James M. Mackay, artist, Edinburgh; and Mr. G. Dunlop, editor of the *Kilmarnock Standard*. The party drove from the George Hotel through the principal thoroughfares to the Burns Monument, pausing by the way to take a look at the Laigh Kirk and



*Miss M. C. Burns Hutchinson.*

its historic burying-ground, more especially the memorials of Dr. M'Kinlay, Tam Samson, and other contemporaries of Burns. Opportunity was taken by the visitors to inscribe their names in the book which has lately been provided for this purpose in the vestry. The premises where Burns's Poems



were first printed were also inspected, and among the houses pointed out as identified with the Poet were Begbie's hostelry (the "Angel"), and the residence of Tam Samson in London Road. At the Monument the party were photographed by the Messrs. M'Gregor, the group being formed on the staircase, with the statue as a background, still bearing the wreaths placed upon it on the Centenary Day. They were afterwards entertained by the Provost to luncheon in the George Hotel, and in the afternoon the relatives of the Poet proceeded to Ayr and Alloway, returning to Glasgow in the evening. They expressed themselves as greatly delighted with their visit to Kilmarnock, and with the kind and graceful reception accorded them at the hands of the Provost.

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## ROBERT BURNS, 1796—1896.

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To thee, the peasant Bard, sublime  
 Of every age and every clime,  
     Give forth a meed of praise.  
 Let Scotland's sons, where'er they be,  
 At home, or o'er the distant sea,  
     Their adorations raise.

To thee, who roused in patriot strains,  
 A fire that slumbered in our veins,  
     And fanned it into flames;  
 Gave to the world its sweetest song,  
 In praise of right, in scorn of wrong,  
     Shower honours on his name.

A gem of priceless value made,  
 Reared in adversity's cold shade ;  
     Tho' at thee darts were hurled,  
 Yet still thy genius highest towers,  
 Not only in this land of ours,  
     But over all the world.

—JOHN DRAKE,  
*Glasgow.*

## DUMFRIES.

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### THE CEREMONY AT THE MAUSOLEUM.

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**A**MONG the numberless demonstrations in commemoration of the death of Burns none surpassed in importance and significance that which took place, on 21st July, at Dumfries. From all parts of the United Kingdom, from America, the Colonies, indeed, from wherever the British tongue is spoken, memorial wreathes, votive offerings, tributes of reverence and affection were brought by specially-appointed deputations, and laid by the hands of the Earl of Rosebery on the grave of the Poet in the Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard. For the occasion the most elaborate arrangements had been made, all classes of the community seeming to vie with each other in their desire that the demonstration should be in every way worthy of the event. The streets of the burgh were profusely decorated, and a procession had been organised which, in the magnitude of its proportions, excelled anything ever seen in the burgh. Labour was entirely suspended, the occurrence of the annual holiday setting the entire population at liberty to take part in or witness the demonstration. All over the southern counties the celebration excited intense interest, and there was a great influx of strangers. By nine o'clock the principal streets were densely crowded, and shortly afterwards people began to take up positions to witness the progress of the procession. The weather, so important an element in all outdoor spectacles, was, unhappily, not wholly propitious. Heavy clouds overcast throughout the forenoon, and before the procession had traversed more than half the appointed route rain fell in torrents, continuing for more than an hour. Fortunately, before it began, the

imposing ceremony at the Mausoleum had been brought to a close.

All along the route of procession, which extended for a distance of fully two miles, the streets were lined with Venetian masts. At half their height trophies of flags resting on shields were placed, and between the masts were carried double festoons of evergreens, while at salient points along the route scrolls bearing appropriate inscriptions were thrown across the streets.

It is impossible to do more than indicate the character of the mottoes which chiefly found favour. With a few exceptions, they were all taken from the works of the Poet. One of the most striking was the remark made by the Poet to his wife, "I'll be more thought of, Jean, a hundred years after I am dead;" another by the side of St. Michael's Church ran "Such graves as his are pilgrims' shrines;" and in more than one place was displayed, "We'll a' be proud o' Robin;" and again "We hail an honest man." The house in which the Poet died in Burns Street was elaborately decorated. The whole front of the house was wreathed in evergreens and flowers, and on either side of the door were huge Scotch thistles, the inscription on the house being surrounded by evergreens, while above were a couple of laurel crowns. Along the front of the house was the scroll, "All hail! my own inspired Bard," while on either side of the window of the room in which the Poet is said to have died was a banneret showing a harp. On the front of the Industrial School and immediately to the south there is a niche containing a bust of Burns, and this was crowned with laurel. On another house in Bank Street was to be seen a plate bearing the inscription, "Robert Burns, the National Poet, lived in this house with his family on coming to Dumfries from Ellisland in 1791," and this, too, was ornamented with evergreens and flowers.

As early as nine o'clock the people who were to take part in the procession began to find their way to the several rendezvous. All the arrangements made by the executive were admirably fitted to secure order and prevent confusion. At the Whitesands spaces for the different bodies were marked off, and as each arrived on the ground it was shown to its position by the marshal in charge of the section. The route along New Bridge Street and Buccleuch Street was kept by a detachment

of the Glasgow Police. The following was the order of the procession :—

Four mounted officers.

K.O.S.B. Militia Band.

Town Council of Dumfries, Town Council of Maxwelltown, Dumfries Burns Club, American Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies, Scottish Burns Clubs, English Burns Clubs, Irish Burns Clubs.

Dumfries Volunteer Pipe Band.

Freemasons of Dumfries and Galloway and Cumberland.

Militia Band.

Dumfries Volunteer Brass Band.

Smiths, Bellhangers, and Fire Brigade, Tailors, Painters, and

Dumfries Foundry.

Dumfries Town Band.

Stockingmakers, Plumbers, and Oddfellows (Robbie Burns Lodge).

Militia Pipe Band.

Fleshers and Vanmen.

Wigtown Band.

Foresters and Independent United Order of Scottish Mechanics.

Dalbeattie Town Band.

Operative Masons.

Industrial School Pipe Band.

Ploughmen and Shepherds, Dumfries Tanneries' Company and

Shoemakers.

Maxwelltown Volunteer Band.

Rosefield Mills.

Sanquhar Volunteer Band.

Slaters, Gardeners, Locharbriggs Quarrymen, Dairywomen and

Dairymaids, and Carters.

Newton-Stewart Town, headed by its band ; Lockerbie Town, headed by its band ; Annan Town, headed by two bands ; Kirkcudbright, headed by its band ; Sanquhar, New Galloway ; Stranraer Town, headed by its band ; Dalbeattie Town, headed by its band ; and Castle-Douglas Town, headed by its band.

The names of the various Burns Clubs represented in the procession were :—

*Scottish*—Dumfries Club, Dumfries Howff Club, Dumfries Mechanics' Club, Dumfries Bazaar Club, Dumfries Old Cronies' Club, Maxwelltown Brig-En' Club.

*Federated Clubs*—Alexandria, Alloa, Beith, Cumnock, Cupar, Dollar, Dumbarton, Dundee, Edinburgh, Forfar, Glasgow Royalty, Glasgow Bridgeton, Glasgow Rosebery, Glasgow Carlton, Glasgow Sandford, Glasgow Springburn, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Mauchline Jolly Beggars, Muirkirk Lapraik, Musselburgh, Paisley, Perth, Perth St. Johnstone, and Thornliebank.

*Non-federated Clubs*—Abington, Alyth, Ayr, Bannockburn, Barns of Clyde, Lanark, Langholm, Larkhall, Belhaven (Wishaw), Brechin, Burnt-island Locomotive, Carrick, Carstairs Junction, Coatbridge, Coatbridge

North End, Corstorphine, Coupar-Angus, Dalkeith, Denny, Dennyloanhead, Duns, Edinburgh Ninety, Edinburgh South, Hamilton, Hawick, Irvine, Leith, Lenzie, Leslie, Linlithgow, Newton-Stewart, Peterhead, Pitlochry, Pollokshaws, Portobello, Renfrew, Sanquhar Black Joan, Stow, Tobermory, Uphall, and Wigtownshire.

*English Federated Clubs*—Blackburn, Bolton, Carlisle, Chesterfield, Derby, Liverpool, London, Warwickshire, Wigan, and Wolverhampton.

*Non-federated Clubs*—Ashington, Birmingham Scottish Society, Birmingham Association, London Galloway Association, Longtown, Newcastle and Tyneside, Bristol, Crook, Hexham, Hull, Lancaster, Leeds Caledonian Society, Leeds Scottish Club, Newcastle Borderers' Association, North Shields Caledonian Association, Southampton, and Whitehaven.

*Irish*—Belfast (Federated) and Belfast St. Andrew Society.

*American and Colonial* (represented by delegates or wreaths)—Rochester Ladies' Club, New York; Waverley Society, Dayton, Ohio; Philadelphia Cronies, St. Andrew Society of Philadelphia, Philadelphia Burns Statue Association, Philadelphia Tam o' Shanter Club, Albany Burns Club, Albany St. Andrew's Society, Albany Caledonian Club, Troy Caledonian Club, Sons of Scotia, Cohoes, New York; Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey; San Angelo Caledonian Society, Texas; Clan Stewart Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba; St. Andrew's Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba; Scottish Clans of Manitoba, Clan Mackenzie, St. John, New Brunswick; Highland Society of New South Wales (Bathurst Branch), Auckland Burns Club, New Zealand; Dunedin Burns Club, New Zealand; Thames Burns Club, Auckland, New Zealand; and Caledonian Societies of South Australia, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Perth.

The route of the procession was from Whitesands, by Buccleuch Street, Castle Street, High Street, St. Michael Street, Glebe Street, Broom Road, Queen Street, English Street, Lovers' Walk, Rae Street, Catherine Street, Academy Street, Irving Street, George Street, and Charlotte Street. It was not till twenty minutes past eleven that everything was ready, and, at a signal from the chief-marshal, the procession started on its way. In all there would be between 3000 and 4000 people in the line, with somewhere like seventy or eighty carriages, vans, and lorries; and some idea of the space it occupied may be gathered from the fact that it took almost an hour to pass a given point.

Lord Rosebery, and the company who have been the guests of Sir Robert Reid, left Woodbank at eleven o'clock, and drove through the function of the day. In the first carriage were Lord Rosebery, Sir Robert and Lady Reid. The second carriage contained Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson (Daisy), third daughter of Mrs.

Hutchinson, Cheltenham, and great-grand-daughter of the Poet; Mrs. Harley Maxwell, Dumfries (lately of Portrack), an early friend of Mrs. Hutchinson; and General Walker, a friend of the family. The occupants of the third carriage were Mrs. Burns Thomas, Martinstown, County Wexford, grand-daughter of the Poet's eldest son, Robert; Mr. R. Burns Begg, grandson of Isobel Burns, the youngest sister of the Poet, and Mrs. Burns Begg; and Mrs. Hawken, Manchester, grand-niece of Mrs. Burns. In the fourth carriage were Sir James Crichton Browne, Rev. Dr. Lorimer, Boston; Sheriff Vary Campbell, and Mr. A. C. Trevor, Comptroller of Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. Miss Fleming and Mr. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., had places in the fifth carriage. The procession closed with a carriage containing Mr. Philip Sulley, hon. secretary of the Executive; Mr. James Smith, hon. treasurer; Mr. Jonathan E. Blacklock, secretary for the conversazione; and Mr. H. Symons, secretary for the essay and other competitions. At the entrance to the churchyard the party were received by the stewards in attendance, namely, Mr. John Clark, Mr. John Primrose, Mr. J. Leitch, Mr. Wm. Maxwell, Mr. Wm. Gordon, and Mr. Wm. Moodie. The route from the gateway to the Mausoleum, which was by the southern pathway, was lined by a detachment of 100 men of the King's Own Borderers, under the command of Captain Sir A. D. Grierson. But little had been done in the way of decoration of the chaste proportions of the Mausoleum. The entrance and pediments were entwined with festoons of flowers and evergreens, the Ionic pillars at the corners were encircled with wreaths, the spaces at the base being draped in crimson relieved with flowers, the steps leading to the interior being also laid with crimson cloth. On either side of the entrance low platforms draped in crimson had been erected, on which were placed, as they were received, the memorial wreaths. To the left of the monument a platform had been erected for the reception of specially invited visitors, and among those here assembled, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen who had come with Lord Rosebery, were Mr. Robinson Souttar, M.P. for the county; Mr. M'Call, Caitloch; Captain Cuttar Ferguson, of Craigdarroch; Mr. W. B. Jardine, of Castlemilk; Mr. and Mrs. M'Gowan, of Ellangowan; Mr. James Crichton, Mr. Saunders, Rosebank; Mr. William Craig, Laurel Bank;

Provost Mackay, Mr. James Ewing, Enterkin; Captain Sneddon, Mr. M'Naught, and others.

Lord Rosebery, with whom was Lady Reid, was received on his arrival with loud cheers. He had brought as his tribute to the memory of the Poet a magnificent wreath of choice exotics, and, reverently uncovering, he entered the tomb and laid it upon the grave. Next came forward Mrs. Thomas, the grand-daughter of the eldest son of the Poet. Not robust, but still apparently with a considerable amount of bodily vigour, she was conducted by the noble Lord within the edifice, and likewise laid on the grave a wreath of choice flowers, Miss Burns and Miss Hutchinson, of Cheltenham, depositing a third wreath within the tomb. Following in order of their arrival came the Town Council of Dumfries, Provost Glover, in his robes, bearing a wreath which received a place of honour on the steps leading to the entrance. Then in rapid succession came deputations from the various Burns Clubs, corporate and other public bodies, trade representatives, and others who took part in the procession, who fell out as they reached the churchyard entrance. Lord Rosebery, who had beside him during the remainder of the ceremony the Provost of the Burgh, and Mr. John Clark, a prominent member of the Dumfries Burns Club, received the memorials from the hands of the deputation, and deposited them on the platforms prepared for their reception immediately in front of the Mausoleum. The names of the different bodies were announced as they advanced by Mr. Dinwoodie, the secretary of the Arrangements Committee, and the deputations withdrew by the eastern entrance into Broom Road. Altogether, wreaths or other memorials were presented by about 120 different bodies, many of rare beauty, and all of exceeding interest. Naturally, the deputations from abroad had a very cordial reception. One of the first of these was from the Caledonian Society, Indiana, who sent a very beautiful wreath. Another wreath of choice exotics came from the Caledonian Society, Johannesburg. The Caledonian National Society, Melbourne, was represented by Mr. Theodore Napier, Victoria, Melbourne, a picturesque figure in the garb of a Highland chief, who brought a wreath composed of Australian heaths. From Newark, New Jersey, came a shield with inscription, the whole in everlasting flowers. The

Highland Society of New South Wales despatched a magnificent wreath of Australian flowers packed in ice, but in consequence of a series of misadventures it did not arrive in time. From America came numerous wreaths and other tributes. Specially interesting was one brought by the deputation from the Pennsylvania Tam o' Shanter Society. It was composed of laurel and holly from the grave of Walt Whitman. The wreath brought by the Glasgow Mauchline Burns Club was composed of holly and daises grown on the farm of Mossgiel, and was the handiwork of a daughter of Colonel Glencairn Burns. Another notable wreath was that sent by the representatives of the Kincardine branch of the Burns family. By the time the whole of the wreaths had been received the space within the enclosure in front of the Mausoleum was completely covered with the rarest flowers in the richest bloom, and the air was laden with their sweet perfume. The ceremony at the Mausoleum occupied upwards of an hour, and at the close a vote of thanks was passed, on the motion of Provost Glover, to the members of the Burns Clubs, to Sir Robert Reid, and to all who had been concerned in carrying out the demonstration. Lord Rosebery and the other guests of Sir Robert Reid then returned to Woodbank, his Lordship being again heartily cheered during his progress through the streets.

At one o'clock a public luncheon took place in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. Provost Glover presided, and there were also on the platform the Mayor of Carlisle, Mr. Eugene Wason, Mr. Forrest Macnee, of the New York Scottish Society; Provost M'Creath, Girvan; Mr. A. Robertson, Carrick Burns Club; Mr. W. A. Dinwiddie, Mr. T. K. Newbigging, etc. After luncheon,

The Chairman proposed "The Deputations," in a concise and eloquent speech; Mr. Forrest Macnee replied on behalf of the New York Scottish Society; the Mayor of Carlisle for the Clubs over the Border; Mr. Stewart, president of the Belfast Burns Club, on behalf of the Irish delegates; and Provost M'Kay, Kilmarnock, for the visiting clubs of Scotland.

The oration was delivered by Lord Rosebery in the Drill Hall, New Hall Terrace. The building, which has accommodation for about 4500 persons, was filled to overflowing. Lord



Rosebery, who, on entering, was received with loud applause, was accompanied by Sir Thomas Reid, M.P., and Lady Reid; Mrs. Burns Thomas, Wexford; Miss Burns, and Miss Hutchinson, Cheltenham; Mr. Robinson Souttar, M.P.; the Provosts of Dumfries, Maxwelltown, Annan, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Girvan, and a large number of the members of the deputations from Burns Societies in all parts of the world.



*Provost Glover.*

LORD ROSEBERY, on taking the chair, said that Sir Robert Reid had a communication to make from Mr. Arthur James Balfour.

SIR ROBERT, rising, said he had a verbal message which Mr. Balfour asked him to deliver to the people of Dumfries. He wished him to say how extremely anxious he was to be present on this memorable occasion, and that nothing but the pressure of business, the reality of which he (Sir Robert) well knew, would have prevented him. Mr. Balfour asked

him to convey this message, which he did with the expression of the great regret, which he believed they all felt, that he was unable to be present. (Cheers.)

The Secretary intimated letters of apology from the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Harris, the Earl of Stair, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Charles Dalrymple, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Bayard, who regretted his unavoidable absence, "for he said the general heart of man will respond all round the world to the voice of his Motherland by doing honour to the genius of her wonderful son." (Loud cheers.) He had also cable greetings from Scots in the Channel Islands; the Caledonian Societies of Hobart and Launceston, Tasmania; the Caledonian Society, Lancaster, America; the Caledonian Club, Stanton, Penn., U.S.A.; from Hobart Scotsmen, from the United Caledonian Societies of South Australia, and from Lord Lamington, Governor of South Australia. Mr. Arthur Balfour had supplemented his message by Sir Robert Reid with the following letter:—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W.,  
18th July, 1896.

My Dear Provost,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I see my chances of being with you next Tuesday at Dumfries rapidly diminishing. Even if my doctor would permit me to undertake the double journey in twenty-four hours, which, I fear, after my recent attack, he would not, the questions connected with Parliamentary business, which may arise on Tuesday and Wednesday, are too critical to permit me to absent myself on those days.

I had so looked forward to being present at the demonstration in honour of our National Poet, and I am so deeply touched by the kind and pressing invitation which you and your colleagues were good enough to convey to me, that my enforced absence from Dumfries causes me bitter disappointment. Nothing, I can assure you, but absolute necessity would have kept me from Scotland at such a moment.—Believe me, yours very truly,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Lord ROSEBERY, who was received with prolonged cheering, then said—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I come here as a loyal burghess of Dumfries to do honour to the greatest burghess of Dumfries. You, Mr. Provost, have laid upon me a great distinction but a great burden. Your most illustrious burghess obtained privileges for his children in respect of his

burgess-ship, but you impose on your youngest burgess an honour that might well break anybody's back—that of attempting to do justice in any shape or fashion to the hero of to-day's ceremony. But we, citizens of Dumfries, have a special claim to be considered on this day. We are surrounded by the choicest and the most sacred haunts of the Poet. You have in this town the house in which he died, the "Globe," where we could have wished that some phonograph had then existed which could have communicated to us some of his wise and witty wayward talk. You have the street commemorated in M'Culloch's tragic anecdote when Burns was shunned by his former friends, and you have the paths by the Nith which are associated with some of his greatest work. You have near you the room in which the whistle was contended for, and in which, if mere legend is to be trusted, the immortal Dr. Gregory was summoned to administer his first powders to the survivors of the memorable feast. You have the stockyard in which, lying on his back and contemplating—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,"

he wrote the lines to "Mary in Heaven," perhaps the most pathetic of his poems. You have near you the walk by the river, where, in his transport, he passed his wife and children without seeing them, "his brow flushed and his eyes shining" with the lustre of "Tam o' Shanter." "I wish you had but seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." That is why we are in Dumfries to-day. We come to honour Burns among these immortal haunts of his. But it is not in Dumfries alone that he is commemorated to-day; for all Scotland will pay her tribute. And this, surely, is but right. Mankind owes him a general debt. But the debt of Scotland is special. For Burns exalted our race, he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue. Before his time we had for a long period been scarcely recognised, we had been falling out of the recollection of the world. From the time of the union of the crowns, and still more from the time of the legislative union, Scotland had lapsed into obscurity. Except for an occasional riot or a Jacobite rising her existence was almost forgotten. She had, indeed, her Robertsons and her Humes writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discoverable in their works; indeed, every flavour of national idiom was carefully excluded. The Scottish dialect, as Burns called it, was in danger of perishing. Burns seemed at this juncture to start to his feet and re-assert Scotland's claim to national existence; his Scottish notes rang through the world, he preserved the Scottish language for ever; for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his songs and poems are enshrined. That is a part of Scotland's debt to Burns. But this is much more than a Scottish demonstration; it is a collection of representatives from all quarters of the globe to own a common allegiance and a common faith. It is not only Scotsmen honouring the greatest of Scotsmen—we stretch far beyond a kingdom or a race—we are rather a sort of poetical Mahommedans gathered at a sort of poetical Mecca, and yet we are assembled in our high enthusiasm under circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical. For with all the appearance of

joy we celebrate, not a festival but a tragedy. It is not the sunrise but the sunset that we commemorate. It is not the birth of a new power into the world, the subtle germ of a fame that is to survive and inspire the generations of men; but it is perhaps more fitting that we celebrate the end and not the beginning. For the coming of these figures is silent; it is their passing that we know. At this instant that I speak there may be born into the world the equal of a Newton or a Cæsar, but half of us would be dead before he had revealed himself. Their death is different. It may be gloomy and disastrous; it may come at a moment of shame or neglect; but by that time the man has carved his name somewhere on the Temple of Fame. There are exceptions, of course, cases where the end comes before the slightest, or any but the slightest, recognition—Chatterton choking in his garret, hunger of body and soul all unsatisfied; Millet selling his pictures for a song; nay, Shakespeare himself. But, as a rule, death in the case of genius closes the first act of a public drama; criticism and analysis may then begin their unbiassed work free from jealousy or friendship or personal consideration for the living. Then comes the third act, if third act there be. No, it is a death, not a birth, that we celebrate. This day a century ago, in poverty, delirium, and distress, there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him death comes in clouds and darkness, the end of a long agony of body and soul; he is harassed with debt, his bodily constitution is ruined, his spirit is broken, his wife is daily expecting her confinement. He has lost almost all that rendered his life happy, much of friendship, credit, and esteem. Some score years before one of the most charming of English writers, as he lay dying, was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns. His delirium dwelt on the horrors of a jail; he uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt. "What business," said he to his physician in a moment of consciousness, "what business has a physician to waste his time upon me; I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave." For a year or more his health had been failing. He had a poet's body as well as a poet's mind; nervous, feverish, impressionable; and his constitution, which, if nursed and regulated, might have carried him to the limit of life, was unequal to the storm and stress of dissipation and a preying mind. In the previous autumn he had been seized with a rheumatic attack; his digestion had given way; he was sunk in melancholy and gloom. In his last April he wrote to his friend Thomson, "By Babel's streams I've sate and wept almost ever since I saw you last. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope." It was sought to revive him by sea bathing, and he went to stay at Brow. There he remained three weeks, but was under no delusion as to his state. "Well, madam," he said to Mrs. Riddell on arriving, "have you any commands for the other world?" He sat that evening with his old friend, and spoke manfully of his approaching

death, of the fate of his children, and his farm, sometimes indulging in bitter-sweet pleasantries, but never losing the consciousness of his condition. In three weeks he wearied of the fruitless hunt for health, and he returned home to die. He was only just in time. When he re-entered his home on the 18th he could no longer stand. He was soon delirious. In three days he was dead. "On the fourth day," we are told, "when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, rose almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face, and expired." I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I am. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography. The brilliant Poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life—the early innocent home, the plough and the savour of fresh turned earth, the silent communion with nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendour, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men reckon youth, though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, his race is run, his message is delivered. His death revived the flagging interest and pride that had been felt for him. As usual, men began to realise what they had lost when it was too late. When it was known that he was dying the townspeople had shown anxiety and distress. They recalled his splendour, and forgot his fall. One man was heard to ask, with a touch of quaint simplicity, "Who do you think will be our poet now?" The district set itself to prepare a public funeral for the Poet who died almost penniless among them. A vast concourse followed him to his grave. The awkward squad, as he had foreseen and deprecated, fired volleys over his coffin. The streets were lined with soldiers, among them one who, within sixteen years, was to be Prime Minister. And while the procession wended its gloomy way, as if no element of tragedy were to be wanting, his widow's hour of travail arrived, and she gave birth to the hapless child that had caused the father so much misgiving. In this place, and on this day, it all seems present to us—the house of anguish, the thronged churchyard, the weeping neighbours. We feel ourselves part of the mourning crowd. We hear those dropping volleys and that muffled drum; we bow our heads as the coffin passes, and acknowledge with tears the inevitable doom. Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass, with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns and sad moralising friends; pass, with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass, with the perishable, and leave us the eternal. (Loud cheers.) It is rare to be fortunate in life; it is infinitely rarer to be fortunate in death. "Happy in the occasion of his death," as Tacitus said of Agricola, is not a common epitaph. It is comparatively easy to know how to live, but it is beyond all option and choice to compass the more difficult art of knowing when and how to die. We can generally, by looking back, choose a moment in a man's life when he had been fortunate had he dropped down dead.

And so the question arises naturally to-day, was Burns fortunate in his death—that death which we commemorate? There can, I fancy, be only one answer; it was well that he died when he did; it might even have been better for himself had he died a little earlier. The terrible letters that he wrote two years before to Mrs. Riddell and Mr. Cunningham betoken a spirit mortally wounded. In those last two years the cloud settles, never to be lifted. “My constitution and frame were *ab origine* blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria which poisons my existence.” He found, perhaps, some pleasure in the composition of his songs, some occasional relief in the society of boon companions; but the world was fading before him. There is an awful expression in Scotland which one never hears without a pang—“So and so is *done*,” meaning that he is physically worn out. Burns was “done.” He was struggling on like a wounded deer to his death. He had often faced the end, and not unwillingly. “Can it be possible,” he once wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, “that when I resign this frail, feverish being I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those who know me and the few who loved me; when the cold, unconscious corse is resigned to the earth to be the prey of reptiles, and become a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, enjoying or enjoyed?” Surely that reads as if he foresaw this day, and would fain be with us, as, indeed, he may be. Twelve years before he had faced death in a less morbid spirit—

“Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?

Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?

Some days of joy, with draughts of ill between,

Some gleams of sunshine, mid renewing storms.”

He had perhaps never enjoyed life so much as is supposed, though he had turned to it a brave, cheerful, unflinching face, and the last years had been years of misery. “God have mercy on me,” he wrote years before the end, “a poor, damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool! The sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonising sensibility, and bedlam passions.” There was truth in this outburst. At anyrate his most devoted friends—and to be an admirer of Burns is to be his friend—may wish that he had not lived to write the letter to Mr. Clark, piteously pleading that a harmless toast may not be visited hardly upon him; or that to Mrs. Riddell, beginning—“I write you from the regions of hell and the horrors of the damned,” or to be harried by his official superiors as a political suspect, shunned by his fashionable friends for the same reason, wandering like a neglected ghost, in Dumfries, avoided and ignored. “That’s all over now, my young friend,” he said, speaking of his reign in society, “and were’na my heart licht I wad dee.” All this was in 1794. Had he died before then, it might have been happier for himself, and we should have lost some parts of his life which we would rather forget; but posterity could not have spared him; we could not have lost the exquisite songs which we owe to those years; but, above all, the supreme creed and comfort which he bequeathed to the world—

“A man’s a man for a’ that,”

would have remained undelivered. (Loud cheers.) One may, perhaps, go further and say that poets—or those whom the gods love—should die young. This is a hard saying, but it will not greatly affect the bills of mortality. And it applies only to poets of the first rank, while even here it has its exceptions, and illustrious exceptions they are. But surely the best poetry is produced before middle age, before the morning and its illusions have faded before the heaviness of noon and the baleful chill of evening. Few men too, can bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many years. At anyrate, we may feel sure of this that Burns had produced his best, that he would never again have produced a "Tam o' Shanter," or a "Cottar's Saturday Night," or a "Jolly Beggars;" and that long before his death, though he could still write lines affluent with tenderness and grace, "the hand of pain and sorrow and care," to use his own words, "had lain heavy upon" him. And this leads to another point. To-day is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy. For this is the moment to which Burns looked when he said to his wife—"Don't be afraid; I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present!" To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge the prediction. On that point we must be all unanimous. Burns had honour in his lifetime, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is, indeed, no parallel to it in the world; it sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns worship all over the globe as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and patron saint of Democracy. He bears the banner of the essential equality of man. (Loud cheers.) His birthday is celebrated—137 years after its occurrence—more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Nor does the ardour of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries, are the shrines of countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. (Laughter and cheers.) The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry, until it was checked by untimely intervention. (Renewed laughter and cheering.) The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. No canonised name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic a worship. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in his prediction, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of elation must have fallen utterly short of the reality. And it is all spontaneous. There is no puff, no advertisement, no manipulation. Intellectual cosmetics of that kind are frail and fugitive; they rarely survive their subject; they would not have availed here. Nor was there any glamour attached to the Poet; rather the reverse. He has stood by himself; he has grown by himself. It is himself, and no other, that we honour. But what had Burns in his mind when he made this prediction? It might be whimsically urged that he was conscious that the world had not yet seen his masterpiece, for the "Jolly Beggars" was not published till some time after his death. But that would not be sufficient, for he had probably forgotten its existence. Nor do I think he spoke at haphazard.

What were, perhaps, present to his mind were the fickleness of his contemporaries towards him, his conviction of the essential splendour of his work, consciousness that the incidents of his later years had unjustly obscured him, and that his true figure would be perceived as these fell away into forgetfulness or were measured at their true value. If so, he was right in his judgment, for his true life began with his death: with the body passed all that was gross or impure—the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, minister at Tremont Temple, Boston, U.S.A., then addressed the assemblage on behalf of Scotsmen abroad.

On the motion of Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, votes of thanks to Lord Rosebery and others who took part in the proceedings were unanimously passed.

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At the close of the meeting in the Drill Hall, Lord Rosebery proceeded to Glasgow by special train to attend the demonstration in St. Andrew's Hall. His Lordship was received by Sir James Bell, the Lord Provost, and Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick, and drove with Mr. Kirkpatrick to his residence in Park Circus.

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## GLASGOW.

MEETING IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL.—Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker at a great public demonstration which took place in the evening in celebration of the centenary in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Glasgow Burns Exhibition Committee, and the hall, to which admission was by ticket, was well filled in all parts. The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and during the period of waiting Mr. Strachan played on the organ a number of popular musical selections. Lord Rosebery, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, took the chair. His Lordship was supported on the platform by Sir James Bell, Sir James Law, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, M.P.;



M. J. G. A. Baird, M.P. ; Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick, Sir Charles Tennant, Mr. W. Wallace, Professor Masson, Mr. Burns Begg, Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Wm. Laird, Provost Mackay, Mr. Patrick S. Dunn, John Smart, R.S.A. ; Lady Bell, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Cochran-Patrick, Mrs. Burns Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Sorley, Sir Francis Powell, A. C. Lamb, Andrew Gibson, Captain Sneddon, W. Young, R.S.W. ; D. M'Naught, A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A. ; R. Macaulay Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, Barrington Nash, W. Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Philips, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Robert Gourlay, Miss Annie Burns, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Leiper Gemmill, General Walker, the Misses Kirkpatrick, Mr. R. Wylie, Dr. David Murray, Mr. D. Murray Lyon, Mr. Craibe Angus, Mr. Hew Morrison, Rev. Mr. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins, Colonel and Mrs. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fleming, Colonel and Mrs. Bennett, Eugene Wason, Dean of Guild M'Credy, Provost of Ayr, Mrs. and Miss Sneddon, Professor Ferguson, Mr. Colin Rae Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Neilson, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Bailie Primrose, Dr. Patterson, J. M'Naught Campbell, Mr. and Miss Grimmond, Mr. W. A. Scott Mackirdy, Dr. J. O. Mitchell, Rev. Thomas Somerville, Mr. Daniel Anderson, Mr. George J. Munro, Rector Menzies, Mr. David Henedy, Mr. John Wordie, Mr. Anthony Brogan, Mr. C. M. Hardie, Mr. James Dickie, Mr. J. N. Adam, Buffalo ; Mr. R. M. Renwick, Dr. Hunter, Selkirk ; Mr. William Macmath, Mr. John B. Fergusson, Mr. H. T. H. Pollock, and Messrs. W. Stewart and P. Galloway, Belfast, etc.

Letters of apology were announced from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Earl of Eglinton, Professor Saintsbury, Professor Baldwin Brown, Dr. James A. Campbell, Mr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Herald* ; Mr. J. R. Findlay, Mr. Andrew Lang, Professor Bradley, Mr. Cochran-Partick, Sir John Lang, M.P., Sir George Reid, Mr. W. H. Lecky, M.P., Mr. W. E. Henley, President Hamilton, Belfast ; Dr. Theodore Burns, Mr. J. Houldsworth, Mr. Charles Cooper, Hon. Thos. Cochrane, Munro-Ferguson, W. Cox, Provost Dickson, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Wm. Houldsworth, J. M. Barrie, John Davidson, S. R. Crockett, Alex. Cross, M.P., Major Allan, Deacon-Convener M'Lennan, Hew H. Dalrymple, D. Walker, Sir James Fergusson, Principal

Douglas, Principal Sir W. Geddes, Charles Shaw, Wm. Black, Alex. Anderson, James E. Christie, Major-General Sir R. M. Smith, Wm. Jacks, W. Hozier, M.P., Rev. Dr. Storey, R. Ramsey, Sir J. D. Marwick, James Campbell of Tullichewan, A. D. Provand, M.P., James Arthur, Bailie Gray, R. Cutlar Ferguson, T. G. Arthur, Dr. Blackie, Faithfull Begg, M.P.; Mr. Thomas Guille, Guernsey, etc., etc.

The noble CHAIRMAN said—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to find myself in this hall on a non-political occasion. We are here to-day to celebrate Burns. What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow is I am not exactly sure; but, at anyrate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the West there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns. I have celebrated it already elsewhere. I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love. It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of man; in the backwood and in the swamp; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe; and, above all, where the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns. I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our Poet there is no doubt or question. The “adsum” of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime. It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for, a constant working up to, the great drama of the revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark volcanic country; the hungry, desperate people; the firefly nobles; the concentrated splendour of the Court; in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling Queen. And during long previous years brooding nature has been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox and Goethe, Nelson and Mozart, Schiller, Pitt, and Burns, Wellington and Napoleon. And among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure; the figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon, perhaps, looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers

that Burns is supreme. What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medical baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained. But, at anyrate, let us discuss him again. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally, perhaps, more time than I. Pardon, then, the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has perhaps no right to attempt. The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one; it has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have not time to consider it on this occasion. But I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple; though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But, if I wished to prove my contention, I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I know that profuse quotation is a familiar form of a Burns speech, but I am afraid to begin lest I should not end, and I am sure I should not satisfy. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way. Now, ladies and gentlemen, there seem to me to be two great natural forces in British literature—I use the safe adjective of British. Your applause shows me that I was right to do so. I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English, because he hated, and was, perhaps, the first to protest against the use of, the word English as including Scottish—well, I say, there are in that literature two great forces of which the power seems sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of that miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns. Try and reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment—struggling, with desperate effort, against pauperism, almost in vain, snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth—a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brush-wood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it—he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara. And remember, ladies and gentlemen, the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. “It will be the misfortune of Burns's reputation,” writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, “in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet, and nothing but a poet. . . . Poetry,” she continues “(I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him), was actually not his forte. . . . None, certainly, ever outshone Burns in the

charms—the sorcery, I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee.” And she goes on to describe the almost super-human fascination of his voice and of his eyes, those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested. It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone; but, as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation, there is only one verdict. “No man’s conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet,” said the Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that “all the faculties of Burns’s mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.” And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus—“Their great and varied excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances.” The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, “considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two.” “I think Burns,” said Principal Robertson to a friend, “was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose.” We are told, too, that “he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak—and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence.” All this seems to me marvellous. It surely ratifies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry. I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal, his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go further, and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and despised part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. But, above all, he saw the charm of the home; he recognised it as the basis of all society, he honoured it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how unpretentiously, but how sincerely, the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. “I recollect once,” said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, “he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand, who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained.” He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and the family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. “Have I not,” he once wrote to Lord Mar, “a more precious stake in my country’s welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more.” The lines in which he tells his faith

are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are—

" To mak' a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life."

His verses, then, go straight to the heart of every home; they appeal to every father and mother. But that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he passes. The sore, the weary, the wounded, will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford a resource. But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the lover, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere, and it is everywhere the touch of genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas, may be said of his poetry—"He went out in all weathers." And it may be added that all weathers suited him; that he always brought back something precious, something we cherish, something that cannot die. He is, then, I think, the universal friend in an unique sense. But he was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland, in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman, I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, Fletcher writes—"I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This may be rudely paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than to frame its laws, and this again may be interpreted that in former days, at anyrate in the days of Fletcher, even to the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that we Scotsmen owe to Burns. He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world primarily to his country, but others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From distant Roumania the Queen of that country wrote to Dumfries that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart. We must remember that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns's songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people—rough and coarse and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious moulds he

poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him those ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and, in doing so, he hallowed the life and sweetened the breath of Scotland. (Applause.) I have also used the words patriot and lover. These draw me to different lines of thought. The word "patriot" leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician—(laughter)—and he is even said to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. (Renewed laughter.) That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Professor Masson—(applause)—has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns's politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear, it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions. But Burns should not be claimed for any party. A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet—that is to say, that a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed—a politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended—but, where there is any confusion between the two callings, it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns, or the politician thinks he needs, something higher than politics. Burns's politics were entirely governed by the imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. He had much the same sort of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution, when it was setting all Europe to rights; but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse. The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry—afterwards Minister for fifteen years under the title of Lord Liverpool—was on duty at Burns's funeral, though, we are told—the good man—that he disapproved of the Poet, and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wonders that a powerful Minister could have allowed one whom he admired so much to exist on an excise-man's pay when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when dying. And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet, which, in the Academy of Lagado, would surely have been held a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers. So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that" is not politics—it is the assertion of the rights of humanity in a sense far wider than politics. It erects all mankind, it is the charter of its self-respect. It binds, it heals, it revives, it invigorates; it sets the bruised and broken on

their legs, it refreshes the stricken soul, it is the salve and tonic of character; it cannot be narrowed into politics. Burns's politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events. And now, having discussed the two trains of thought suggested by the words "friend" and "patriot," I come to the more dangerous word "lover." There is an eternal controversy which, it appears, no didactic oil will ever assuage, as to Burns's private life and morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems; some maintain that his life must be read into his works, and here again some think that his life damns his poems, while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing the fire beneath, and unable to avoid them, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems, and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is strong, though a high and excellent authority, Mr. Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point. But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist in his vices; they lie outside it. It is a life of work, and truth, and tenderness. And though, like all lives, it has its light and shade, remember that we know it all—the worst as well as the best. His was a soul bathed in crystal; he hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent, not from shame, but because it was a sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come! There shall I with speechless agony of rapture again recognise my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." But he had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift. But his imagination often led him wrong, and never more than with women. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl that he approached. Hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstance. This much it is certain, had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns's pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same measure meted out to Burns as to others? The illegitimate children of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare, and ruff it with the best. It is for the illegitimate children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. Take two brilliant figures, both descended from Stuarts, who were alive during Burns's life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the offences of Burns. We heave an elegant sigh over the kindred lapses of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart. Again, it is quite

clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life. But this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses, and who were all convivial, have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit, so perilously attractive to men of genius. From the decorous Addison, and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward, the eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home that cannot have been very exhilarating, and with a nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern, and the admiring circle there, may well have been almost irresistible. Some attempt to say that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny. It was not as a sot he drank; that no one insinuated; if he succumbed it was to good fellowship. Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and, indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns's example; he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this, that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain, at this distance, to discern this dim spot on the Poet's mantle. Shakespeare and Ben Johnson took their cool tankard at the Mermaid; we cannot afford, in the strictest view of literary responsibility, to quarrel with them for that. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then, why, we ask, is there such a chasm between the Mermaid and the Globe, and why are the vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inveraray marble and its contents. I should like to go a step further, and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weakness of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfections as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star—is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from finite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man after all is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so this world were a paradise of angels. No! Like the



growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons ; the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour ; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold ; in mist and wrath, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy effluence of the spring—its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all ; not of good alone, but of evil ; not of joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge anyone ? How, at anyrate, shall we judge a giant—great in gifts and great in temptation ; great in strength, and great in weakness ? Let us glory in his strength, and be comforted in his weakness. And, when we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect ; we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Professor MASSON said that he did not know that ever anywhere over the world there had been, or anywhere over the world there could be, a collective enthusiasm so prodigious as that which pervaded Scotland on that centenary of the death of Burns. It is a kind of marvel in itself. How had it happened that a man who died one hundred years ago, after a very short life, a life of thirty-seven years in all, and whose bequest from that life to posterity consisted in about hardly three hundred songs, two hundred other pieces of verse, a few letters in prose, and the tradition of his own life ; how could it have happened that this great unfortunate man, as he had been called, was rousing such an amount of interest and recollection as pervaded Scotland at this moment, and of which that meeting was the effervescence ? How had that happened ? Their noble chairman had told them in two words how it happened—by the fact of inspiration, and by the fact of sympathy. They might express it in this way—Many who had left writings to posterity—songs, poems, prose, whatever it might chance to be—those authors, those poets, were admired always. They were admired more than men who figured contemporaneously as the chief of the nation. Perhaps the honest man who had written a piece of rhyme or verse was remembered in a way that the chief in the government of his country at the time was not remembered. But in Burns there was something more than that. There was not only the admiration which attached to poets and prose-writers, but there was a special love and special affection which was given to the very few. And to what kind of few ? To those writers—poets and whatever they were—who had addressed not the head, not the intellect, of a nation, not even the imagination, not even the men who had produced delightful dreams and far-away phantasies ; these were not remembered and loved like the writers who had addressed the human heart. By that he meant those who had addressed the primal forces—the passions of human nature—love, hate, the family relations, and all those things which were not artificial, which did not belong to any one age or any one country, but which were universal and perennial. Those writers who had contrived somehow or other to grasp the human heart were those that were remembered with admiration and

with love. Now Burns did that. He knew this also about himself. In one of his poems he spoke of the time when he was beginning to think of himself as a poet. But first of all he would ask them not to forget what the chairman had brought before them in the past, that Burns, though he was a great poet, was a great poet in the first place because he was a great man—because this swarthy Scotsman had a brain co-equal with the best brains in his generation. It was the fortunate accident that this man with such powers took to poetry. But when he was beginning a life of poetry it occurred to him that he might be at a disadvantage, and this he expressed in the address to himself. In the words of that poem they had the key to that great portal, to that great door through which the whole of British literature of the eighteenth swung us into the nineteenth century. Burns preceded and heralded Wordsworth, who acknowledged his inspiration. He showed Wordsworth the way to that great reform of which so much had been the consequence. In these things there was what they call a “but” and a “ben.” Now this influence of Burns on the literature of Great Britain, this influence of Burns on European literature, was shown by the fact that Germans, men of all nations, admired Burns, and had sent on this day expressions of their admiration. Still foreigners, the English people even, only got to the “ben” of Burns. So when he said that Burns lasted, that he was remembered still, because he addressed not the head so much, or the imagination so much, as the human heart; he had to add this more specifically, that the heart he addressed was the Scottish heart. Now, the Scottish heart had its peculiarities, and some of these peculiarities were hereditary and came from far back. The oldest of the sentiments that composed the Scottish heart was 600 years old—that was the love of the little land of the mountain and the flood. That which was sometimes called narrowness was not narrowness, it was a thing that belonged to Scotsmen. It was 600 years old at all events this love of liberty and freedom; almost the oldest thing in Scottish literature was Barbour’s poem on liberty. But the Scottish heart was a variable thing. It had taken a great deal of various history and experience to make the Scottish heart what it had come to be. The Scottish heart, it might be said, divided itself into two views, two opposite views, the Mary Stuart and the Covenanting and Presbyterian views. He said that that very diversity had made the Scottish heart stronger to-day than it was even in the days of Burns. Burns grasped aright the Scottish heart because he had it in himself. He enlarged the Scottish heart. From his own looking round on Scottish society and Scottish manners he infused into the Scottish heart an addition of tenderness, of humour, of outspokenness, and especially a feeling of individual manhood and independence. Wherever the Scottish heart functioned at the present moment the Scottish heart functioned as the heart of Robert Burns.

The LORD PROVOST said that Lord Rosebery required to leave for London, but before his Lordship left he would ask the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod to propose a vote of thanks to him.

Rev. Dr. DONALD MACLEOD said his task was an easy one and yet a difficult one. It was to ask them to give a hearty vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery. That was the easy part of it. The

difficult part was for him adequately to express the impression they had received from the noble address which his Lordship had given them. For happy choice of phrase, for skill of expression, for the marvellous manner in which he had steered his way through the rocks scattered with the *disjecta membra* of ancient criticism, and for the manner in which he had lifted them up to the very highest level of appreciation of Robert Burns, they owed him a debt of gratitude. When he came there he said to himself that they would have Lord Rosebery at his best, because he often felt that literature had a grudge to politics, so that Lord Rosebery had given himself to what he acknowledged as not the higher of the two. For literary skill and beauty, the address was one of the finest he had ever listened to. Nay, more, he believed that if Lord Rosebery would only try it, he could give them two or three first-rate Scottish songs. As Professor Masson had said, Burns had not spoken to them from the "but," but from the "ben." No man could understand Burns who was not a Scotsman. They could not get at the pith of the words, except they had been brought up to speak the Scottish tongue. No foreigner could do it. It might be a good work for the Burns Clubs to do something, in order to preserve what, he was afraid, was passing away, not from the peasantry, but from what were called the better classes—the knowledge of the Scottish language. When he read the subjects prescribed [for the leaving certificate he often thought he would like to see some questions put down as to how far they understood Burns's Scots. The Scots was not a dialect; it was a language, and they could not allow that language to die. Dr. Macleod concluded by proposing a vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery, and expressed the hope that he might be won away from the poor paltry way of politics into those higher regions of literature, in which he had been born to shine.

The audience heartily responded to the call, rising to their feet and singing with great heartiness a verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

LORD ROSEBERY, in acknowledging the vote, said—You know very well that it requires no great temptation to me to come to Glasgow, and when I was handed over by the Dumfries people to the Glasgow people, I found my visit to Glasgow was of a more severe and exhausting nature than it usually is. Now, my friend, Dr. Macleod, has given me some sound advice. He has advised me to give up politics for literature. Now, I want to ask him if he gives me that advice in the character of a politician or in the character of an editor? On that subject I shall refrain myself, yea, even from *Good Words*. But I think his advice is sound. The only difficulty is how to follow it. I shall take it with me to London, and in the waking moments on arriving at various stations, I have no doubt it will oom before me with alarming frequency. If I take nothing else from Glasgow I will take the memory of a reception at least as hearty as that which you always, in your great goodness, vouchsafe to me, and an advice which, perhaps, is the soundest I have received.

Lord Rosebery then left the meeting amid loud cheers, and the Lord Provost took the chair.

Rev. Dr. WALTER C. SMITH said that it was poor work gleaning after such reapers as Lord Rosebery and Professor Masson. True it was that every genuine Scot was willing to linger any amount of time over the pathetic story of the Ayrshire Poet, but at that time of night he could not venture to linger. This Burns cult was not so very strange when they looked at it more narrowly. It was not merely as a writer of verses and songs that Burns appeared before them. It was the man himself that had entered into our life, and played a great part there. The Ayrshire farmer and poet was one of the main factors in our Scottish life and character, and in that respect he played a part which, he ventured to say, even Shakespeare hardly played for the people of England. So far as individual influences went, the quality of a Scotsman, whatever were the worth of it—and it had done some good service to the world—was in a great measure owing to three men—John Knox, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott. They were all three out-and-out men with large human sympathies, clear human insight, and honest human purpose. Though not, indeed, without the errors and frailties that belong to human beings, they were at least men full of force and of sense and of integrity and of tenderness and humour. These men had gone far to make Scotsmen what they are. Knox stamped into the heart of his countrymen a deep reverence for the spiritual realities, and an intense scorn for all shows and shams and hypocrisies which clung to them still, and would, he hoped, cling to them so long as they existed. Burns, though he lived in an age which was not touched with that spirit of reverence, deepened the impression the reformer had made by asserting the rights of honest manhood, by laughing with gay humour at hollow and false pretences wherever he found them, and by clothing with tender grace and love the joys and sorrows of the poor. And Scott, by his never-failing and kindly humour, illustrated and enforced the best elements of our national character. Burns's best memorial was the Scottish people, in whose heart he was enshrined. True, his sun went down ere it had reached its full noontide, and went down in clouds and brooding shadows, amid loneliness and sorrowfulness. Great was the pathos and the shame of it. Yet high above all, he thought, should rise the great work he achieved in those few toilsome years of a troubled and stormful life.

Mr. William Melvin gave a selection of Scottish melodies on the violin, and Miss Maclachlan sang "Whistle and I'll Come Tae Ye, My Lad."

At this juncture the audience raised shouts for a speech from Mr. William Watson, the poet, who was seen to be leaving the platform. Subsequently the Chairman announced that Mr. Watson would address the meeting, but it was found that he had left the hall to catch the train for London.

The Rev. Dr. DONALD MACLEOD then proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Masson, Dr. Walter C. Smith, and Lord Provost Bell. The proceedings closed at a quarter-past ten with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

## DUNDEE BURNS CLUB.

### SPEECH BY SHERIFF CAMPBELL SMITH.

In Dundee the centenary of Burns's death was commemorated on 21st July by a great gathering in the Kin-naird Hall, under the auspices of the Dundee Burns Club. The promoters were fortunate in securing as orator of the evening Sheriff Campbell Smith, and the high expectations entertained concerning his speech on this occasion were not disappointed.

Sir JOHN LENG, in the course of his opening remarks, said they were that night, as were many thousands more in every city, town, and village in Scotland—aye, and in multitudes of places furth of Scotland—to commemorate the centenary of the death of Robert Burns. To him this seemed a mistaken or misapplied phrase. Robert Burns was not dead! He never had been so much alive. He lived, not merely in hundreds of thousands of volumes of his works, but in the hearts, the memories, the intelligence, the affections, and love of the millions of his countrymen and countrywomen, not only in Scotland, but throughout the world. He was to-day far better and more widely known, far better appreciated and understood than he was a century ago. (Applause.) The knowledge of him was not confined to comparatively few within the narrow range of Ayr and Dumfries and the West and South of Scotland. The talk about him was not merely of "a rhyming, ranting, roving billie." He was now one of the world's bards. His fame had reached the ends of the earth. He was recognised as one of the few truly inspired with poetic genius. He had taken his place among the Immortals! This was the true genesis of their meeting that night—not his death, but his immortality. Burns lived, and would live for ever, as the exponent of the sturdy independence, the manly patriotism, the pawky humour, the deep emotion, the tender lovingness, the profound religiousness of the Scottish people. Only when they ceased to be what they were would Burns cease to be their representative poet; and because Burns was their representative poet, they would continue to be what they had been through a centenary of centuries. (Loud applause.)

Sheriff CAMPBELL SMITH, who was received with loud applause, said—This day, a hundred years ago, was a day of mourning, of the darkest misery, and almost of despair, to Jean Armour and her children, and every capable, right-seeing admirer of her husband's genius. It is a day which, thoughtfully considered, may well be held in a sense sacred, and scarcely ought to be celebrated in holiday attire, but ought rather to put forth symbols of woe, and clothe itself in sackcloth and ashes, sackcloth of ancient camel's hair, or of mediæval horse-hair, or of modern jute—(laughter)—but as most large crowds nowadays are to a certain, though unknown extent, dressed in jute—(laughter)—our raiment is probably much more appropriate to the occasion than it appears to be. I say this merely

to illustrate the commemorative idea at which I point, not thinking that the bodily raiment is of any real consequence. The time for the rending of hearts and of garments for any event in this transitory world can never last one hundred years; the time for serious thoughtfulness upon the fate of Burns and his treatment by his contemporaries will last for centuries, probably till the crack of doom, and still more probably a good many centuries after it; for I feel impelled to believe that neither hell nor heaven



*Sheriff Campbell Smith.*

can obliterate the bitter memories of the evil that has been done in this life, or of the good that has been negligently, or heartlessly, or cruelly left undone in the days appointed for us to work the work of justice and beneficence to the human brotherhood, as part of our bounden duty to the divine fatherhood. (Applause.) Total oblivion of any act or thought that is past is, I believe, impossible, because it is a partial annihilation of the indestructible human spirit. I follow Coleridge in thinking that the individual memory is the imperishable record—the book of the recording

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angel—out of which each man and woman will be judged for the deeds done in the body. The perfect record, the actual balance-sheet of Burns's life, as a life, has been closed and is unknowable, whatever profane, sulphurous bigots may think and say about it; and I daresay Burns will be far from sorry should he find himself excluded from their special department of Paradise. (Laughter and applause.) But during the time since his death, the human, imperfect record has been searched into by many curious inquirers—some friendly, some hostile—and the details of it are better known I believe, than that of any man's life that has ever lived. The printed books in which they are recorded are enough to fill a considerable library, and the speeches that in private and on platforms have been devoted to them, if recorded and printed, would fill ten times as many books. These details, so far as for edification, and it may be a good deal further, are known to all who are likely to occupy places in an audience like this. I therefore take the general knowledge of them for granted, that being the only course at present competent for me, and recommend to all men, especially young men, who do not have that general knowledge, to get it as soon as they can. Few biographies are more interesting, few, if any, more instructive, and none more true, hardly any so painfully true. A delightful story I cannot call it, except for the self-righteous, who, in perusing it, will have several occasions to thank heaven "I am not as this publican." (Laughter.) But a most instructive story it is for all who desire to probe the realities of the existence of a born son of toil who was also a born son of genius, and the moral struggle of a man whose counter-tendencies to do good and evil were almost in perfect equilibrium. Let the aspiring, hopeful, determined young man who desires to acquire knowledge, take note that Robert Burns, by facilities for education far inferior to those that are forced upon all by the modern machinery of compulsory education, became the most skilful literary artist, and one of the most widely, most accurately informed men of his day upon all vital subjects; and let those who are impulsive in temperament, and liable to be beset by temptation, take double and treble note of the way in which uncontrolled impulse, fiery unbridled passion, lays waste the highest powers, whirls the attention into the clouds or into the mire, paralyses for the time all intellectual efforts, wrecks the bodily health into premature ruin, and leaves the conscience no function, except to punish by remorse the vice and folly which it has been powerless to prevent. (Applause.) Saying this, however, I would not have you understand that it is my deliberate opinion that Burns was a bad man; my deliberate opinion tends decisively the other way. To the best of my judgment, not a single dishonourable or dishonest deed has been proved against him. (Applause.) I think he was a true man through and through, and that the strong irrepressible instinct of veracity in him that made him the poet he was—one of the truest of the true—kept him far from everything that savoured of deceit in all the relations of life, even those that were passionate as well as the dull and prosaic. Unlike many poets, perhaps most, he honestly paid his debts. (Laughter.) I don't believe that he was a heartless seducer—indeed, I doubt if he was ever a seducer at all. No doubt he did not use Jean Armour well, but it is my belief that not one man in ten thousand would have forgiven what she—

easy-tempered, soft, squeezable mortal—(laughter)—at the instigation of her gruff, severe, elder father, did to him. He was his own worst enemy, and the conscious enemy of no other human being. No man knew his faults so well as himself, and no man was ever more free from all manner of wilful falsehood. Listen to the three last verses from his “Bard’s Epitaph,” in which the worst, I believe, that could be said of him is confessed as frankly as if he believed that he was to be put upon his trial for the next hundred years, as he has been—

“ Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life’s mad career,  
Wild as the wave?  
Here pause—and thro’ the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low  
And stain’d his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole  
In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control  
Is wisdom’s root.”

(Applause.) And now let us pass from the man, the philosopher, the prophet, the Poet, to those that by destiny he was appointed to teach and guide. Burns was the greatest gift of Providence to our country in his own generation. In point of gigantic force of intellect I think he was the greatest Scotsman of all time. (Applause.) And how did his contemporaries receive and appreciate this unprecedented, this priceless gift? That is one of the most searching questions that can have been put to Scotland and its thoughtful sons and daughters for the last hundred years, and it starts up to-night with importunate pertinacity, looming its biggest through the misty memories, the multitudinous opinions, fluctuating between the carping superfine gentility of Jeffrey and the inspired reverence of nature-worshipping, sympathetic Wordsworth, struggling and advancing to victory over prejudice, stupidity, and religious bigotry in the wide battlefield of the Anglo-Saxon world, under the sunlight, starlight, lamplight, midnights of a busy, restless, hundred years. (Applause.) I think I can say with a good conscience that the peasant brotherhood of Scotland, upon the whole, behaved loyally, tenderly, and justly to their gifted, impulsive peasant brother; that they rejoiced with their whole nature in his poetry as they had never before rejoiced in poetry—not even the inspired Psalms of David; that they sang his songs tunefully, or the reverse—(laughter)—with thorough appreciation of their strong sense and fiery sentiment; and



that they gathered while they could—the cleverest of them—to hear him talk wherever and whenever they had an opportunity, as they never before or since crowded to hear any mere secular conversationalist, nor any one except a very few popular preachers. The representative intelligence of the peasantry of Scotland, repressing all manner of jealousy, and doing their utmost to gag the howling of cant and bigotry, have stood faithfully by Burns, from the time they discovered his abilities—and they discovered them early—till now. The moderate or rationalistic clergy of Scotland stood by him in his lifetime, and they have done so since. Carlyle laments that he became their “fighting man,” but what else could he have done had he not steered clear of religion altogether, a quite impossible thing for any true poet who is bound to deal with the great social forces, and especially with religion, which is the greatest of them all? The religion that cannot bear to be scrutinised by the highest talent of the age, that is, or ought to be, ruled by it, that cannot bear the purification of the acutest reason and the keenest satire, is too superfine for the realities of erring fallible human nature—is fit only to throw a putrid, phosphorescent glory over the mummeries, the hypocrisies, the phylacteries of those that do their worship by machinery, and that have no rooted convictions because they have never been perfected by suffering or proved by the tempests of doubt. To the best of my understanding and conviction, the educated, rational classes of Scotland, high and low, rich and poor, from the first appreciated and honoured Burns as no poet has ever been appreciated by the masses—I ought rather to say by the solid mass—of his countrymen. He was intelligible alike to peers, professors, and peasants; indeed, the peasantry had had, for understanding him, a better training than the peerage, because they had from childhood been learning his language and seeing the sights that were familiar to him. Some of the tribe of professors who were also unfortunately pedants did attempt to criticise and patronise him. Their lucubrations, for the most part, have tended to show that a man may be installed in a University Chair and yet may be an ass. (Laughter and applause.) But Dugald Stewart, Dr. Blacklock, Dr. Gregory, even Dr. Blair, whose sermons have afflicted so many young persons on Sunday evenings, and above all the rest, Professor Wilson showed that College learning does not destroy the power of appreciating natural genius when the critic is a man of strong intellect and clear insight, and not a mere parsing, philosophising, syllogising machine. (Laughter.) However, I admit that the tendency of College criticism has been somewhat to forget that the thunderbolt of original thought which is to travel through abysses of time does not require to be geometrically accurate in its form, and perfectly polished all over with academic sandpaper. (Laughter.) Its function is to fly far, to illuminate primeval darkness, to burn up the effete of bygone eras, to melt or crush out from rubbish the ore of truth that can pass as gold into the intellectual currency of coming generations. (Applause.) My conviction, based upon more facts than I can enumerate, is that Burns never suffered from contact with any man of real intellect. He had something to teach the best, the cleverest of his contemporaries, and they had all something to teach him. His most dangerous and useless friends were his drinking friends pure and simple, for what valuable

idea can emerge from the convolutions of a brain that is reeking with whisky? The writers of Ayr could drink, but they could also think ; so could most of the clergy of that age—(laughter)—and I am inclined to believe that their plentifully strong toddy was more dangerous than their stinted, watery theology—(laughter)—especially to a man like Burns, who did not require a teacher in any field of temptation such as the heretical field. But there were men who forced their company upon his good nature, who could only drink and flatter him when in his company, and slander him when done with it. I wish that, if it could have saved Burns's life a year or two, all these flattering, tippling parasites had been drowned in a vat of Ferintosh or of Kilbagie, or some blend of superlative whiskies, that they would have been content to die in while drinking. (Laughter.) The ruling politicians of Burns's time, especially Pitt, "the Premier youth," have been greatly blamed for their neglect of Burns. Pitt was a bit of a poet himself—at least, he had tried his hand at translating Homer, and succeeded better than most University young men. When appealed to on behalf of Burns, he said "literature will take care of itself." I am not sure that any of his successors, unless, perhaps, Mr. Disraeli, would have done more for Burns. Political magnates appear to be afraid of poets, and still more of satirists. Dean Swift and Sydney Smith ought to have been Bishops for certain, if unrivalled intellect could be discovered and appreciated by Prime Ministers. But the high political mind seems to be incapable of putting faith in any mental powers beyond high-class, decorous, industrious commonplace, and to be bound by its limited practical nature to distrust genius as a force that is abnormal, beyond calculation and control, and therefore dangerous. I wish that Pitt could have found some more congenial and appropriate occupation for Burns than "gauging auld wives' barrels," and in the meantime I believe that he would have done it if he could, for Pitt, like his father, was a noble, unselfish kind of man. But, of course, like all Prime Ministers, he was fettered by the traditions of the holders of his office, none of which are likely to take into account either the uses or the claims of genius. Pitt's latest, brightest, and liveliest biographer is to preside over a cognate monster meeting in Glasgow to-night—(applause)—and we will all feel inclined to believe all that he says in favour both of Burns and of Pitt, and anxious to learn what he, with his greater versatility and wider knowledge, would have done for Burns had he been in Pitt's place. (Applause.) How to utilise the gift of the highest genius must always be a difficult problem to the possessor of it, and not less to the people for whose guidance and advancement it has been given ; and woe be to the dunces and the infidels who scorn and despise it, whether they be in high places or in low ; woe be to the kings of the earth and their advisers who help to send poets, before the full maturity of manhood, the dreary ways traversed by Chatterton and Burns ; woe, more terrible still, to the country that breeds "mute inglorious Miltons" and Cromwells that cannot reach even through seas of blood the sceptre which they alone are fittest to wield. (Applause.) Notwithstanding of little help from high places, and of some obstruction from foolish men, as also, though not without a compensating inspiration, from unwise women, Burns has been one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, and more especially of

the Scottish race; and we have reasons innumerable and inexpressible to be thankful to Providence that his message of freedom, of emancipation from the bonds of Royal and aristocratic tyranny, of Pharisaic pretence, and of priestly, though Presbyterian superstition, was thought out and delivered in our hilly, heathery, barren, toil-devoted country, which no mere superficial tickling can cause to laugh with harvests; and we have further reason to be proud that the Scottish race, probably alone of all the mixed races on the earth, or that have ever been on it, was fit to listen to his message, to understand it, and, in fair measure, to welcome and applaud its utterance; for, be assured, no orator can stand far above the level of his audience, no prophet be much in advance of his age, no poet can charm and inspire with his own heaven-born revelation of the beautiful and the true, any multitude or race that has not been prepared by its history, its experience, and its destiny, to understand and joyfully accept that heaven-born revelation. (Applause.) Egypt, Judea, Greece, Rome, Germany, England, have each contributed to the miraculous, or all but miraculous advances of civilisation. Scotland, too, though a small country, has not failed in her share of the predestined work of human progress, and honour and glory be to the names of John Knox and David Hume, for they both fought for truth and freedom, though with very dissimilar weapons. Like honour to the names of Robert Bruce and of Robert Burns, for the one dealt a mortal blow to foreign, and the other to domestic tyranny; also, honour and gratitude to their successors in the host of the true and the brave that have continued the fight, and have helped us forward towards that liberty of thought, and word, and deed, which is the long-delayed but inalienable birthright of the human race. (Applause.)

In the course of the evening an enjoyable entertainment was given by Madame Annie Grey in the shape of a descriptive and musical song-lecture recital, entitled "Robert Burns," which had been specially prepared for the occasion.

On the motion of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to all who had assisted in the evening's proceedings, and the meeting terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



## DUNDEE BURNS SOCIETY.

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THE formation of a Burns Society in Dundee had been discussed privately amongst a few admirers of the Poet in the early months of 1896, the centennial year of Burns's death. The idea took form ultimately at a public meeting held in Lamb's Temperance Hotel on 10th April, when the project was considered, and favourably received. A provisional committee was appointed, and it was arranged to call another meeting early in the following month. Accordingly a similar meeting was held in the same place on 8th May, when a draft constitution was read and adopted, and the following office-bearers were elected:—President, Mr. A. H. Miller; vice-presidents, Mr. J. B. Macdonald and Mr. John Willocks; secretary, Mr. Robert Fulton; treasurer, Mr. A. C. Lamb; members of committee, Messrs. John Ramage, W. F. Black, George Scrymgeour, William Martin, John Smart, and George Sword. It was stated at this meeting that the United Literary and Recreative Society, Dundee, had decided to dissolve, and to hand over its assets to the new Dundee Burns Society. The committee in due course arranged that the inauguration of the Society should take place at a date near the 21st of July, the anniversary of the death of Robert Burns.

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### CONVERSAZIONE.

The Dundee Burns Society decided that no more fitting time could be selected for the holding of its inaugural gathering than the week in which all Scotsmen were celebrating the centenary of Burns's death. The meeting accordingly took place in the Victoria Art Galleries on Thursday, 23rd July, 1896, and was of the nature of a conversazione and concert, the proceedings having throughout a direct bearing upon the life and work of the National Poet. There was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, among those present being:—Mr. A. H. Millar, president of the Society, who occupied the chair; Sir John Leng, M.P.; Bailie Stevenson, Councillor Robertson, the Rev. Dr. K. C. Anderson, the Rev. Dr. R. A. Watson, Messrs. John Willocks, W. B. Irvine, Andrew Stewart, editor of the *People's Friend*; A. C. Lamb, John Maclauchlan,

W. C. Honeyman, J. B. Macdonald, D. P. Scott, James Mann, president of the Trades Council; William Martin, George Petrie, J. S. Smith, J. P. Bruce, A. P. Stevenson, George Scrymgeour, etc. The Chairman intimated letters of apology for absence from the Earl of Southesk, K.T.; Sir Reginald Ogilvy, Bart.; Sir James Bell, Lord Provost of Glasgow; Provost Vallentine, Brechin; Provost David Mackay, Kilmarnock; Mr. George Armitstead; Colonel Erskine, of Linlathen; the Hon. C. M. Ramsay, Provost Orchar, Councillor Urquhart, Rev. Dr. Colin Campbell, Rev. Dr. A. B. Connel, Mr. H. B. Fergusson, Mr. A. J. Buist, Mr. W. L. Boase, Mr. J. More Smieton, Professor Masson, Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick, chairman of Glasgow Burns Exhibition; Mr. Philip Sully, secretary of Dumfries Burns Celebration Committee; Mr. D. M'Naught, Kilmaurs, editor of the *Burns Chronicle*; Mr. Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"), Mr. William Wallace, *Glasgow Herald*, editor of Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns"; Mr. Robert Ford, Glasgow; and Mr. David Storrar Meldrum, Edinburgh. Photographs were exhibited of memorial wreaths which had been sent to Dumfries and to Kilmarnock on the anniversary of Burns's death.

The CHAIRMAN spoke at length on "The Aims of the Society," and read the following letter from Mr. William Allan, M.P. :—

"Sunderland, July 4th, 1896.

"My Dear Sir,—I have received your favour intimating that 'my ain auld toon' has formed a Burns Society, to be conducted on purely non-alcoholic lines. I can believe that this is as Burns himself would have wished; for, although he was no teetotaler, he regretted oft and much his too intense worship of Bacchus. We cannot judge him in this respect by any modern standard. It would be doing him scant justice. His times were not our times. In his day the general tone of society was measured by the number of empty bottles on or beneath the dining-room table. This measure of 'guid fellowship' permeated all ranks. Personally, I never look on Burns from that aspect at all. I have nothing whatever to do with his human weaknesses. He was not a saint. Who is? 'Let him that is without sin,' etc., etc.—so I have no kindly feeling towards those ghouls who would dig up the bones of dead genius to see if there was a black spot on them. Weigh his soul and weigh his sin, and see which turns the scale. It is not 'how did he live?' but 'what has he left us?' By this standard there is only one reply—Song. I go further. I have always looked on Burns as a divinely called Recorder. All history shows that the great God of this universe has at times called forth men to be Recorders. What

would we know of the heroic days of Greece were it not for Homer! What would we know of the life of ancient England were it not for Chaucer? What would we know of the mediæval days of England were it not for Shakespeare? And what would we have known of old Scottish customs and society were it not for Burns? In the dawn of the steam era he came or was called forth to paint old Scotland ere she was changed from the old to the new, ere the sickle was obliterated by the reaping machine, ere the harness-pulled plough was superceded by the steam-driven plough, ere the wild whistle of the locomotive proclaimed the annihilation of distance and the passing away of all old home-loving, ere the 'Cottar's Saturday Nights' were to be things of the past and the cottar found his Saturday nights readily spent in the town; ere the boozin' beggars, holy fairs, cutty-stools, and hell-pictured preachings were to be for ever swept away. Now, what would we know to-day of Scotland's life and character of last century were they not preserved in the imperishable pictures Burns has left behind? Prose never becomes the property of the people like poetry; and I believe, had Burns painted his pictures in prose—inimitable as they would no doubt have been—they would have been forgotten ere now. Therefore Burns appears to me as the Scottish Recording Angel. Being human he lived human, taking to the full his share of loves and other distillations, and sorrowing and suffering beyond all words from his lack of helm. Judge him not harshly! Judge him not by a standard of to-day! Let no one say 'he should have been;' rather let it be said of him 'The Almighty called him into being—endowed him with gifts divine—he was His handiwork; therefore let us be proud and thankful that his gifts were left to Auld Scotland.' I wish the Dundee Burns Society every success, an' mony a guid hairst in the fields sown by Burns.—Yours, etc.,

"WM. ALLAN."

The CHAIRMAN thereafter read the following poem, by Mr. Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"), written specially for the inauguration of the Society:—

#### BURNS.

A hundred years have fled, and now  
The harvest of the Poet's fame  
Is golden on the laurelled brow,  
Bright with a loving world's acclaim.

These years have sunk; the clouds that rose  
Have also sunk; he rises through  
The folds of mist and dust, and glows  
In the wide space of windless blue.

He came all swarthy, keen and strong;  
Yet in his heart such tender call,  
That all the seeds of lavish song  
Sprang up, and gave a voice to all.

Away to-day with carping thought ;  
 We will not think of any wrong ;  
 We owe him much ; he owes us naught,  
 For he—he gave his country Song.

He sang of love—a softer light  
 Fell on the fields o'er which he trod ;  
 He sang the daisy, meek and white,  
 And flung a glory on the sod.

He sang of toil—the very cot  
 Grew brighter, and the toiler saw  
 A humble splendour crown his lot,  
 And point him to a nobler law.

Of country—till his name was hers,  
 Or both as one—his spirit knelt  
 Before the shrine, till worshippers  
 Felt all his throbbing bosom felt.

Of revel and the hours of mirth—  
 Nay, let us own it, for he wove  
 The band of Ariel round the earth,  
 In "Auld Lang Syne" with all its love.

He grasp'd the handle of the plough,  
 And made it sacred—standing there ;  
 With inspirations, with their glow,  
 Made rainbows through the wintry air !

He passed, with all his hopes and fears,  
 From storm and cloud to perfect rest ;  
 The lurid light of those few years  
 Has broadened to an endless West.

Within that glowing light he stands,  
 The voice of all—his passionate songs  
 Have burst the pale of narrower lands,  
 And he to all the world belongs.

The Rev. Dr. K. C. ANDERSON spoke on the subject, "Burns, a Failure; Burns, an Ideal." The title, which was suggested by Mr. A. C. Lamb, fitted Burns exactly, because no one could say that the life of Burns was a success, for success as they ordinarily used that term meant long life, a competency, and outward rank. Burns had none of these. Burns's life was a failure in every respect save one—that was in relation to his poetry, and that had become an ideal that had grown more luminous as his life receded into the distance. About the details, therefore, of Burns's life they might say

little. Burns as an ideal, Burns's poetry, the great thoughts he brought before them, should interest them and the members of this Burns Society in the days and years that were to come. It seemed to him that the key to the life of Burns was to be found in the struggle of a shrinking will between two great extremes; and it was just that contradiction in the nature of Burns, the difficulty of bringing these two extremes together, that made up the tragedy of his career. Burns had interpreted Scotland to the Scottish people, and Scotland lived in the poems and the songs of Burns. Shakespeare was not loved in England, or Dante in Italy, or Goethe in Germany, as Burns was loved in Scotland. Scotsmen understood their country now as they never could have done if Burns had not lived. His songs were as immortal as love, as pure as the dewdrop, as fresh as morning, and as everlasting as the human heart of man.

Mr. ANDREW STEWART followed with a most excellent and scholarly address on "The Rhyming Epistles of Robert Burns," from which we give the following extract :—

Burns's extraordinary command of rhyme was the source of both his strength and weakness. It caused him at times to pour the wealth of his genius on unworthy subjects and objects. The metrical channels through which he poured his epistolary rhymes had much to do with their limpid clearness and direct force. They admirably served the purpose of his impetuous muse, and that in a way which the mechanical lines of Pope and Gray could never have done. The measures he used had served the purpose of Dunbar and Semple, of Hamilton of Gilbertfield, of Ramsay, and of Fergusson, but he alone enabled us to realise to what splendid issues they could be turned. But I have done talking in generalities. Let me come now to particulars, and, for this purpose, take one of his epistles as a comparison and sample of his high poetic power in this form of writing. Take the "Epistle to a Young Friend," and set it side by side with an equal number of lines from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." I select this poem for a comparison, because, so far as I can find, it is fuller of pregnant and memorable lines that have passed into the current language as familiar quotations than any other poem of equal length. It must also be borne in mind that, while Gray's "Elegy" was carefully elaborated, the "Epistle"



was written, as Burns terms it, "aff loof." The "Epistle" contains eighty-eight lines. Now, from Gray's "Elegy" I take a like number of lines, and here is what I find—

- "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."
- "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
- "Let not ambition mock their useful toil.
- "The short and simple annals of the poor.
- "The path of glory leads but to the grave."
- "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire."
- "Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed."
- "Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul."
- "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
- "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest."
- "Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."
- "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."
- "They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."
- "For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

Here are 14 familiar quotations in all. Now, from the "Epistle to a Young Friend" I select—

- "Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."
- "And a' your views may come to naught  
When every nerve is strained."
- "Aye free, aff haun' your story tell  
When wi' a bosom crony ;
- "But still keep something to yersel'  
Ye scarcely tell to ony."
- "The sacred lowe o' well-placed love  
Luxuriantly indulge it."
- "But, och ! it hardens a' within  
And petrifies the feelin'."
- "And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour."

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant,  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent."

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order."

"Where you feel your honour grip  
Let that aye be your border."

"And resolutely keep its laws,  
Uncaring consequences."

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended."

"A correspondence fixed wi' heaven  
Is sure a noble anchor!"

"May prudence, fortitude, and truth  
Erect your brow undaunting!"

"May you better reckon the rede  
Than ever did the adviser."

Here we have in 88 lines, then, an equal number of famous quotations, every one of them stamped in the mint of genius, and accepted as sterling poetic gold by the reading and thinking people of the English-speaking world. Now, I think that is a fair contrast, and that everyone here will admit that in vigour, truth, and poetic insight the Scottish poet stands head and shoulders over the refined English poet. Gray's lines smell of the lamp; they bear all the signs of having come from the workshop of the literary lapidary; while those of Burns are gems dug from the mine. It is, perhaps, in the measure in which the "Epistle to Davie" is written that Burns shines at his best, and displays his greatest freedom and power of expression, as well as his mastery over the intricacies of rhyme. The form of verse Burns borrowed from Ramsay, though it was used long before Ramsay's day in Montgomerie's "Cherrie and the Slae" and other ballads written previous to 1600; but he far outshines Ramsay in the flowing felicity of his rhymes, and the opulence of the imagery and poetic fire he throws into it. It was Francis Sempie who first popularised this verse, and Ramsay and Fergusson adopted it. Burns took it up, and we know the use he made of it. He made it his own, and, if we wish to get a clear conception of the man Robert Burns.

from his own writings, that conception could nowhere be better got than from his epistles.

Mrs. R. A. WATSON (Deas Cromarty) delivered a graceful and vigorous address on the Poet. She said—I beg you to believe that I am not here of my own conceit. Like the old woman in the story, when asked to give her opinion of the minister, I would not have had the presumption. You know all about Burns, and there is nothing more absurd than telling Scots people what they know already. But you have paid me a great compliment, and what you want from me, I believe, is just a few words of personal testimony. Some may say—will say, no doubt—But what testimony have you to give about Burns, except to condemn his errors and deplore his influence? That was said to Gilfillan years ago, and might be said with more force to a woman. And then, again, the English man of letters, hearing of Burns festivals and Burns enthusiasm and all the rest, puts up his eye-glass and says, with a look of great astonishment, “Why do these good people make such a fuss about Burns? Scott was greater as an artist and more estimable as a man. He was one of the three mighties of the world. Why Burns and not Sir Walter?” Well, the answer to that question is also the answer to the other: it is my apology and yours, and, in essence, the whole case of literary judgment, the question of what makes the great man of a people. There is one quality that does this finally, and if we find it in Burns, why, all our wonder at the genius of Scott, all our pleasure in his wizardry, will not prevent us from astonishing the Southron again, and forcing from him once more the half-indignant, half-puzzled inquiry, “But *why* Burns?” I am thinking of that admirable writer, Mr. Quiller Couch, whose article last year in *The Speaker* set one thinking about the secret of the Burns cult. The secret lies, for me, in two words—the freedom and the religiousness of Burns. I can speak of one young reader who, at about sixteen years of age, found in Burns a freedom, a force, a mental courage that made him a real influence in life. One read Scott—in poetry and prose—and felt romance beat at the heart of things; one read Wordsworth and felt the stern dignity of the soul communing with God and duty in the temple of Nature. Coleridge made one feel awe and a weird spell in his “Ancient Mariner,” and Keats, in shimmering light and mystical shadow, revealed

Beauty, the very dream of literature. Shakespeare gave a splendid field-glass to see the life of mankind, high and low; and Milton made organ music out of mediæval theology. Crabbe one read for his English realism, and Longfellow had the sweet sentiment of daily fear and hope. Tennyson's "Two Voices" were the soul's thought made melodiously antiphonal; and later on the Brownings came with pure passion, keen intellect, full of the modern spirit. But, looking back, I see a low bookcase in a Yorkshire parsonage, and a blue volume full of Scottish vernacular, in which one found something which none of the other poets possessed in just the same form or flavour. It was the utterance of a peasant who was also in a certain broad sense a man of the world; the utterance of a passionate, ill-governed nature, but one that never, in all its rude waywardness, its libertinism, forgot that God reigns. The writing of Burns had man-force. The irony was masterly, the pathos unstudied, the flavour, generally, was the strongest in our literature next to Bunyan—one might say, next to the Bible. It was simple, direct, pungent, and the prime thing in it—the element by which Burns lives even where Scott seems to be king—is this: he is your personal friend. To the young man struggling with life, conscious that it ought to be a victory, but may be a disaster, poor Burns is no example—no saint—but he is a brother. He comes as a friend, an intimate, one who knows, feels, desires the best, and judges himself when he does the worst. Among all the poets he is the most real, the most frank, the most free. He is the type of Scotland alike in its good and its ill, and has given his people a treasure of apt quotation suited to their character, expressing the national temper, the beauty of the land, the keen energy of the life that is lived here. Only the Scots folk could have had Burns; only Burns, the critical, homely, tender and scornful, serious and wayward Burns, could be the voice of the country. Scott is too great as an artist, too dignified and reserved as a writer, too orderly and aristocratic. He is the best man, the greatest man, but he is not "a *brither* man, for a' that." I shall not venture to recite any passages from our Poet; that would only be to show that I have not the Scots tongue. Besides, you know the Epistles, you know the address to the Unco Guid, the lines to Cardoness, the New-Year's Day piece to Mrs. Dunlop, and all the others, in

which irony and tenderness combine to produce the freshest and most pungent criticism of life—that is, in a word, the strongest literature. He is thorough, this Burns; he turns on make-believe, he turns on himself and his sins, he points the finger of terrible scorn at all things and folk that are “sleekit.” The lines to Cardoness are condensed essence of irony; in those to the Unco Guid, satire and humane feeling and moral judgment blend in bold, simple, unconscious, plain-speaking, and rise to that humane thrill which is the great note of literature. Burns rarely touches the awesomeness of the old Ballade; he has nothing like

“Oh, Keith of Ravelston, the sorrows of thy line!”

He has none of Shelley's glorious disembodied imagination; does not bewitch you, like Keats, nor give you the peculiar shock of Byron. Again, the pure spiritual authority of a Wordsworth is impossible to Burns, the libertine, and one would not claim for him the greatest intellect. But he broke out in a fresh place with a fresh soul, with hatred of shams and love of man, and awe of God. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. Burns understood. God gave him a clear dark eye, strong to see and to feel. God gave him a passionate courage, a scorn for untruth, a belief in the human destiny, the gift to speak what his people felt—a race at once the boldest and the most religious. As a living, struggling man upon God's earth, under the wind-swept sky of Scotland, Burns stands up, like Job under the sky of Arabia, and says in naked strength, “When I call He will answer me: He will have regard to the work of His hands!” Wisdom's root is clear to him though he behaves foolishly, even vilely. The thrill in his own soul becomes that humane thrill which makes literature and commands the world.

“The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
And many a message from the skies,  
That something in us never dies;  
That on this frail, uncertain state  
Hang matters of eternal weight.”

As a free-thinker, as the lucid, unbound, pungent, pathetic singer of common human life, struggling heavenward over its low fields—this Robert Burns is a great poet—one of the greatest that ever drew breath.

Sir JOHN LENG, in proposing a vote of thanks to the speakers, said that since he entered the room—he did not know what occurred before—he thought all would admit that they had had a delightful intellectual symposium. He first of all heard read the vigorous and forceful appreciation of Burns by their townsman, who was known in another place as King Vulcan, his honourable friend, Willie Allan. Then they had those beautiful verses from a brother poet (“Surfaceman”), for bringing whom before the public they were indebted to Mr. Stewart, and who possessed that inherent delicacy of poetic imagination which must have endeared him to all acquainted with him. Further, he was very glad that, although they had a great preacher on the platform, he did not preach to them that evening. His sermons were always listened to, and, he could testify, read with interest even at a considerable distance. Dr. Anderson did not follow the too common example of making a text of Robert Burns to decry his unfortunate errors, but he rather dwelt on those qualities of the great Poet which would survive what was perishable and mortal in his career. They had had a charming innovation in the address from Mrs. Watson. He had long thought that there was much natural eloquence, a power of discriminating literary criticism amongst the ladies, which they had kept too much to themselves. They knew how it broke out in other directions, especially in the way of curtain lectures. But they ought to utilise, not only in church, but in public life, those gifts with which the ladies were endowed by nature, and which the present false social system had hitherto too much suppressed. Concluding, he expressed the gratification it afforded him to come from a very prosaic place to this feast—he would not say of oratory—but of poetry, and certainly of good feeling, and his thanks for having been afforded an opportunity of participating in it.

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### THE CONCERT.

A short interval then took place, during which the company were served with tea, supplied by the Messrs. Lamb at buffet tables. Thereafter the second part of the programme, which consisted of Burns’s songs, rendered with fine expression, taste, and feeling by a choir under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Macdonald, was gone through. The soloists were Miss Clark

and Messrs. Nicoll and L. K. Stevenson, and Miss Stewart played the piano accompaniments with acceptance. It should be mentioned that in the course of the evening the following telegram was received from Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock, and read amid applause:—"The 'Sons of Auld Killie' wish all success to your Society and its first demonstration.—MACKAY, Provost." A reply was wired as follows:—"Thanks for good wishes. Your greeting received by meeting with enthusiasm." On the motion of the chairman, a vote of thanks was accorded to the choir and its leader, and a similar compliment having been paid to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

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#### AYR.

DEMONSTRATION IN AYR.—In celebration of the centenary of the death of the Poet, a grand demonstration, under the auspices of the Ayr Burns Club, was held on Monday afternoon, 20th July. When first mooted, the matter was heartily taken up by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, and also by the various Trade Societies. It was agreed by the executive of the Burns Club that the demonstration should take the form of a procession of public bodies, and to conclude with a concert-lecture in the Town Hall. Long before the hour for leaving the Low Green the scene at the Green and in the approaches to it was of the most animated description. In addition to the thousands of townspeople, who had a half-holiday, there were also thousands of Glasgow visitors, and, at times, locomotion in the vicinity of Wellington Square was almost impossible. The procession, which left the Low Green shortly after six o'clock, proceeded along Sandgate Street, Main Street, George Street, High Street, and Alloway Street to the Burns Statue. Arrived there, Bailie Templeton, in the absence of Provost Willock, thanked the citizens for the manner in which they had turned out. A large number of beautiful wreaths were then placed on the pedestal of the statue, from the various Trade Societies and Burns Clubs, and from a number of private individuals. After the wreaths had been deposited, the procession was reformed and proceeded to

the Town Hall. At the concert-lecture Mr. Walter Neilson, president of the Burns Club, presided. The hall was filled in every corner, the gallery being reserved for ladies, while the processionists occupied the area. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. C. Higgins, Tarbolton; Mr. R. Niven, Airlie; and Mr. Eugene Wason, of Blair; while a number of favourite Burns songs were rendered by Miss M. W. Fyffe, Glasgow, and Mr. A. Thomson, Ayr; and Mr. T. Harrower, Glasgow, gave a couple of readings.

PITLOCHRY.—The Burns Club celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Poet's death on the 21st. Dr. R. W. Irvine presided, and delivered an appropriate address on the triumph of the Poet's genius and the world-wide recognition of its power.

FALKIRK.—A meeting in commemoration of the centenary of the death of Robert Burns was held in the Town Hall, Falkirk, on the evening of the 21st. Provost Weir presided over a large gathering. In the course of the evening Mr. M'Killop, M.P., delivered an address on the life and works of Burns. Several other gentlemen took part in the meeting. A number of Burns songs were there rendered.

PERTH.—On account of the weather the concert, which had been arranged to be given on the North Inch on the evening of the 21st by a choir of 800 voices, was postponed. A public concert and entertainment was given on the 22nd.

KIRKCALDY.—An open-air demonstration took place in Beveridge Public Park, Kirkcaldy, in connection with the centenary of Burns's death. The Rev. A. E. Parry presided, and there was an attendance of fully four thousand. The Chairman intimated letters of apology from the Earl of Roslyn, Mr. Asquith, M.P.; Mr. Dalziel, M.P.; Mr. Munro-Ferguson, M.P.; Mr. Birrell, M.P.; Dr. Stalker, Glasgow; Rev. D. Macrae, Dundee, and others. The principal speaker was Rev. Mr. Webster, Aberdeen, author of "Burns and the Kirk." The Kirkcaldy Trades Band was also present, and played a choice selection of Burns songs, while a vocal choir also sang several pieces.



AYR.—On the 21st the Trustees beautifully decorated the Burns Cottage and Monument at Ayr. Two arches with wreaths of white flowers spanned the entrance to the monument, while a fine large arch was thrown over the roof of the cottage, an engraving of the Poet being in the middle, and the letters "R. B." on either side. Evergreens festooned the front of the cottage, and inside, the bed was decorated with a garland of rosebuds.

BERWICK.—The Burns centenary was celebrated at Berwick by open-air and indoor demonstrations. The Mayor and Corporation marched to the Ramparts, and opened a new stairway leading thence to the sea and Berwick pier. An open-air concert by the local musical societies and bands followed. A banquet succeeded, and the chief speaker was Mr. William Jacks, the member for Stirlingshire, author of "Burns in other Tongues." The celebration drew large crowds.

ALYTH.—The members of the Alyth Burns Club celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Poet's death by supping together in the Commercial Hotel on the evening of the 21st. The function was attended by a large representation of the local admirers of the Poet. Mr. John Smith, president, presided, and Mr. Reid and Bailie Geddes were croupiers. After supper, the Chairman gave the toast of the "Immortal Memory," which was drunk in silence. The remainder of the evening was most pleasantly spent in song and sentiment.

HADDINGTON.—On the 21st, the members of this club marked the anniversary in a unique and appropriate manner. The party drove to Grant's Braes, the site of the house once occupied by the Poet's mother, and by his brother, Gilbert Burns, when factor on the Blantyre estate. The original house is not now standing, and the walls at present visible are the ruins of a more recent erection, which was destroyed a few years ago by fire. The party then proceeded to Bolton, where, in the village churchyard, Burns's mother, Gilbert Burns, and several of his family are interred within a modest little railed enclosure, the spot being also marked by a plain headstone. Here, in the name of the president of the club, Bailie Cunningham, the Rev. Mr. Dempster read an appropriate address, bearing reference to the connection of the Burns family with the county, touching

upon the character of the Poet's mother, the beauty of his home, as delineated in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and the recognition of his fame evidenced by the anniversary celebrations. The president, thereafter, in the name of the club, laid a beautiful wreath containing sprays of Lammermoor heather and a Scottish thistle upon the grave. A telegraphic message expressive of fraternal wishes was despatched to the Dumfries gathering. At a subsequent meeting the club enjoyed the hospitality of the president, whose health was duly honoured. Thereafter the party enjoyed a drive through scenes more or less directly connected with the residence of Gilbert Burns in the district. The arrangements were in the hands of the secretary (Mr. R. A. Dakers) and committee. There is yet alive in Haddington, in the person of Mr. James Robb, ex-gas manager, one who well recollects having seen Gilbert Burns. Readers of the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, who is buried in the Parish Church, Haddington, will recollect her intimacy with, and fond recollections of, the Burns's home at Grant's Braes.

LANGHOLM.—In Langholm, the Burns enthusiasm did not show itself in so marked a manner as in the other Dumfriesshire towns, though its Burns Clubs have been for some years the most active perhaps in the South of Scotland. The Freemasons were the only organisation which arranged to make a processional show. It had been resolved to send a deputation from the municipal authority, but the project fell through, and Provost Thomson attended the Dumfries demonstration in his private capacity. The town's flag floated half-mast at the Town Hall.

JEDBURGH.—The Jedburgh Burns Club, on the evening of the 21st, met in the Royal Hotel to commemorate the centenary of the death of the National Poet. After supper, Mr. L. G. McDonald, the president, proposed the "Immortal Memory of Burns," and, in doing so, said that Burns had been sent into the world to proclaim old truths in a heart-constraining manner. Among the other toasts were "The Memory of Bonie Jean," "The Associates of Burns," "The Heroines of Burns," "The Brotherhood of Man," and "Our Native Land." During the evening several of Burns's songs and readings were given.

**AIRDRIE.** — A centenary celebration dinner was given in the County Buildings, Airdrie, on the evening of the 21st, under the auspices of the Airdrie Burns Club. Mr. William Thomson, B.L., president, occupied the chair, and was supported by Sheriff Mair, Provost Arthur, and members of the Town Council. The gathering was a large and highly representative one. Mr. Thomson delivered an appreciative address on Burns, and, in name of the local Burns Club, presented to the Airdrie Free Public Library a copy of the Nasmyth portrait of the Poet, which is hung in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. The copy was by Ramsay Russell, Edinburgh.

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## BURNS MEMORIAL AND COTTAGE HOMES AT MAUCHLINE.

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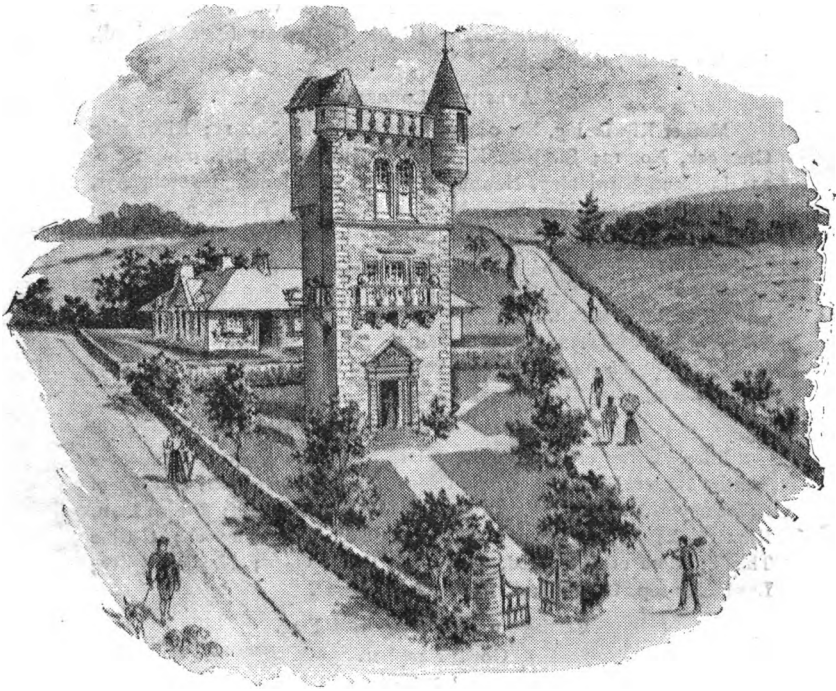
### LAYING OF FOUNDATION-STONE.

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**T**HE ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Burns Memorial was made the occasion of a great demonstration at Mauchline, on Thursday, 23rd July, which was observed as a "high day and holiday," and the town was gaily decorated. Visitors were first struck with the display at the railway station. Woodside, the residence of Mr. Marcus Bain, and the Ballochmyle Quarries, were tastefully set off with bunting. In Loudoun Street there was an immense amount of fluttering colour. The entrance to Mauchline Castle, where Gavin Hamilton lived, was very tastefully decorated with dark holly and crimson cloth. From the Parish Church to the Co-operative Store there was a long line of streamers. At the entrance to the Cowgate, where Jean Armour lived, a neat floral arch spanned the street, and in Earl Grey Street, New Road, and other places the form of decoration was somewhat similar. The houses where Mary

Morison and Jean Armour lived had their doors prettily decked with flowers. Altogether, the display was highly creditable to the enthusiasm and artistic taste of the townspeople.

The mustering ground of the procession was the football field, and here Sergeant Giles, of the Ayrshire Yeomanry,



rendered excellent service as marshal. The procession was formed in the following order :—

**Marshal.**

**Newmilns Brass Band.**

**Mounted Ploughmen, preceded by Plough of Burns Period, with  
Ploughman in Dress of Period.**

**Architect and Contractors.**

**Lady Alexander and Party.**

**President and Distinguished Guests.**

**Patrons.**

Committee.

Members of Glasgow Mauchline Society.

Subscribers.

Burns Clubs.

and V.B.R.S.F., preceded by Band.

Provincial Grand Master.

Masonic Lodges in following order,

Lodges represented outwith the Province of Ayrshire :—

Metropolitan District, Lanarkshire Middle Ward, Renfrewshire West), Stirlingshire, Renfrewshire (East), Canterbury (New Zealand), Dumbartonshire, Oxfordshire.

#### AYRSHIRE LODGES:—

Mother Kilwinning, No. 0; St. John, Maybole, No. 11; Kilwinning Greenock, No. 12; St. John Kilwinning, Kilwinning, Kilmarnock, No. 22; Loudoun Kilwinning, Newmilns, No. 51; St. James, Newton, Ayr, No. 125; St. David, Mauchline, No. 133; St. James, Tarbolton, No. 135; St. Andrew, Irvine, No. 149; Thistle and Rose, Stevenston, No. 169; St. John Kilwinning, Largs, No. 163; Royal Arch, Maybole, No. 198; St. Thomas, Muirkirk, No. 281; St. Paul, Ayr, No. 204; St. Barnabas, Old Cumnock, No. 230; St. Andrew, Glenbuck, No. 245; Blair, Dalry, No. 200; St. Peter, Galston, No. 331; St. John, New Cumnock, No. 334; St. John, Catrine, No. 497; St. Matthew Kilwinning, Dreghorn, No. 594; Bonnie Doon, Patna, No. 565; Ferguson St. James, Dailly, No. 566.

Masonic Office-Bearers, with Emblems.

British Order of Ancient Free Gardeners in the following order:—Worthy Master, West of Scotland District; Kilmarnock District; Rose of Ballochmyle, Mauchline; Ayr Daisy; Olive Branch, Beith; British Fern, Kilmarnock; Vine, Galston; Glaisnock Lily, Old Cumnock; Catrine Thistle; Rose of Wellwood, Muirkirk; Dailly Olive; Maybole Olive; Lowly Hyssop, Crosshill; Craigston Lily, Lugar.

Carriage with Weavers and Flag.

Good Templars.

Boys' Brigade.

Smiths.

Coachbuilders.

Boxmakers.

Quarrymen, etc.

It was more than a mile in length, and took nearly half-an-hour to pass a given point. With due appropriateness the ploughmen occupied the place of honour. They were headed by a lorry on which was a ploughman dressed in the costume of the Burns period, and guiding an old-fashioned plough. The bottom of the lorry was laid with daisy-bespangled turf, part of which was turned over in furrow. The employees of

Messrs. W. & A. Smith, fancy box manufacturers, were well represented. They were headed by the clever boy pipers from Dumfries Industrial School, who contributed some stirring music. The female workers were all prettily attired, and each wore a beautiful tartan sash gifted by the firm. The workers of Ballochmyle Quarries were preceded by a stout yeoman on horseback and the Glenbuck brass band. The Boys' Brigade, under the Rev. Joseph Mitchell, B.D., attracted a good deal of attention, their smart appearance and military bearing being favourably commented upon. The Volunteers, with their scarlet uniforms, and fixed bayonets, added picturesqueness to the turnout. The members of the various societies and lodges wore their regalias, and some carried attractive banners, all of which helped to heighten the general effect. It is worthy of note that, in one of the carriages, there were four of the oldest inhabitants—Joseph Davidson (72), John Killin (78), John Train (88), and "Sandy" Marshall (82), the local Burns enthusiast. The route taken by the procession was *via* Loudoun Street, High Street, Cowgate, Earl Grey Street, New Road, and Kilmarnock Road, to the site of the Memorial, by way of Mossgiel. It was intended that the procession would halt at Mossgiel, and that an address would be delivered there, but owing to the death of Mrs. Wyllie, mother of the present tenant, this was departed from, and the processionists marched past the house with becoming decorum. The weather up till this time had been dull and threatening, and unfortunately a heavy drizzling rain began to fall just when the proceedings at the site of the Memorial were commencing. It was estimated that there would be nearly ten thousand people present.

The platform party ascended to their places to the strains of "The Merry Masons," played by the Newmilns Band. Miss Annie B. Burns and Miss Constance Burns Hutchinson, the daughter and grand-daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns, were given positions of honour. Mrs. Burns Thomas, the Poet's great-grand-daughter, and the only surviving representative of his eldest son, Robert, was expected to be present, but was unfortunately prevented by indisposition. Lady Alexander, in a few graceful and appropriate sentences, asked Mr. H. R. Wallace, of Busbie and Cloncaird, Provincial Grand Master of Ayrshire, to lay the memorial-stone.

The ceremony of laying the stone having been concluded,  
Mr. WALLACE, who was received with loud applause, said—

I have great pleasure in informing you that we have laid, according to the rites and usages of Ancient Freemasonry, the foundation-stone of this national memorial to our beloved Bard. It is a high privilege and pleasant



*Hugh R. Wallace, Esq., of Cloncaird and Busby.*

duty to the Freemasons to lay, from time to time, the foundation-stones of stately edifices erected to the honour and glory of the great Architect of the Universe, for the improvement of the condition of mankind, and in honour of the departed great. It is a privilege which we highly prize, and which we have enjoyed from time immemorial, and it is not because of the mere pageantry and display which we see on these occasions that Freemasons throng together. A good and earnest Mason sees in every project for the advancement and amelioration of the condition of his fellow-man a practical exposition of those principles which are inculcated in every Masonic Lodge, and which are the foundation of our brotherhood. (Applause.) There is a deep act of symbolism in laying a foundation-stone. The mortar which we have laid to the bed of this stone to cement it and keep it in its place is symbolical of the virtues of charity and brotherly love, which, we

trust, may so spread throughout our native land and throughout the nations of the world that men may be joined together in the bonds of peace, and that the time for which the Poet yearned so much may come—

“When man to man the world o’er  
Shall brithers be and a’ that.”

(Applause.) The application of the various implements in architecture remind us to apply the principles which they represent to our daily lives, in order that we may

“Keep the unerring line  
Still rising by the plummet’s law.”

And the corn, wine, and oil represent the abundant products of the earth—the gifts and blessings vouchsafed to us by the “glorious Architect Divine,” at whose feet in gratitude we lay them, with the prayer that these blessings may be ever continued in our land, and to the poor, for whose benefit this building is to be erected. (Applause.) Within the mystic bond of Freemasonry, we are happy in knowing none of those differences—social, political, or religious—which are inseparable from the life of a great people. We are consequently glad at all times to assist at the inauguration of any good and worthy undertaking. But on the present occasion we have peculiar reasons for being in sympathy with what is transpiring to-day. During the last fifty years the Freemasons of Ayrshire have taken part on many occasions at the inauguration of memorials to the honour of our immortal Bard. All have been worthy; many have exhibited—as was the case at Irvine last Saturday—the highest excellence of the sculptor’s art; many have shown the high skill of the architect; but this memorial differs from all its predecessors, inasmuch as it is designed not only as a worthy and lasting memorial of Robert Burns, but to do that which he himself would have valued far more—to give effect to the principles he so strongly advocated—charity and kindness between man and man. (Applause.) In the words of the circular of the Glasgow Mauchline Society, “it is proposed to erect not a mere monument of stone and lime but a memorial which will aid in a practical and permanent way those whose lot touched so keenly the sympathies of the Poet.” (Applause.) For that reason this memorial has the cordial sympathy and approval not only of you all, but of the Freemasons of Ayrshire; and for that reason it will stand out, I venture to say, in this centenary year as an example to be copied in the future, let us hope, by the ever-increasing thousands who love the memory, the writings, and the humanity of Robin. (Loud applause.) As Scotsmen and Ayrshiremen we are a’ proud o’ Robin. As Freemasons we are doing honour to-day to the memory of an illustrious brother who has crystallised in immortal verse some of the noblest and finest tenets of Freemasonry, and we are in sympathy because we are assisting at the inauguration of an institution designed to carry out the great Masonic principle of charity. And what site more happy could have been chosen for the National Burns Memorial! It was within hail of this platform that Robert Burns spent some of the most interesting years of his life—years which, I believe, made more impression on his poetry



than any other period of his life. Essentially the poet of Nature, Burns here living in the centre of the most characteristic pastoral district in Ayrshire—perhaps the most pastoral district in the whole of Scotland—was surrounded by scenes and incidents sacred to the Muse of Pastoral Poetry. It was here that the poetic genius of his country found him at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him, and bade him write the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil in his native tongue. It was here that, in obedience to that call, he wrote some of the most beautiful and most famous of his poems. It was at the farm yonder that he wrote that immortal poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." (Applause.) It was while attending to his daily toil that the incidents took place which gave us the Odes to the Mouse and to the Mountain Daisy. There is no district in Ayrshire, or in the whole of Scotland, of which it could be more truly said in the words of Longfellow—

"For now he haunts his native land,  
As an immortal youth, his hand  
Guides every plough.  
He sits by every ingle nook,  
His voice is in each running brook,  
Each rustling bough."

It is also to us, as Freemasons, a matter of great interest that it was while he was living in this neighbourhood Burns first saw the light of Freemasonry. There were at that time two lodges in Tarbolton—St. James's and St. David's—both of which, I am glad to say, are largely and strongly represented here to-day. The amalgamation of these lodges took place shortly before the initiation of the Poet, and it was in the amalgamated lodges of St. James's and St. David's, and under the charter of the latter, that he received the light of Freemasonry on 4th July, 1781. The Order of Freemasonry at once fascinated the Bard. To us, who read him in the light of Freemasonry, it is natural that this should be so. One of the strongest features of his character was that he was devoted to everything in the grand design of the Great Architect. The humblest item in the creative plan was dear to Robert Burns. The Mouse disturbed by his ploughshare, the "wee crimson-tipped flower," the companions of his daily toil—his dog and his old grey mare, all aroused in him that feeling and love for everything in Nature, which made him yearn for and advocate the brotherhood of man. (Applause.) With a feeling such as this, it is not surprising to us Freemasons that Burns should have turned with sympathy to an institution whose tenets and principles were so much in accordance with his thoughts and his ideas. If there was any doubt that Burns was a keen and enthusiastic Freemason, we have only to turn to the minute books of the lodges connected with this place, in which Burns received the light. In 1784, after his removal to Mossgiel, Burns was elected Depute-Master, and it was in that capacity, he tells us, that he

"Oft honoured with supreme command  
Presided o'er the sons of light."

(Applause.) We find him in the following year attending the meetings of

his lodge regularly, and officiating as Master, initiating candidates ; and it is recorded that in 1785 he visited Lodge St. James no less than nine times in six months. In addition to that he held private meetings of the lodge in the farm of Mossiel in order to instruct the brethren in Freemasonry. Within a week of his arrival in Edinburgh we find him attending the Masons' Lodge, Canongate, Kilwinning. It was through his connection with Freemasonry, and particularly with the lodge I have just named, that Burns made the acquaintance of many of those who in after years befriended him, and who are, and ever will be, associated with his writings and with his life. It was there that he met James, Earl of Glencairn, for whom he always had such a devoted regard. It was there that he met, in the capacity of Master, "Craigdarroch, so famous for worth, wit, and law." It was there that he met John Ballantyne, also a brother Mason ; Professor Dugald Stewart, and many others whose names will ever be associated with his works. It has been said, I know, that Freemasonry was not to his advantage. There is absolutely not one tittle of foundation for any such suggestion. Freemasonry is an institution designed to do good between one man and another, and I care not how religious or how good a man may be, if he becomes a Mason and acts up to the tenets, it is calculated to make him a better man. (Applause.) But Robert Burns himself effectually disposes of any such suggestion. You remember the solemn incident of his parting with Highland Mary. On that occasion Robin exchanged Bibles with her. In his own Bible of two volumes he inscribed his name and several texts from Scripture bearing upon the solemn undertaking, the solemn vows which they were making one to the other ; and as if to make that promise additionally binding, as if to give an additional pledge of his fidelity, he inscribed these inscriptions with his Mason's mark. (Applause.) On another occasion, at the time he thought he was to depart from his native land for ever, he wrote—and he was incapable of writing that which he thought was untrue—

"Adieu, a heart-warm, fond adieu,  
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie,  
 Ye favoured, enlighten'd few  
 Companions of my social joy ;  
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',  
 With melting heart and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind ye still, though far awa'."

We Freemasons are proud that Burns was a Mason. But as far as the high estimation in which he is held in our hearts is concerned it would not have mattered ; for though he had never been honoured with "supreme command," though he had never presided o'er the sons of light or been a Freemason, we should have held him dear as the friend of truth, as the enemy of hypocrisy and cant, as the Scotsman who above all others in his time had sent from east to west, and from north to south, a message of sympathy between man and man ; as the National Bard of Caledonia, and as a man who, as long as our language exists, will be spoken of with respect, and love, and admiration, as the Poet of Humanity. (Loud applause.) I

desire on behalf of my brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ayrshire to thank you for giving us the opportunity of paying our devoted homage here to the memory of Robert Burns. We wish you all success in this noble undertaking. We trust that it may be far more successful than you at present anticipate. We hope that when completed the blessing of the Great Architect may remain upon it, and that

“Within this dear mansion may wayward contention,  
Or withered envy ne'er enter;  
May *harmony* round be the mystical bound,  
And brotherly love be the centre.” (Loud Applause.)

Mr. J. LEIPER GEMMILL said—

At the great demonstration at Dumfries on Tuesday there was a little garland laid beside the Poet's tomb, which, I think, will come closer to his heart than any of the others that was placed there. It was a wreath of holly boughs gathered from Mossiel, intermingled with daisies from the field where he ploughed up the “wee crimson-tipped flower.” (Applause.) It was arranged by the hands of his descendant, Miss Annie B. Burns, in my house in Glasgow, the evening before. (Applause.) I can hardly trust myself in saying how much I feel the honour of representing the Glasgow Mauchline Society on such an occasion as this. In our great cities there are infirmaries, convalescent homes, and other institutions of a similar kind—a great movement of charity at work—but in the country there are very few of them; and it is to do something for the class among whom Burns's lot was cast that we are here to-day. In the name of the Glasgow Mauchline Society I ask you to give a hearty vote of thanks to all who have helped in this work. (Loud applause.)

Bro. WALLACE acknowledged the vote of thanks.

This closed the proceedings at the site of the Memorial Homes. The processionists then returned to the town.

## THE BANQUET.

At three o'clock a grand banquet took place in a large marquee within the grounds of Netherplace. Mr. J. Leiper Gemmill presided, and the croupiers' chairs were filled by Sir Wm. Arroll, M.P.; Sir John Muir, Bart., of Deanston; and Sheriff Brand. About 200 ladies and gentlemen were present, among them being Lady Alexander of Ballochmyle, Miss Annie B. Burns, Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, Mr. H. R. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, Cloncaird; General George Warren Walker, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunlop of Doonside, Mr. and Mrs. J. Baird Thorneycroft, Netherplace; Mr. Eugene Wason of Blair, Mrs. and Master Gemmill, Rev. Wilson Baird, Mr. Marcus Bain, Woodside; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMillan, Commercial Bank; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Killin,

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Alexander, Mr. W. S. M'Millan, Dr. James F. Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Gemmill, Mr. A. J. Kilpatrick, Mr. W. Craibe Angus, Glasgow; Mr. J. Lawrie Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Marr, Bailie and Mrs. John Marr, Mr. J. Orr-Sinclair, Captain Gilmour, Mr. Matthew Arthur, Mr. Mure of Caldwell, Mr. Robert Walker, Art Institute, Glasgow; Dr. Sloan, Mr. Walter M'Ivean, Mr. James Killin, Mr. A. G. Alexander, Mr. John Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. S. Young, Mrs. Strathearn, Miss Jessie Hislop, Mr. Alexander



*Mr. J. Leiper Gemmill.*

Loudon, Mr. J. B. Loudon, Mayor of Coventry; Mr. Robert Muir, of Craighnaught; Provost Mackay, Captain David Sneddon, Mr. D. M'Naught, Bailie Paterson, ex-Bailie Muir, ex-Bailie John Baird, ex-Bailie James Arbuckle, Mr. John Kerr, Mr. Thomas Lyon, Mr. George Dunlop, Mr. J. Wilson Wallace, Mr. R. D. Tannabill, Mr. David Aird, Mr. Richard Armstrong, Kilmarnock; Rev. J. S. Nisbet, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Brown, ex-Provost Longmuir, Irvine; Misses Douglas, Mr. Robert Morton, Mr. John Mair, etc., etc. Apologies for absence were intimated from Major-General Sir Claud Alexander of Ballochmyle, Sir Archibald Alison,

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Donald Mathieson, Sir Wm. Dunn, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Wm. Geddes, Sir James Fergusson, Mr. W. K. Hamilton Campbell, Mr. James Somervell of Sorn, Mr. Charles Howatson, Glenbuck; Mr. C. G. Shaw, Bailie Ramsay, and others. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers.

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Queen."

Provost MACKAY proposed "The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces."

General WARREN WALKER, in an interesting reply, said it might be necessary for him, an Englishman, to apologise for his presence. (Laughter.) If so, they would permit him to say that he had a Scottish mother, that he spent his early days in Edinburgh and Musselburgh, and that he married a Scottish wife, who declared he was "daft about Burns." (Laughter.) He thought after what he had seen and heard at Dumfries, Glasgow, and elsewhere he would be dafter still. (Renewed laughter.) He had been acquainted with both the Poet's soldier-sons, Colonel William Nicol Burns and Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the latter of whom married his (the speaker's) cousin, Sarah Robinson, a Yorkshire lady, out of his father's house; in 1818. He made the acquaintance of both soldiers in 1843, before he went out to India. They had settled in Cheltenham, and there he had the honour and pleasure of great intimacy with them. When the Colonels were at Gravesend, and he a youngster doing duty with the Royal Engineers establishment at Chatham, they did him the honour of occasionally coming over and dining with him at mess. On one memorable occasion, 18th June, 1843, they had a very pleasant evening, in the course of which Colonel James Burns, who had a very sweet voice, and had all his father's verses at his fingers' end, gave two or three delightful songs, which were heartily enjoyed. He (the speaker) wanted something more, and said, "Could you not favour us with 'Scots Wha Hae?'" He said, "I'm not up to that song on every occasion. I require to be wound up to a certain pitch before I dare attempt it." "Well, you're forgetting that this is Waterloo day; is that not enough for you?" Up Colonel Burns thereupon jumped, and sang it in glorious style. (Applause.) Alluding to the Reserve Forces, General Warren Wallace made sympathetic reference to the death of Lady Wemyss, whose husband was one of the earliest supporters of the Volunteer movement.

The CHAIRMAN then said—While feeling very highly honoured in occupying the position in which I now stand, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret at the fact that our honorary president is not filling the chair to-day. In addition to being a warm admirer of our great Poet, he is the possessor of the Braes of Ballochmyle, and, above all, of the classic ground of Mossgiel. But it is one consolation to us that Lady Alexander, as his representative, has come to grace our meeting. It is my privilege also to read to you to-day a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson, now an aged lady, but familiar to all of you as being the young girl in the portrait

of Bonie Jean and her grand-daughter. She has always felt a very great interest in our movement, and she writes :—

Woodlands, July 18th, 1896.

Dear Mr. Gemmill,

I regret very much that my health does not allow of my being present at the Burns Centenary celebration at Mauchline, but I shall be with you in spirit. I have from the first taken a deep interest in the proposed Cottage Homes, which I consider a most fitting memorial to one who has been well named the "Poet of Humanity." I heartily wish success and prosperity to the Burns Memorial Cottage Homes.—I am, dear Mr. Gemmill, yours sincerely,

SARAH BURNS HUTCHINSON.

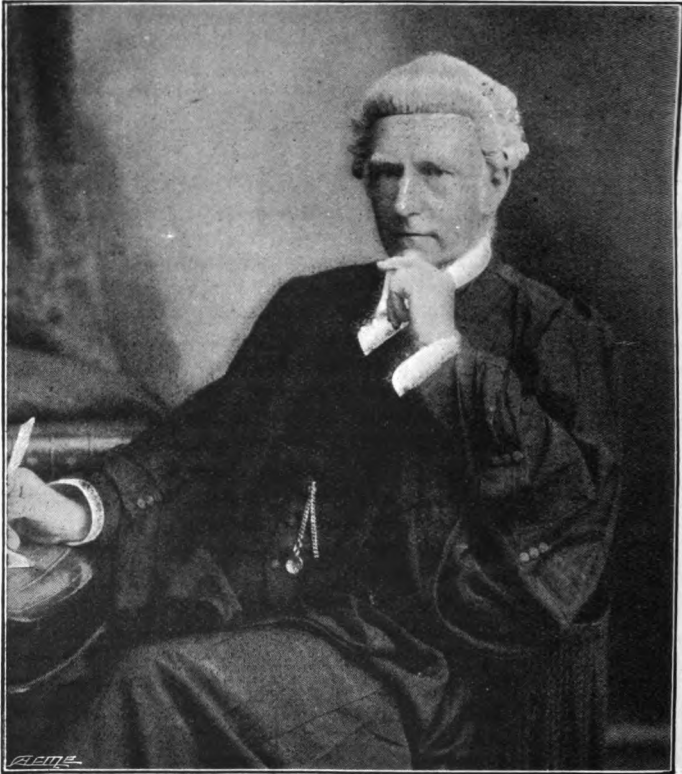
(Loud applause).

I do not wish to anticipate in any way the literary treat that we will have in the next toast by Sheriff Brand, and accordingly I shall speak very hurriedly of the history of the movement that has brought us all together. It is one of the characteristics of our Scottish race that we are clannish, and in every great city those coming from some little village—be it ever so small—wish to have some common rallying ground. It was that feeling that caused a number of us connected with Mauchline, some eight or nine years ago, to meet together at a conversazione. We had a delightful meeting, and at the close our good friend, Mr. Hamilton Marr, proposed that there should be an association formed to go on in perpetuity. Then there came the time when the centenary celebrations began to simmer, and at our meeting Bailie Marr, in his address, said, "Why cannot we Mauchline boys do something to place in Mauchline a memorial of the Poet?" At the first meeting of the committee the matter was gone into and most anxiously discussed, and the result was that we thought, before we could do anything, we must consult our honorary president, Sir Claud Alexander. We put our views before him, and he—as he has always done in every public movement—at once heartily agreed. And not only so, but he headed the list of subscriptions with a very handsome sum. (Applause.) Speaking of this movement, I cannot help saying how much has been done—in addition to the work of Mr. Killin—by my friend the secretary, Mr. W. S. M'Millan. (Applause.) We have, I am glad to say, got the length of close upon £3000—(applause)—a sum that at the beginning we hardly hoped to reach. But as time has gone on and the scheme progressed we feel that a larger sum than that will be required. We have taken contracts, by which something like £2500 will be spent upon the building and the fitting of them up. But we wish, in addition to building the tower and the cottages, to form a fund to endow these. I feel convinced that the generosity which has helped to build up these homes will also ensure their maintenance, and that in future years the memory of Burns will be no less strong, in stimulating to acts of charity and kindness, than it has proved in this the centenary of his death. (Loud applause.)

G

Sheriff BRAND, on rising to give the toast of the day, "The Memory of Burns," was received with loud and prolonged applause. He said—

The memory and the works of those great men who have passed from earth is one of the most valued heritages we possess. In the number and achievements of such men Scotland is rich. She can recall from very early times the names of poets, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, and men



*Sheriff Brand.*

of science, who have attained results that were destined to endure. Among poets, Burns takes a place in our hearts peculiarly his own. (Applause.) Round his life has gathered a literature profuse and divergent, and while opinions have sometimes varied, and criticism has at times ventured to be hostile, his rare lyric and epic genius, freed from the entanglements of this world, has ever fascinated our upward gaze, and has swayed the minds of the generations of men who have succeeded him with

a force which derives increase from the flight of the years. So, therefore, we meet to-day, as the 19th century almost closes on its hinges, to pause **and reflect** together on the historical fact that one hundred years have elapsed since Burns left this planet for the regions of the Immortals. He lived and struggled here for thirty-seven years, and died too soon for himself and for Scotland. He lives now, though one hundred years have flown since then, securely enshrined in our midst, his words on our lips and his influence on our lives. (Loud applause.) Instead of the 19th century having poured over his memory the waters of oblivion, it has ministered to the brightness of his fame. On 25th January, 1859, we celebrated right joyously the centenary of his birth. In 1896 we commemorate with all our ardour the centenary of his death, and have we not filled up every year between with a birth-day festival in his honour? It has been truly said by an able and appreciative writer that Burns when he died on 21st July, 1796, passed from the judgment of Dumfries and appealed to time. We are assembled here to-day in response to that appeal, for it is one we delight to honour, even if we thereby do no more than acknowledge the mighty debt we owe. Nor do we care to dwell, were it only for a moment, on the prosaic or painful facts of his life. These we are prone to lay aside and forget, at least for the present, for here on this centenary occasion Burns stands forth to our view, and will stand forth for centuries to come, as the greatest Master of the Lyre Scotland has ever produced; as one who, through the deep tragedy of his life shone with lonely brilliance as a marvellous example of manhood, as a powerful exponent of the brotherhood of humanity, and as the relentless foe of oppression and wrong, of hypocrisy and imposture. (Loud applause.) In his case sympathy was not the theory of a moral sentiment, but the inexhaustible and profound expression of interest in, and kinship with, his fellow-men in all time. Nor did that intensity of the altruistic feeling cease even there. For

“Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie”

he has a good word to say and a kindly advice to offer. With the lower scale of animal nature he is on the most friendly terms. The Hare and the Mouse, the Dog and the Pet Ewe, the Auld Mare, the Fox and the Louse, could each count on receiving from him a considerate regard. This regard took sometimes even a peculiar form, as in lamenting the death of a sportsman whom he esteemed, he could not help imagining that—

“On his mould’ring breast,  
Some spitefu’ moorfowl bigs her nest.”

To his love likewise for inanimate nature we are indebted for his Ode to a Mountain Daisy. In him also do we find, in an unusual degree, that duality and those antagonisms of mind and character which have sometimes engaged the attention of philosophical thinkers. Combined with an extraordinary knowledge of the good, the beautiful, and the true, do we not find an equal knowledge and appreciation of the forces and effects of evil? “The Cottar’s Saturday Night” is an immortal illustration of the one; the fragment on “Remorse” found in the Poet’s Common-place Book under date September, 1783, when only 24 years of age, a startling



example of the other. When we remember that productions so opposite in conception and expression as the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "The Holy Fair" emanated from the same far-reaching mind; that the man who wrote the little gem, "To a Mouse," had only to turn the leaf and write "Scots Wha Hae," we begin to feel into what an august presence of poetic power this celebration has brought us. (Applause.) As humorist and satirist, Burns, among writers north of the Tweed, stands unrivalled. Nay, I will go further. You may master, if you choose, the satires of Horace and of Juvenal; you may dwell upon the quaint verses of Hudibras, or dip into the pages of Cervantes; or muse over the acrid sentiments of Dean Swift, or study almost with bewilderment the terrific diatribes of Victor Hugo; but, after these excursions into satiric literature, you will always come back to Burns, for in his writings you find the work of a master hand, of one who, poisoning a lance-shaft with unerring aim, transfixes the objects of his attacks, and holds them up in imperishable words to the scorn of Scotland and of the world. (Loud applause.) To indulge in quotations to you of passages from Burns would, I feel, be like trying to quote "Hamlet" to Sir Henry Irving, or "Much Ado About Nothing" to Ellen Terry, and yet, as an illustration of his matchless genius for depicting uncanny scenes, I am tempted to recall one picture from "Tam o' Shanter," the most perfect of hobgoblin epics—

"Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That show'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight—  
Each in his cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table.  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape;  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blue red-rusted;  
Five scymitars wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'."

(Applause.) To attempt to paraphrase these words would only be to dilute the intensity of their force. Our minds are distracted by the thought that what is described was seen on the Holy Communion Table of an old witch-haunted church, and in this distraction we are met by the closing lines, surely unique in literature, conjuring up as they do a ghastly vista to the awe-stricken imagination of the reader. It would be difficult fairly to compare this portrayal with any other passage in English or Scots authors, but in horror-producing force there is nothing to beat it—not Clarence's.

dream in Shakespeare, not the "Vision of Sin" in Tennyson, not the "Curse of Kehama" in Southey, not the description of the Furies in Dante, not the Prayer to the Nether Gods in the *Medea* of Euripides. It outstrips all other efforts; much of its very greatness it derives from its simplicity, and we contemplate with unstinted admiration, not unmingled with awe, the genius which could conceive such a vision. (Applause.) What, then, is Burns's place in the literature, not merely of Scotland, but of the whole English-speaking world? The literary unity of the Anglo-Saxon race is beyond question. Shakespeare and Milton belong as much to the United States of America or the Commonwealth of Australia as to this country. The literary heritage of which they form part is a common possession of those who speak our language under whatever sky they live. The literature of the Elizabethan era was the outcome of a period of national expansion. The songs and poems of Burns mark a period of two-fold character. They formed the first awakening of the spirit of true poetry after a protracted slumber; and they composed the requiem of Lowland Scotland as a distinct nationality. That nationality began with Wallace and Bruce, and ended with Burns and Scott. The two first made the history, and the two last told the story and sang the song. But the cardinal difference between Scott and Burns was this, that Knighthood was the theme of Scott, Manhood the theme of Burns. (Loud applause.) In one line he sums up the highest and most universal form of all democracy—

"A man's a man for a' that."

(Applause.) In a single verse he predicts the reign of merit and the advent of human brotherhood—

"Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be for a' that!"

(Applause.) Burns and Scott, Byron and Shelley, Chatterton and Keats, form a poetic constellation, from whose radiance we derive intense light. All except Scott died young. What they would have been or done had the earth held them longer, we need not speculate, for, as Carlyle says, "These would-have-beens are mostly a vanity." But the dramatic and literary glory of the Elizabethan era, the polished elegance, the refined taste, and the delicate subtlety in the poetic efforts of the Victorian age, do not possess the immortal vitality of the poems and songs of Burns. And why? Because they do not nearly in the same degree appeal to the universal heart of humanity. His intellect has the flash of electric light. His feelings he distils off in a language so perfect, so compact, and so inimitable that it penetrates to the innermost existence of all who come under its power; and who does not? What level, then, does Burns occupy among poets, not only over the length and breadth of that mighty Empire swayed

by the sceptre of our Queen, but also in the far prairie lands, pathless wilds, and mighty cities which own allegiance to the stars and stripes? What position does he hold at the lowly hearths of the poor, in the halls of the rich, midst the trenches of the battlefield, and with the mariner who risks his life on the waves of the restless deep? He stands supreme. (Applause.) Colonel Rouget de Lille deserved the fame he attained for composing the "Marseillaise," and many thousands of the chivalry of France have dashed forward to victory or to death under its rousing strains. But how many tens of thousands have sung, and will sing, and shall we not also sing to-night, "Auld Lang Syne!" And why should we, and all who speak our language, sing that, rather than any other song, and dwell upon its words, and appreciate its wealth of meaning? Simply because in every line of every verse is contained that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It summons up our early past. It recalls the happy hours and simple pleasures, and beloved companionships of our opening years, followed as these too often are, by long periods of separation across the gulfs of time; and it knits again together these friendships, and renews, on the pledge of

"A cup o' kindness yet,"

some of the earliest, sweetest, and most cherished feelings of the human breast. (Loud applause.) The quick spirit could gauge and measure the situations of human life in a moment, and set them forth in undying song. Such a poet Scotland had never seen before and may never see again. Mighty changes have passed over the world since 1796, and what may transpire in the century to come we need not now stay to conjecture; but 'mid all the mutations and developments of our era it is the glory of the spirit of Burns—and perchance that spirit is present with us here and now—to have seen the fruit of his poetic genius harvested by the rolling of the spheres, and we do the greatest honour to ourselves by honouring his memory. I propose the memory of Burns. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

SIR JOHN MUIR, Bart., proposed "The Honorary President—Sir Claud Alexander, Bart," amid loud applause.

Lady ALEXANDER, who, on rising to reply, received quite an ovation, said—

I know that when you asked me to return thanks for the toast you have just drunk it was with the desire to enhance, if possible, the cordiality with which you received it, and the kindness with which it was proposed by Sir John Muir. I confess that, when I first read your letter, sir, I thought you had been partaking of that, to me, mysterious thing—a willy-waught—(laughter)—and that that had something to do with it, but I have now come to the conclusion that it is a new reading of the Poet's prayer—

"O, wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

(Laughter.) At the same time, perhaps you thought that, having lived for many years near one whose powerful voice and glowing words you will remember, I had caught some of his power. I know that to him it is a solace, in the great deprivation his health entails upon him, in not being

able to come among you, to find that he is still remembered. In his name, and in my own, I thank you heartily for the very kind manner in which you have received this toast. (Applause.)

Mr. J. B. THORNEYCROFT, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Houses of Parliament."

Sir WM. ARROL suitably replied.

The CHAIRMAN here read a telegram from the Demonstration Committee of Dumfries. It ran as follows:—

"Burns and charity, a noble conjunction. Dumfries wish and hope that your undertaking may flourish and prosper for ever."

Mr. H. ALEXANDER, in the absence of Mr. William Wallace, Glasgow (editor of the current edition of Chambers's "Life and Works of the Poet"), proposed "The Descendants of Burns."

Miss Burns and Miss Hutchinson, who were heartily applauded, gracefully bowed their acknowledgments.

Mr. W. H. DUNLOP, of Doonside, proposed "The Provincial Grand Master and His Craft," to which Mr. Wallace responded.

Mr. A. J. KIRKPATRICK, president of the Glasgow Burns Exhibition, proposed "The Glasgow Mauchline Society."



*Mr. W. S. M'Millan.*

Mr. W. S. M'MILLAN, in reply, said—

The chairman has already given you a sketch of the work of the Society, and the documents which have to-day been deposited in the tower

will bear down to posterity a record of the Society's connection with the Mauchline Burns Memorial. In all probability these documents will never again see the light, but should the day ever come to pass when Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand shall "take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," then it is quite within the bounds of possibility that, in the remote future, some Antipodean archæologist may, in the course of his explorations, unearth the treasure from the ruined tower. (Applause.) Mr. Kirkpatrick has spoken in very kindly terms of the Society's work in connection with the Memorial, and I can assure you that we value his opinion all the more coming, as it does, from one who, as chairman of the Burns Exhibition in Glasgow, knows the amount of work such a scheme entails. (Applause.) The response to our appeal has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We have found that the words "Burns" and "Mauchline" are names to conjure with. On behalf of the Society I have to thank you for your kind response to the toast, and I think I speak for all the members when I say that we rejoice that we have been able to assist in a small way in the endeavour to discharge the debt which Mauchline owes to the genius of the Poet. (Loud applause.)



*Mr. Thomas Killin.*

Mr. THOMAS KILLIN, in proposing the toast of "Mauchline and Bonie Jean," said—

I rise as a Mauchline man to propose the memory of a Mauchline lady. That she was a lady is perhaps not far off the mark. Her father, James Armour, was a master mason and large contractor in Mauchline, employing many men, and fulfilling such contracts as the erection of Loch Norris, the Marquis of Bute's mansion-house at Cumnock, the Howford Bridge, etc.

He was also possessed of considerable property in Mauchline, and was quite fitted to give his daughter the best education of the day, and from the *fac-similes* of her handwriting, which recently appeared in one of the Glasgow evening papers, such seems to have been the case. At the time of Burns's first acquaintance with her, at the end of April, 1784, she was nineteen years of age, was a bright, sprightly, affectionate girl, rather above the medium height, her person well formed and firmly knit, her movements at all times graceful and easy. Her features were, perhaps, rather plain than aristocratic, but, being a brunette, her freshness of complexion, ruddy cheeks, and healthful appearance combined to make an attractive, smiling face, which was lighted up by a pair of bewitching black eyes. Add to this personal appearance, a manner frank and unaffected, combined with a kindly and winning disposition, and we need not wonder that she was said to be her father's "tae e'e," and was altogether a person who would have captivated Saint Anthony himself, let alone a man of Burns's poetic nature and temperament. Her first meeting with Burns was in Hugh Morton's ballroom (next door to Mauchline Castle) at the penny reels. While dancing, Burns's dog persisted in following him through the figures of the dance, much, no doubt, to his chagrin, and led him to exclaim, in the hearing of all, "I wish I could get a lass to lo'e me as weel as my dog." A few days afterwards he was passing through the Mauchline Bleaching Green, between the Castle and Netherplace, again accompanied by his dog, when it ran across some clothes Jean Armour had out bleaching. She asked him to call off his dog, which he did. Jean smilingly put the question, "Hae ye got ony lassie to lo'e ye as weel as your doug yet?" Such a question was sufficient to set aglow the latent fire of love that always lay in Burns's bosom for the fair sex. It was, perhaps, meet that a ploughman poet who sang so much of the homely ways, the joys and sorrows of the sons and daughters of the soil, should have for his "blackfit" to his future wife his constant companion and faithful friend, his dog. (Applause.) It is said, no doubt with truth, that "the course of true love never runs smooth." Sometimes it is the fault of the parents, sometimes of the lovers themselves. At any rate, Jean and Burns passed through an unusual amount of "unsmoothness" for a time, but in the end he was united to his "Bonnie Jean," and took up house with her in Mauchline. That she loved Burns passionately from the beginning goes without saying. She made an honest and industrious housewife, a devoted mother as well as wife. She worshipped the very ground on which he trod, and would hear no ill of him. While acknowledging that it was "nae joke being a poet's wife," she knew the value of the man, his genius, his large mindedness, his nobility of sentiment. She could sympathise with all his poetic wayward fancies, whether in his rollicking moods when composing "Tam o' Shanter," or his more thoughtful, sublime, and serious, when inspired with "To Mary in Heaven." When composed, he read over most of his pieces to her, and made her his critic. A tendency has risen in the present day to raise to the seventh heaven the objects of some of his poetic fancies at the expense of belittling the wife of his bosom. We entirely object to this. We think a better wife for Burns could not have been chosen.

(Applause.) I do not wish to canonise, but one action alone makes her almost worthy of such. I refer to the time when she took to her own home the "wee helpless lammie," placed her beside her own child, and brought her up as her own daughter. The daughter of that adopted daughter told me not many days ago that Mrs. Burns was the best woman that ever lived, and since then Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson has corroborated the statement. Her love for her husband was so great that, though receiving several good offers of marriage after his death, she remained a widow to the end. She survived her husband for thirty-eight years, died full of years, and lies beside the Poet in the Mausoleum at Dumfries. Wherever she was known her memory is still preserved as a sweet smelling savour. (Applause.) I propose for your acceptance the memory of Mrs. Burns, or, as we dearly love to call her, "Bonie Jean." (Loud applause.)

Mr. HUGH ALEXANDER, in proposing the health of the "Chairman," said that the committee wished him to accept from them, as a memento of the ceremony, a miniature spade of solid silver, with ebony handle, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Glasgow Mauchline Society to the President, John Leiper Gemmill, Esq., on the occasion of his cutting the first sod for the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes, at Mauchline, 4th July, 1896."

The CHAIRMAN briefly returned thanks for the gift.

The Rev. WILSON BAIRD, in felicitous terms, proposed "The Croupiers." Sheriff BRAND having replied, the proceedings terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

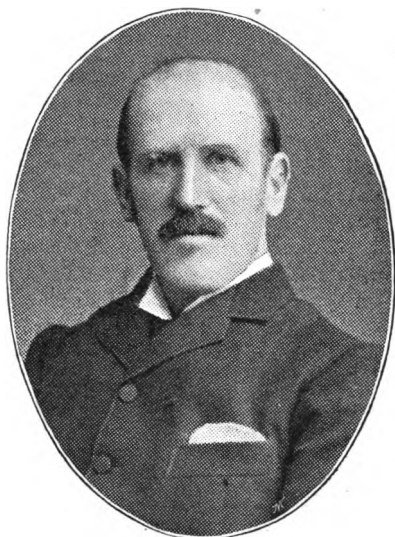
### COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

The proceedings at Mauchline included, as a sort of after-piece, a popular concert in the evening in the Temperance Hall. There was a crowded attendance. Mr. Marcus Bain, C.C., J.P., presided, and along with him on the platform were Miss Annie B. Burns, grand-daughter, and Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, great-grand-daughter of the Poet; General Warren Walker, Sheriff Brand, Mr. Eugene Wason, ex-M.P., Rev. Messrs. Mitchell and Wilson Baird, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leiper Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Killin, Mr. Hugh Alexander, Mr. W. S. M'Millan, and Dr. Smith.

Mr. BAIN, who was cordially received, said—

After to-day's most interesting ceremonies and flood of oratory, we are met to-night, less to listen to further speeches, than to hear some of Burns's immortal songs sung. It is, I am sure, to all of us particularly

gratifying that one of our singers to-night, Mr. M'Ilveen, is a grand-nephew of Bonnie Jean. (Applause.) I very well remember reading Lord Young's speech in the early eighties at the banquet held at Dumfries on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the Poet by Lord Rosebery. Lord Young told that in his childhood he had often visited Jean Armour and had tea from her. So vividly had her image been imprinted on his memory that he felt, he said, if he were an artist, and his hand were cunning enough, he could draw her. Lord Young further said that he knew well the grand-daughter who lived with Jean Armour, and he also knew and was personally acquainted with all Burns's sons, except the eldest, Robert. Hence we have, what is unique, and, I consider, very



*Mr. Marcus Bain.*

remarkable—one of our Scottish Lords of Justiciary, and not the least eminent, connecting us at once with Jean Armour on the one hand, and on the other hand with the father and grandfather respectively of two of the ladies who have honoured us with their presence to-day, viz., Miss Burns and Miss Hutchinson. (Applause.) We are also honoured with the presence of Mrs. Burns Thomas. (Applause.) Of Burns himself I only wish to say a single word. Our sentiments towards him are too subtle and too real for words, and I'm not sure but the only true explanation is simply that "we like him," without being able to explain how and why. His letters are, I consider, entirely worthy of his poetry, and reveal a man of extensive reading, sterling integrity, and critical acumen. (Applause.) Compared with most of our modern productions and the drawing-room songs of the present day, the songs of Burns are high as heaven is above the earth. (Applause.) When these songs of a day are sung and have



passed into oblivion, Burns's songs will remain enshrined in the hearts of all true Scots, so long as Scotsmen love and Scottish lassies are worth wooing. (Applause.) If there is in Scotland now a broader and kindlier spirit, this step in true progress has, I think, partly at least, been made through the shock of that saddest day when God's choicest gift to Scotland drifted so mournfully into the quiet haven of death. On the occasion of the centenary of the death of the Poet we seek to bury the frailties of the man with the poor clay from whence they sprang, and to admire more and love better the good and noble, of which there was so much in his nature, holding dearer to our hearts and appreciating more and more the noble legacy of poetry and of song which has been bequeathed to us and to the world by the genius of Robert Burns. (Loud applause.)

At a later stage in the proceedings,

Mr. WASON, who was cordially received, delivered a short address.

He said this would always remain a red-letter day in the history of Mauchline, and the demonstration of this day brought to a fitting and successful close the remarkable series of centenary celebrations, begun on the previous Saturday at Irvine and continued during the week at Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow. With regard to the inauguration of the Irvine statue, he did not agree with some of the criticism which had been passed on the speeches of the Poet Laureate. He had not seen anything in Mr. Austin's speeches which was not eulogistic of Burns. But our National Poet had not always been admired by English critics. He commended to his hearers the study of the poems of Burns, from which they would always get some inspiration to help them amid the varied experiences of life. The leading ideas running through the poems of Burns were those of independence, honesty, and liberty; and no poet had ever sung so sweetly of the joys and affections of the human heart. (Applause.)

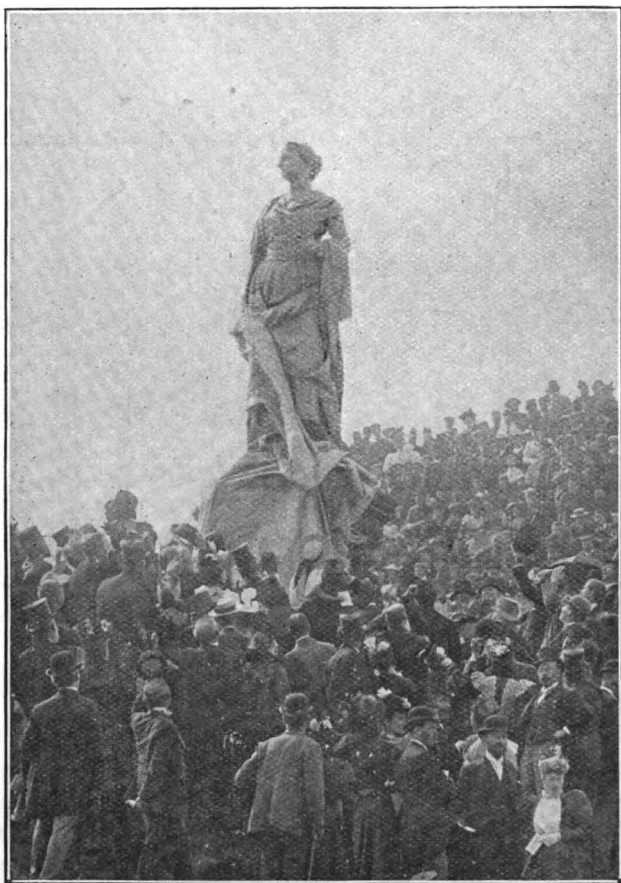
Songs were very tastefully and effectively rendered by Miss Gebbie, Miss M. Breckenridge, Mr. Walter M'Ilveen (grand-nephew of "Bonie Jean"), Mr. James Lambie, and Mr. James Allan—Mrs. Andrew Walker ably presiding at the piano.

At the close, votes of thanks were heartily accorded to speakers, singers, etc., on the motion of Mr. Killin, and to the chairman, on the motion of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell.



## STATUE TO HIGHLAND MARY AT DUNOON.

THE Burns centenary celebrations were brought to an auspicious close on Saturday, 1st August, when Lady Kelvin unveiled a statue of Highland Mary at Dunoon. This worthy memorial was promoted by a committee under the



*Unveiling of Statue of Highland Mary.*

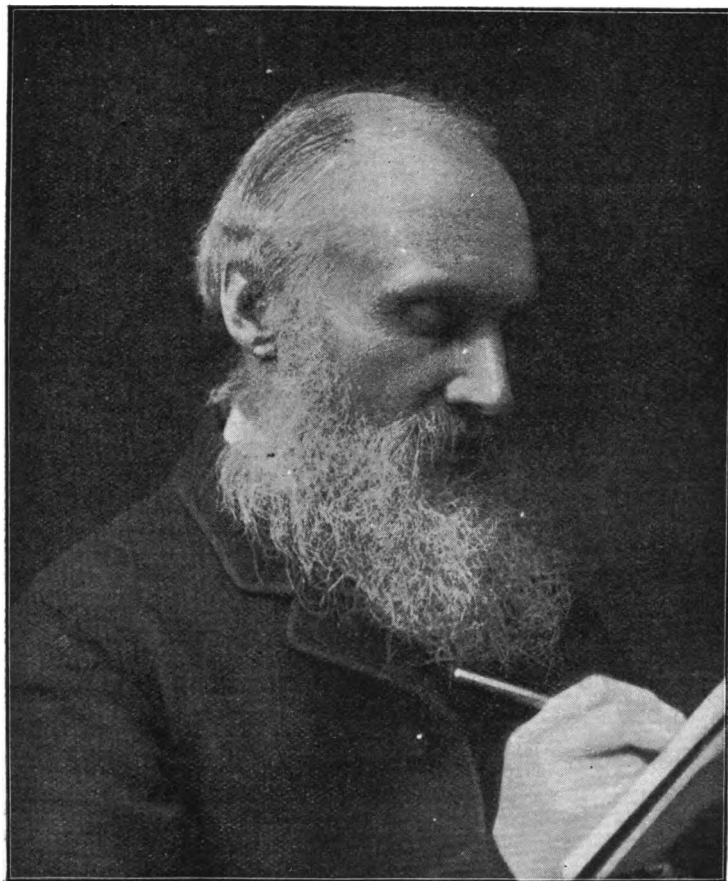
zealous chairmanship of Mr. Colin Rae Brown. Contributions were invited from Burns lovers the world over, and the appeal

met with generous response. The cosmopolitanism of the Burns influence is manifest from the fact that the nobility joined with the proletariat to crown the movement with success. The statue is erected on the Castle Hill, the site being generously gifted by Mrs. Bouverie Campbell Wyndham. None better could have been chosen. The statue occupies a commanding position, and is surrounded by scenes hallowed by associations with the early childhood of Highland Mary, for, within a mile from where this monument is raised, Mary Campbell is said to have been born, at the farmhouse of Auchamore. The statue is the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, Edinburgh. He has been very happy in this bronze realisation of the heroine that Burns has enshrined in sweetest song. The figure is that of a modest country maiden. She is shown in the dress of the period and of her class. Her gown is kilted at the knee, affording a glimpse of petticoat, and her feet are shod with buckled shoon. Round the neck, and crossing the bodice, is a kerchief, and a plaid falls in ample folds down her back, one of its fringed corners being gracefully caught on the left arm. The body is slightly bent forward on the right foot, and the left hand, held close to the bosom, clasps a Bible—a pretty touch, meant to symbolise an incident at the memorial meeting at the Fail Water, when Burns presented her with a Bible. In her right hand she carries a satchel. She is depicted gazing across the stretch of water in the direction of the Ayrshire coast. The sweet, homely face is lit by a smile. The statue, which was cast by Messrs. Singer & Sons, Frome, Somerset, is reared on a pedestal made of Ballochmyle stone. The pedestal, a handsome structure, was designed by Mr. R. A. Bryden, Glasgow. It is intended to adorn the front of the pedestal with a representation in bronze of the “Parting of Burns and Highland Mary.”

The proceedings on Saturday began with a reception by Lord and Lady Kelvin in Dunoon Castle. Her ladyship was presented with a magnificent bouquet of flowers by Miss Mary Doig, and Mrs. Colin Rae Brown presented her with a purse containing contributions of 45 guineas in aid of the statue fund. The party afterwards proceeded to the Castle Hill. Only a limited number were admitted to the scene of the ceremony; but an enormous crowd lined the roadway below. Admirable order was kept by a staff of police under the charge of

Chief-Constable Fraser and Superintendent Fraser. The sun shone brilliantly, and the spectacle was one to be remembered.

Among the party within the reserved enclosure were Lord and Lady Kelvin, Mr. Colin Rae Brown, Mr. Philip L. Clunn, president of the London Burns Club; Provost



*Lord Kelvin.*

Cooper, Dunoon; Bailie Doig, the Hon. Wm. MacCulloch, Auckland, New Zealand; Mr. James Stewart, president of the Auckland Burns Club; Mr. Bouverie Campbell Wyndham; Rev. David Macrae, Dundee; Mr. Archibald Munro,

Edinburgh; Mr. Milligan and Mr. Wm. Martin, Glasgow; Mr. Eugene Wason, ex-M.P.; Mr. Wm. Birkmyre, ex-M.P.; Provost Mackay, Bailie Davie, Mr. Hugh Lauder, and Mr. George Dunlop, Kilmarnock; Mr. J. B. Loudon, Mayor of Coventry; Provost Milloy and ex-Provost M'Kirdy, Rothesay. Representatives were present from a number of Burns Clubs. Letters of apology were received from Sir Noel Paton, Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, and others.

Lord Kelvin said that Mary Campbell, the Highland Mary of Burns, required no monument. Her memory was cherished wherever on this earth the English language had permeated. Many years after her death, Burns said these touching words—"My Highland lassie was as warm-hearted and charming a young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." This precious treasure, this inestimable blessing, Burns possessed only for five months after their memorable betrothal on the 14th May, 1786, on the banks of the Fail. In October, Mary nursed a sick brother. The brother recovered; the sister died. Who could tell what a far-reaching benefit to the Poet's life was thus lost? The daughter of a revenue cutter and a Dunoon sailor, she had a name known through the whole world. It was right that in Dunoon Mary should be remembered, born, as she was, within a mile of the spot where the statue was to be presently unveiled. (Applause.) It seemed to him that nothing more appropriate could possibly have been designed, and that it was right that Dunoon should do this thing, not in order to increase the fame of Robert Burns, for that were impossible—not to prevent the name of Highland Mary from being forgotten, for that were also impossible—but in order to show that Dunoon was proud that it was the birthplace of one so worthily celebrated in song by the National Poet of Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr. Colin Rae Brown said he was glad that Lord Kelvin had given them that short but brilliant address, because it absolved him from the necessity of entering into some details which otherwise he might have done. But he would wish to refer to this—that some journalistic scribes on the other side of the Tweed had been asserting that Highland Mary was a myth; that Burns had simply imagined such a person; but, fortunately for the promoters of the movement, those who knew Dunoon very easily settled the question. He should like to say a few words regarding Mary Campbell's connection with Dunoon which should for ever set the matter at rest. That learned savant, Dr. Samuel Smiles, he met in Kensington the other day, and the Doctor said, "What about this Highland Mary? Do you believe there ever was a Highland Mary?" He replied most unquestionably he did. Mr. Archibald Munro, who had published a work giving details of Mary Campbell's travels from the cradle to the grave, was still with them. Mary Campbell was born at the farmhouse of Auchamore, to which anyone from the Castle Hill could walk in ten minutes. In 1773, when she was nine years of age, the farmer, her father, who had been in a revenue cutter, became the owner of a small smack which carried coals between Ardrrossan and Campbeltown. She went into service in the latter town at twelve

years of age, and at eighteen she went to Ayrshire to serve in the house of Gavin Hamilton. There she met Burns, and on that memorable Sunday, the 14th May, 1786, they had that farewell which had brought forth one of the most charming odes in literature that the world had ever known. They exchanged vows across the tributary of the river Ayr—a small stream called the Fail. In the course of the same year she went to Greenock on the way to Campbeltown, because in the latter town all her relatives resided. She carried with her two half Bibles which Burns had presented to her on the betrothal Sunday. Strange to say, these two Bibles, now in the Burns Monument on the banks of the Doon, were carried to America by relations of Mary Campbell. They were purchased for a considerable sum in 1841, and are, with a lock of her golden hair, enshrined in that monument. The last episode was quickly reached, because in the month of September, Mary Campbell returned to Greenock only to die. She was the forerunner of those noble women, the sisters of Britain—the modern angels of society. She nursed her brother in the fever, and carried him successfully through; but alas! she herself fell a victim to the disease, and passed away at the early age of twenty-two. No wonder that Burns should compose that marvellous ode, “To Mary in Heaven.” (Applause.) Mr. Brown then asked Lady Kelvin to unveil the monument.

Lady Kelvin having done so, a double quartette party, conducted by Mr. Gideon Duncan, sang “To Mary in Heaven.”

Mr. PHILIP E. CLUN, president of the London Burns Club, said he had the honour to propose a very cordial vote of thanks to Lady Kelvin for the very graceful manner in which she had performed the ceremony of unveiling.

Lord KELVIN said he was requested by Lady Kelvin to thank them for the kind manner in which they had received the proposal of Mr. Clun. It had been a great pleasure to Lady Kelvin to be present. She felt it an honour to unveil the statue before the large assemblage which now saw it standing as a monument as lasting as the metal of which it was made—as lasting as the honour which Dunoon claimed of having been the birthplace of Mary Campbell. (Applause.) On the part of all present, he congratulated Mr. Stevenson on the completion of a work which, when better seen, they would all recognise as well worthy of the great and interesting commemoration for which it was intended. It certainly occupied a splendid position. They looked with interest at that face as it gazed across the Frith towards the well-loved banks of Ayr, as if in memory of that scene which Mr. Rae Brown had described so well. It was the monument of a young, lovable, and well-loved person cut off at the early age of twenty-two. Even at that age they could well imagine that the memory of “Mary in Heaven” had a most salutary influence upon the Poet. Her short life was to him a precious legacy, and hallowed his being so long as he was on the earth. His lordship asked the assembly to accord to Mr. Stevenson a hearty vote of thanks for the beautiful work of art he had that day given to the world. (Applause.)

Mr. STEVENSON returned thanks.

The Hon. Mr. MACCULLOCH, Auckland, New Zealand, in proposing a vote of thanks to “The Donors of the Site,” said he expressed the

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thanks of the committee, of the inhabitants of Dunoon, and of Scotsmen all over the world, to Mrs. Bouverie Campbell Wyndham for her kindness in granting that site for the purpose of erecting thereon the monument to Highland Mary. (Applause.) In New Zealand, as in all other parts of the world, Burns Clubs were numerous. They were trying to carry out the Poet's idea of love of country and love of humanity. These clubs helped to bind the ties between the Mother Country and her colonies over the sea. They encouraged young people of the colonies who had never seen the Mother Country to cherish the associations of their parents, and to study the works of those who had made her great. (Applause.)

Mr. JAMES STEWART, president of the Auckland Burns Club, supported the motion.

Mr. BOUVERIE CAMPBELL WYNDHAM was sorry that his father, on account of his health, was unable to attend the meeting, but he had asked him to reply. He thanked Mr. MacCulloch and Mr. Stewart for the kind way in which they had made the proposal, and the ladies and gentlemen for the unanimous manner in which they had adopted it. (Applause.)

Rev. DAVID MACRAE, in proposing thanks to the Executive Committee, said that every member deserved their gratitude, especially Mr. Colin Rae Brown. Those who could remember the centenary of the birth of Burns in 1859 would remember the conspicuous and efficient part taken by Mr. Brown. Though thirty-seven years had elapsed since then, and though Mr. Brown had passed the threescore and ten years, his energy and perseverance in doing honour to the memory of Burns showed no abatement. The interest which the event had excited, and the wide range from which contributions had come, indicated deep admiration and love for Burns. Wherever there were Scotsmen, in any part of the world, there was a Burns Club. If Burns died in 1796, he died to live again, and his fame was infinitely greater than it was a hundred years ago. The monument showed how his genius immortalised not only himself, but all whom he loved and about whom he sang. Whatever he touched became gold. Their countrymen and countrywomen would rejoice that the statue had been erected so near where Highland Mary was born, and tens of thousands who passed up and down the Clyde would remember that she inspired some of the noblest poetry and sweetest songs that Burns had left to his country and the world. (Applause.)

Mr. COLIN RAE BROWN returned thanks. He said they had got more than four-fifths of the 500 guineas wanted. The subscriptions had ranged from threepence to ten guineas. He asked the Commissioners of Dunoon to accept the statue. It should be guarded with a handsome railing. There would be a circular bronze relief of a representation of the far-famed parting between Burns and Highland Mary.

Provost COOPER, on behalf of the Commissioners of Dunoon, had great pleasure in accepting the custody of the handsome monument, erected not only to the memory of Burns's heroine, but to commemorate the centenary of the death of their National Bard. (Applause.)

A garden party took place in the Castle grounds. Refreshments were served in a large timber structure, and the Castle band, conducted by Sergeant Jenner, discoursed beautiful music. Songs of Burns were rendered in exquisite taste by a double quartette of ladies and gentlemen (Mr. Gideon Duncan conducting). A popular concert took place in the evening—the Castle grounds being illuminated when darkness set in.

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## PAISLEY.

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### UNVEILING OF STATUE OF BURNS.

THE Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, on the afternoon of Saturday, 26th September, formally unveiled the statue of Burns, which has been erected in the Fountain Gardens, Paisley. For this addition to the number of their public monuments, the inhabitants of the burgh are chiefly indebted to the promoters of the series of concerts given by the Tannahill Choir, by means of which were raised the funds necessary, amounting to about £1500. The statue is the work of Mr. Pomeroy, London, to whom the commission was entrusted as the result of an open competition, and it has a character thoroughly distinctive. It represents the Poet in cutaway coat, knee-breeches, and broad Kilmarnock bonnet, with a pencil in his right hand and a notebook in his left, thoughtfully musing as he leans in an easy attitude on the mould of the wooden plough of the period. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a suitable site for the statue, but at length, to the satisfaction of all concerned, it was agreed that it should be placed in the ornamental garden presented to the town by the late Mr. Thomas Coats, where it will be under the care of the Town Council, and will add materially to the attractions of the pleasure ground.

For the ceremony on the 26th the arrangements were made by the Town Council and the Burns Committee. At the main entrance to the gardens in Love Street an arch of evergreens was erected, with two subsidiary arches. Over the central arch was displayed the word "Welcome," immediately underneath being Lord Rosebery's crest, and above, an earl's



coronet. On the opposite side was the line, "A man's a man for a' that." Venetian masts, carrying flags and bunting, were erected along the main pathway to the site of the statue, where a platform was erected, and a space railed off for the accommodation of those who were to take part in the ceremony, as well as those specially invited. The weather was somewhat unpromising at the hour appointed for the com-



*Paisley Statue*

mencement of the ceremony, but considerable delay occurred, and, just as Lord Rosebery and the party by whom he was accompanied entered the gardens, the sun broke through the clouds, and, though one or two slight showers fell afterwards, the proceedings were completed in comparative comfort. During the period of waiting, the Ferguslie Band played

arrangements of the airs of a number of Burns's songs, and the Tannahill Choir sang a couple of part songs which were included in the formal programme. On Lord Rosebery making his appearance, about half-past two o'clock, he was greeted with a cordial round of cheers. Bailie Wilson, in the absence of ex-Provost Cochran, from whom a letter of apology was read, took the chair, and among those on the platform were Sir Wm. Dunn, Bart., M.P.; Sir Thomas Glen Coats, Bart., and Lady Glen Coats; Mrs. Arthur, Barshaw; Mr. C. B. Renshaw, M.P.; Mr. M. H. Shaw-Stewart, M.P.; Mr. Stewart Clark, of Kilnside; Mr. James Finlayson, of Merchiston; Sheriff Cowan, Paisley; Mr. William Wallace, Glasgow; Mr. James E. Christie, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, sculptor; Mr. and Mrs. Black, London; Mr. and Mrs. George Coats, Mrs. Fulton, Provost Mackenzie, ex-Provost Clark, Mr. James Clark, advocate; Bailies Fisher, Goudie, Smith, Souden, and Mathieson; Treasurer Paton, Councillors Allison, Donald, Robertson, M'Farlane, J. Galbraith, Brown, and Bell; Rev. Dr. Henderson, Rev. Hugh Black, Rev. James Young, Rev. Gavin J. Tait, Rev. John M'Coll, Rev. George Park, Rev. Alexander M'Millan, Messrs. James Caldwell, John Millar, James Wallace (Braehead), J. Macmaster, John M. M'Callum, Peter Eadie, John Fullerton, G. R. Hislop, W. W. Kelso, Alexander Murdoch, George Dick, James Jack, J. E. Campbell, William Muir Macken, James Young, George H. Coats, Dr. Richmond, ex-Provost Brown, Renfrew, etc.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the proceedings, began by expressing regret at the unavoidable absence of their esteemed friend, ex-Provost Cochran. He (the chairman) had been asked by the Committee of Management to preside at this ceremony of unveiling the statue erected in their good town to the memory of their great National Bard, Robert Burns; and he could assure them that, while deeply regretting the weakness of health which prevented ex-Provost Cochran from being present, he esteemed very highly the honour which the committee had conferred upon him. Lord Rosebery, who had met and known their old and much-respected friend in other spheres, would, he was sure, join them in regret at his absence on his occasion. Ex-Provost Cochran had taken a very deep interest in the movement for the erection of this statue, and would have told in a way peculiarly his own the story of how this statue was sung into existence. (Cheers.) In 1883 a number of gentlemen, musical and otherwise, met and formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of organising a scheme for the erection of a statue to the Bard. Prior to this, a movement for the erection of a memorial to Robert Tannahill had just been

carried to a successful issue. When the movement for the erection of a Burns memorial was set on foot, the choir, which had done such yeoman service for the Tannahill statue, came forward, under the leadership of Mr. J. Roy Fraser, and agreed to sing up a Burns statue as well. (Cheers.) A junction of the Tannahill memorial organisation and the new Burns memorial organisation was effected, and a joint committee, ten in number, appointed to undertake the management of the affairs. The first concert took place in 1884 at Craigencore, but from that time (by the kind permission of the late William Fulton of Glenfield) the concerts took place till last year at his beautiful estate on Gleniffer Braes. In 1893 a number of local gentlemen were called in as additional members of committee to assist in the work, and the labours of this committee, thus reinforced, have resulted in securing for this desired memorial a work of art that will stand as a monument to the genius of our National Bard, to the artistic ability of the sculptor, and as a proof of the patriotism of the Tannahill Choir and its enthusiastic leader. (Cheers.) They were proud to think of their town as a great and rising centre of commerce, speeding on to greater and greater development. But he trusted the day might never come when their hearts would cease to go out in deep love and admiration of all that was good and noble and lofty in literature and in art, and to those deep-souled and large-hearted men and women who had shown us what is the truly great and God-like, the good, the beautiful, and the true. (Cheers.) He concluded by introducing Lord Rosebery as a burghess and fellow-citizen of Paisley, and calling upon him to perform the ceremony.

LORD ROSEBERY, who was received with loud cheers, then said—It is not easy for me to speak about Burns, for I have spoken about him so recently and so fully. But I am glad to come here to-day to unveil yet another statue in his honour—a statue significant in at least two respects. In the first place, it is produced fitly enough by melody, as I understand, for this effigy is the outcome of popular music which, while it has at the moment charmed the heart of thousands, has left a permanent embodiment here. This figure, then, is, in fact, “petrified music.” No apter memorial could have been found of the sweet singer of Scotland. (Cheers.) In the second place, we citizens of Paisley always remember that a great master of phrases once bade the world, in words so familiar that you might almost adopt them as your motto, keep its eye on Paisley. (Laughter and cheers.) When Paisley, then, takes action of this kind, it may be assumed that her purpose is notable and well considered. And so it is. After a century of deliberation, during ninety years at least of which Paisley has had one, and sometimes more, Burns Clubs annually expatiating upon the Poet, and during the whole of which she has been, I doubt not, anxiously watching for an opportunity, Paisley has determined to erect a statue to Burns, and, looking round at the many that already exist, has determined that hers should be unique. And, when we consider the means taken to provide the money, this statue may be so described. Moreover, the opportunity has come. Nine years ago, for reasons which I will presently touch upon, there might even have been a more suitable moment; but this year, when we commemorate Burns’s death, this year, too, which Burns looked forward to as the test of his

immortality, offers a fitting occasion for this deliberate memorial. It is well, I think, in the case of a great genius that some memorial should be deliberate, and that some should be immediate. It has recently been alleged in connection with the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson—first, that his works are his best memorial, and, secondly, that it would be well to wait and see how these works endure. In answer to the first contention, I would submit that it would put an end to memorials altogether except in cases where they would be injurious. It would put an end to memorials of any worthy and enduring fame, and would encourage them only in the case of spurious and fleeting reputations. And as to the second contention, I would urge this, that it is well enough for the genius, but is not sufficient for the generation in which he lived. They will be taunted with want of appreciation, as were the contemporaries of Burns, if they do not, as soon as may be, testify that they realised the fact that a genius had dwelt amongst them. On the other hand, it is also well when, a century after the death of a great man, his countrymen unite to show by commemoration, as in the present case, that his memory is still green and living amongst them. As to this statue of Burns, it may be well to remember two or three points. Manifold are the statues of Burns, but of busts or statues taken from life there is not one. There is not even a cast of his face taken after death (though we have the cast of his skull), inestimably precious as that would be now. We have to some extent, therefore, to idealise our statues of Burns; though not so much so as in the case of that statue of Highland Mary, which was erected the other day—a graceful tribute to a charming character, but one of whom we possess no likeness whatever. Still, of Burns we have no likeness but canvas, and canvas that is not wholly satisfactory, for the engraving (which was, after all, touched from life) always seems to me far more powerful and lifelike than the original painting—to give much more of the vigour of the face and of the spirit flashing through the eyes. Skirving's head, again, refined and exquisite as it is, seems to me more delicate and less human than the man as we have him described by credible contemporaries and eye-witnesses. At anyrate, we have ample scope in a statue of Burns for idealisation; and, after all, that is not a bad thing, if we cannot have an image taken directly from life, and approved as a close likeness by contemporaries. Let us try and realise what Burns was like. We often please ourselves with fancies of what such and such a character would look like if he walked into the room where we are sitting. It is, perhaps, a vain effort, for our surroundings baffle us. How can we fancy Moses, or Homer, or Cæsar, or St. Paul, or Atilia, or Peter the Hermit, walking into our library. The mere furniture scares the idea. Luther in his monk's dress we can conceive, for the dress remains unchanged. And when we get down to the era of portraiture, we can strain our imaginations to see the subjects of Holbein and Rembrandt and Vandyke walking out of their frames; and so on to our own times; until we can realise men who never existed, such as Pickwick or Colonel Newcome, or even Squire Western or Moses Primrose, without a wrench. (Cheers.) The difficulty really lies, not in the form or face of a man, but in the embodiment of that inexplicable force called genius. You can realise, perhaps, the face. What none can realise is the manner and

degree in which genius animated it. Their eyes did not always gleam, their nostrils did not always dilate, their lips did not always curl—perhaps they never did—they were not always the figure portrayed for us in works of imagination—perhaps they never were. But, nevertheless, one could not be with them for long without seeing in their faces that they were different from their fellows. What, then, was Burns like, so far as we can tell? We have, as it happens, few more vivid portraits of Burns than that sketched in your own town. A hundred and nine years ago Burns visited Paisley. Nine years ago would have been the centenary of that visit, and perhaps the fittest opportunity for erecting this statue. The recollection of one who saw him then is distinct, “of a big, stout, athletic man, of a brown, ruddy complexion, broad-chested, erect, and standing firmly on his legs, which perhaps were rather clumsy, though hid in yellow top boots. His dress was a blue coat and buckskin breeches, and his cast seemed what we should now style that of a gentleman farmer.” But the observer was struck with a certain gloominess that seemed to have possession of his countenance and general bearing. As he stood at noonday in the street, an ardent admirer, who readily recognised him from his portrait, introduced himself, and took him home. Burns then made the remark that “perhaps people were apt to attach more merit to poetry than was its due, for that, after all, it was only natural ideas expressed in melodious words.” There we see the true poetic nature, for poetry is much more than this, but as it freely flowed from Burns, to him it seemed little or nothing. But there are a score of word-portraits of Burns. Walter Scott’s, so well known, is one of the best. Here is the last living one, and one of the most curious—“He was brought back (from Brow Well), I think, in a covered spring-cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived he could scarcely stand upright. He reached his door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the Volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add that he was not fastidious about his dress.” And here is the last—“He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed and around the body herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness, but death had not changed the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked. The dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey, and inclined more to wave than to curl.” You at Paisley, then, have a word-photograph of the Poet, which will survive many statues. But it is well to have a statue too. It is well that men, as they walk the street, as they pursue the toil or the business which binds them so close to the earth, should be able to lift their eyes to a figure which raises them for a moment from the terrestrial to the celestial. (Cheers.) For genius is in itself celestial, as something spiritual, unsubstantial, infinite, above and beyond ordinary mortality. And besides genius, this

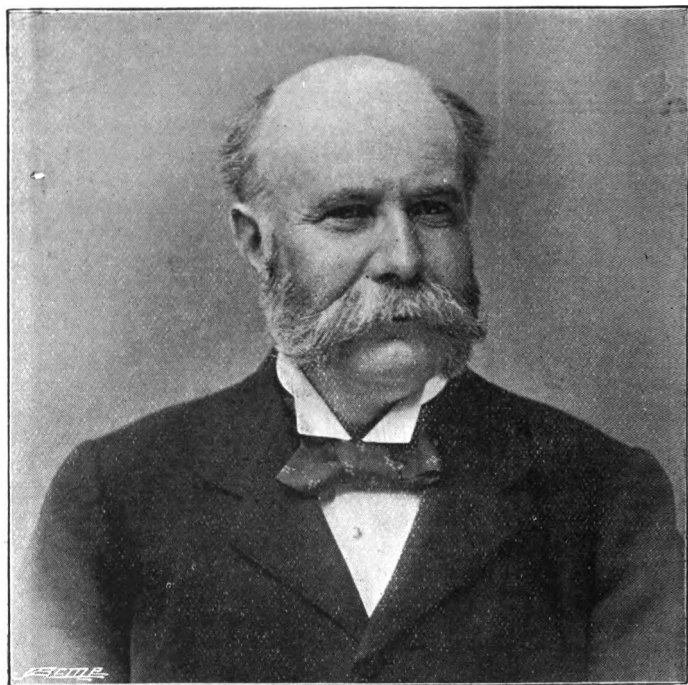
effigy recalls much to raise us—patriotism, tenderness, contempt of money, sympathy, humanity. It is for these that the affection of Scotland, as apart from admiration, clusters round Burns. (Cheers.) I think, indeed, that the greatest of the many debts that we Scotsmen of the latter end of the nineteenth century owe to Burns is that he keeps our enthusiasm alive. It is impossible to over-estimate that debt, for though a nation cannot live on enthusiasm alone, it is its salt and its savour; without it we degenerate and decay; for an individual, indeed, it seems nobler to fail with it than to succeed without it. Great, indeed, are its virtues. It was enthusiasm that sent forth the crusades, that nerved the French Revolution to beat back the world, and Burke, single-handed, to breast the French Revolution; it was enthusiasm that freed our slaves and made Italy a nation. Everywhere it is a rare and divine force, a sublime gas that may raise you to the stars or explode you; guided by wisdom, it may achieve the impossible. And it is well to remember this now, when a wave of moral passion is sweeping over the land, and we see what we can see in no other country—a nation alight with disinterested moral enthusiasm, with a towering indignation against the oppressor and a glowing sympathy for the oppressed. (Renewed cheering.) Some of us have feared that a numbness was creeping over our people, and that the spirit which animated Cromwell and Drake and Byron was paralysed or dead. But this has been a great awakening, and putting all controversial matters of policy on one side, whatever may be the result, I, for one, rejoice to see that the Britain which has always been the foe of the oppressor, the friend and shelter of the oppressed, is unchanged and unchangeable.

“We have proved we have hearts in a cause;  
We are noble still.”

(Cheers.) It is to Burns, then, that we owe our perennial supply as distinguished from gusts and flashes of this precious quality. To Burns we owe it that we, canny, long-headed Scots, do not stagnate into prose; his genius and character are the Gulf Stream which prevents our freezing into apathy and material life. The Scottish character is proud and reserved; we want a hero who will keep us warm. Wallace and Bruce are too remote. Knox wants a little warming himself. Mary Queen of Scots does not unite us all. Scott, though we all love him, is not so compact or picturesque as Burns. He never fails us; we rally regularly and constantly to his summons and his shrine; his lute awakens our romance and charms the sunless spirits of darkness; his is the influence that maintains an abiding glow in our dour character. (Cheers.) Do you remember the line that Blackie quoted on his death-bed? “The psalms of David and the songs of Burns”—but “the Psalmist first,” he added. Those were the last words of that brave intellect and typical Scot, and they contain the secret of many a Scottish character. Strangers may wonder at our worship, but these do not understand the enthusiasm excited by a sympathy that survives time and the grave, or the pride that cherishes a national and immortal heirloom. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. J. ROY FRASER, in afterwards handing over the statue to the Chief Magistrate of the burgh, gave a history of the work of the Tannahill

Choir in its relation to the Burns Statue, and paid a tribute to those who had contributed to the success of the movement. On behalf of the Tannahill Choir and its committee, on behalf of his venerable friend, ex-Provost Cochran, and Messrs. D. Wilson and A. R. Pollock, the only survivors of that committee which co-operated with the choir in 1884 for the proposed raising of a Burns statue, on behalf of the gentlemen invited to the Burns Statue Committee for the purpose of assisting them in the duty of procuring a suitable design, it was now his duty and privilege to hand over to Provost Mackenzie, as Chief Magistrate of the municipality of Paisley, this splendid statue, and he hoped and trusted it would remain, to many future generations, a memorial of the musical enthusiasm of Paisley's sons and daughters, and a signal proof of the power and influence of Scottish song, by which alone the statue was erected. (Loud cheers.



*Provost Mackenzie.*

Provost MACKENZIE, in accepting the custody of the statue, said, on behalf of the Magistrates and Town Council, and as representing the community, he most cordially and gratefully accepted this beautiful work of art. It was exceedingly appropriate that Mr. Fraser should be the medium of presenting this gift, seeing the prominent part he had taken in raising

the funds for its erection. In this busy world it was sometimes good to look backward, and doubly beneficial to have the shield of our nationality occasionally burnished by such a master hand as Lord Rosebery. (Cheers.) It stirred our nobler feelings, and inspired us for fresh effort. It had often been said that Paisley had been singularly fortunate in the generosity of her wealthier sons, who, in the goodness of their hearts, had provided them with many useful and valuable gifts. To-day, however, they saw before them generosity of a different kind—the generosity of the people to the people—for had they not, one and all, their little mite in this beautiful structure. (Cheers.) Let us, then, in the words of the Poet Laureate at Irvine, “guard it as a sacred treasure, and hand it down to our children as a priceless and untaxed inheritance.” (Loud cheers.)

LORD ROSEBERY was next called on to propose a vote of thanks to the sculptor. I was told, he said, that a vote of thanks was going to be proposed to me, and I am a little perplexed at the positions being reversed. (Laughter.) But, ladies and gentlemen, that matters very little—your climate does not permit of long harangues, unless, indeed, one is inured to that climate by residence. (Laughter.) Possibly in the development of species Scotsmen may arise who are able to address open-air meetings in Scotland, but at present they do not exist. (Renewed laughter.) I believe that the witches in the drama, in “Macbeth,” for instance, were accustomed to meet in wind, rain, and storm. I would I were a witch on this occasion. (Laughter.) Not being so, I only ask you to pass a cordial vote of thanks to the sculptor for the work which he has produced on this occasion. So far as I can judge from a very cursory inspection, it is a finished work of art, which you may regard with interest apart altogether from the interest of the subject. (Cheers.)

MR. POMEROY briefly acknowledged.

SIR WILLIAM DUNN, M.P., proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery for having, notwithstanding his many engagements, come to Paisley to perform this ceremony.

LORD ROSEBERY, in a sentence, replied; and a vote of thanks having been passed to the Chairman, on the motion of Sir THOMAS GLEN COATS, the proceedings were brought to a close.





## SYDNEY, N.S.W.

### UNITED HIGHLAND HAGGIS SUPPER.

#### SPEECHES BY THE GOVERNOR AND THE PREMIER.

**S** COTTISH haggis, "warm, reekin', rich," was appropriately enough the dish of honour at the supper given on the evening of the 21st, in the Freemasons' Hall, York Street, under the auspices of the Highland Society of New South Wales, the Thistle Club of New South Wales, and the Burns Anniversary Club, in commemoration of the centenary of Burns's death. There was a brilliant gathering, including Sir Patrick Jennings, Professor and Mrs. MacCallum, Professor Anderson Stuart, Professor Wilson, Professor Anderson, Mr. J. Currie Elles (great-grand-nephew of the Poet Burns) and Mrs. Elles, Mr. G. A. Wilson (chairman of Public Service Board) and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Chief Justice Roe, of the Punjab; Dr. and Mrs. M'Cormick, the Rev. John Ferguson (St. Stephen's), Dr. Graham, M.P., Major G. R. Campbell (commanding the Scottish Rifles), Dr. F. A. Bennett, Mr. John Rae, M.A., who proposed the toast of Burns at the centenary of his birth thirty-nine years ago; Messrs. G. Littlejohn, J. T. Walker, James Inglis, and about 300 others, including many ladies.

The Governor was received by a guard of honour, consisting of eighty-five men and four pipers from the Scottish Rifles, under Lieutenants Grieve and Machardy. The pipers played the Royal salute and escorted his Excellency into the room, followed by the Premier, Dr. MacLaurin, M.L.C., and Mr. Alex. Kethel, M.L.C. (chairman of the committee). As the Governor took his seat between Dr. MacLaurin (who presided) and Mrs. MacLaurin, the orchestra of the Permanent Artillery, located in the gallery, played the National Anthem. Immediately on the chairman's left, sat Mrs. M'Cormick and the Premier. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. Alex. Kethel, Jas. Wilson, Robert Anderson, and Andw. M'Credie. Prominently displayed in the room was a bas-relief representing

Coila, the genius of music, crowning Robert Burns with a wreath of laurel, the work of Filans, a local sculptor; and a crayon copy, by Souter, of Nasmyth's famous portrait of Burns, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and heather. After supper, the "bill o' fare an' a' that" being under the careful supervision of Mr. Angus Cameron, the chairman read letters and telegrams of apologies from Mr. Alex. Brown, M.L.C., Colonel Goodlet, Mr. Monroe (Dungog), and Mr. D. O'Connor, M.L.C. Greetings were also received from "Crafton Scotsmen," Mr. Robert Kennedy, Theatre-Royal, Melbourne, the Highland Societies of Bathurst and Lismore, and the Caledonian Society at Adelaide. Mr. Macdonald Cameron (deputy-master of the Mint) sent what Dr. MacLaurin described as an exceedingly interesting relic, and probably the only specimen of Burns's signature in Sydney. It was officially attached to a permit for ten gallons of rum.

Dr. MACLAURIN, in proposing the health of the Governor, said he trusted that the day was far distant when any body of Scotchmen would fail to accord to Her Majesty's representative their warmest welcome.

Lord HAMPDEN said he was afraid that he had many more than the one defect of not being a Scotsman. It would be incongruous for him to speak to them of their great Poet. Burns had faults, but his genius lived, and remembering the times in which he lived, surely they could be blind to all his faults, and only remember the splendid legacy which he had left them. (Applause.)

Dr. MACLAURIN here explained that the day was being celebrated by sixty Burns and Scottish clubs throughout Australia and several hundreds of clubs in America and Great Britain. At eight o'clock they had sent greetings to the Dumfries committee on behalf of the societies of New South Wales, and expected that the cable would arrive while the ceremony was taking place at the Poet's grave. The profits of that gathering would be devoted towards founding a home for poor people at Mauchline. (Applause.)

Professor MACCALLUM next proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns." Burns's greatness, he said, was not only acknowledged by his own countrymen. It was a fact for Scotsmen and the world. There was something strange in this, for never was a poet so heavily weighted in striving after immortality. His subjects were local, taken from his own experience and countryside. Nor had he a large and elaborate education. He was not a man of many books, but groped for knowledge to a large extent unaided. His disadvantages might be summed up in the saying that there were two classes of Englishmen who roused a Scotsman's wrath—those who said they couldn't understand Burns, and those who said they could. (Laughter.) From a more important point of view these disadvantages constituted the secret of Burns's greatness. It was Burns who more than anyone else had revealed the powers that lurked in popular

speech. Burns, if not the first poet in dialect, was at least the first genius who had employed dialect. He was, too, the Scottish poet. He did not belong to that type so frequently attributed to them that they began to think it was their own. The conventional Scot was a mere abstraction. The man whom they delighted to honour was headstrong, never prosperous, often in debt, irregular in his life, and a rebel in the Kirk. Burns was aglow to his finger tips, and that was why they felt him to be the spokesman of themselves, setting forth the deepest secrets of their own natures.

Mr. ALEX. KETHEL, M.L.C., supported the toast, as one of the oldest members of any Scots society in Sydney. Burns was more than a song-writer. He was a philosopher, prophet, and martyr. The toast was drunk in silence, after the band had played "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled."

Mr. G. H. REID, who was received with great cordiality, said there might be some who would think it somewhat strange that the 100th anniversary of the death of their famous poet should be made the occasion of festivity, but he felt convinced that if Robert Burns could be heard on the matter he would entirely approve of the arrangement they had made. (Loud laughter.) Burns's influence was distinctly bright and sociable, and he judged that in spite of what Professor MacCallum had said. The same could not be said of many of their forefathers a hundred years ago. Then the great concern was how to keep body and soul together in this world, and how to unite them after the most orthodox fashion in the next. (Laughter.) As to the great poet he was a revelation to all mankind of a new species of Scot—a man with a heart as merry, a fancy as free, a genius as melting and musical as ever basked in southern sunshine. Their heaths and hills and glens, bathed in the glory of his immortal verse, revealed undiscovered springs of life and joy. The myths of Phariseism and the clouds of genuine formality, which had for many years chilled and dulled Scottish life, were pierced by the flashes of his poignant wit, until the land blossomed forth in a new gladness of humanity. It was his master hand that unfolded Scottish life and manners to human admiration. Many great men had been born to Scotland before Burns and since, but he ventured to say that Scotland had its kindest soul in him who had proclaimed it, as his toast proclaimed it, "The Land of Burns." (Applause.)

The Rev. JOHN FERGUSON replied to the toast. The great kingdom of Scotland was not a big place, but it was a great place to be born in, and had given to the world many big heads, great hearts, and ready hands. Their fair Scotia had pledged hands with civil liberty long ago, and they who were Scots when they wanted a tonic, crooned softly "Scots Wha Hae." She had also pledged her hands to religious liberty. Burns did well by the Kirk when he smashed hard the face of hypocrisy. She had pledged hands with culture, and right through, her voice had been raised for liberal education. The building up of men in spirit and mind had been her glory. She had glorified industry, and had sent forth the grandest samples of honest toil the world had ever seen. They had to live, and there were never any unemployed in Scotland. (Great cheering.) They

had always too much to do. "The dear old land, which they might never see again, the land of Bible, of catholicism, and oatmeal—Scotland for ever, and by Scotsmen never to be foresworn." (Applause.)

"The Land We Live In" was proposed by Dr. GRAHAM, M.P., and responded to by Mr. JAMES INGLIS.

At intervals the orchestra played selections of Scottish national music. Miss Maggie Stirling sang "The Land o' the Leal" and "O, Sing to Me the Auld Scots Sangs," and Mr. Robert Anderson recited "Highland Mary."

## DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

The Dunedin Burns Club's centenary gathering in commemoration of the death of Robert Burns was held in the Garrison Hall on the 21st, and was very largely attended—the large hall being crowded in all parts. The president of the club (Mr. J. R. Thornton) occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by the president of the Gaelic Society (Mr. D. C. Macdonald), the Mayor (Mr. N. Y. A. Wales), the Hon. T. Fergus, Dr. Stenhouse, Messrs. A. J. Burns, M. J. Scobie Mackenzie, J. H. Morrison, and W. Swan. After the concert had been opened with selections on the bagpipes and an overture by the Engineers' Band,

The CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and Gentlemen,—I find that the framers of the programme have put me down for an opening address, but they have failed to consult the most important person connected with it—that is, myself. However, I can assure you that it is not my intention to shirk my duty nor to prolong it, but before I make any remarks I have to read to you a communication that has been received from an old friend of ours, and an admirer of Burns, who has not been able to attend this evening. The letter, which is addressed to myself, reads thus:—

Dear Sir,—I regret being unable to be personally with you to-night at the meeting commemorative of the centenary of the death of our great national poet—Burns. In spirit I am all with you. My first feeble display of admiration for the Bard was attending the great festival when comparatively a boy. In riper years, in 1847, I attended the natal banquet at Dumfries, and in many other places, both in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in New Zealand, I was almost annually present, and sometimes honoured in being asked to take a prominent part.

My principal object in sending this note is to supplement a want expressed in our daily papers: Whether Dunedin took part in celebrating the centenary of his birth in 1859. From the first year of the settlement, when the Poet's birthday came round there was a regular recognition thereof, whether publicly notified or not. In 1859 his birth centenary was

celebrated by a supper in the Commercial Hotel, the chair being occupied by my old friend Thomas Birch. The felt want of the meeting was the absence of John Barr, of Craigielea, who regularly contributed an original poem in honour of the occasion. Unfortunately that year our native bard was absent, prevented by heavy floods from travelling from Warepa, so the meeting lost half its interest. His centenary poem was afterwards published; unfortunately I cannot send you a copy.—Yours, etc.,

JAS. M'INDOE.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I consider it the highest honour and the greatest privilege that I ever had conferred upon me to preside on such an occasion as this. You know we are only as part of a great commemoration that is being held all over the world. In Scotland, in England, in Ireland, north of the Mediterranean Sea, south of the Mediterranean Sea, north of the Himalayas, south of the Himalayas, east of the Andes, west of the Andes, in the land of the Kangaroo, in the land of the Moa, there are commemorations going on all over the world. (Applause.) I therefore have, on behalf of the Burns Club, to thank those sons of Scotia, those daughters of Scotia, those sons of England, those sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, who have come here to-night to join us in taking part in this commemoration. We are here to take part in the fulfilment of the prophecy made by the Poet many, many years ago. There is no doubt that at the time of his death he was well respected and well admired, but what do we find at the end of 100 years. We find celebrations such as this going on all over the world, showing that he not only touched the hearts of his own countrymen, but the hearts of men and women of every nationality into whose hands his poems have fallen. (Applause.) There are many reasons why these commemorations are being held. I can assure you that in any kind of literature with which I happen to be acquainted I can find nothing so true, so noble, as the sentiments that are to be found in Burns. (Applause.) In pathos he has not got an equal, in manliness no one can touch him, and in his portrayal of the endearing ties of family he is without an equal. I do not intend to detain you any longer, as if I do so I might be trespassing on the domain of the Hon. Mr. Fergus. Once more I have to thank all who are present, on behalf of the Burns Club, for their great kindness in attending this meeting to-night. (Applause.)

Dr. STENHOUSE recited the following threnody composed by himself, a copy of which was, it was mentioned, sent home, along with a wreath to be presented at the centenary celebration at Dumfries:—

In manhood's prime, a hundred years ago,  
The fateful shears cut off thy span of life;  
A nation's tears bedewed thy dust below,  
And heavy hearts with vain regrets were rife.

## II.

To-day, a world—and not a nation—stands  
To pay its homage to thy matchless worth;  
Pilgrims, attendant from all distant lands,  
Salute the hour thy spirit rose from earth.

## III.

Not now with tearful eyes and downcast looks—  
 For who would mourn for an immortal's fate?  
 Pride in the heirship of thy glorious books,  
 Stamps joy on every countenance elate.

## IV.

Britain's fair daughter of the southern sphere,  
 New Zealand, with responsive, grateful thought,  
 A votive offering sends to deck thy bier—  
 A simple wreath of native flowers inwrought.

## V.

Around thy tomb we swell the loud acclaim,  
 Though desert waste of waters us divide;  
 And earth's remotest ends are at thy name  
 In sympathetic bonds brought side by side.

## VI.

If blessed shades, from empyrean height,  
 Still view the doings of this mortal scene,  
 Perchance thine eyes will glisten with delight,  
 As thus men meet to keep thy memory green.

## VII.

No cold and distant looks to wound thee now,  
 No bitter words to fall upon thine ear;  
 Thine own, thy native land, upon thy brow  
 Hath placed the garland of her son most dear.

## VIII.

We, like our fathers, share the common lot,  
 Yet, as each hundredth year this day returns,  
 A greater world shall worship on this spot  
 The genius, worth, and manhood of her BURNS.

The Hon. T. FERGUS, being called upon, said—I feel honoured and proud of having been asked to give you the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." My gratification is chastened, however, by the knowledge of my inability to do adequate justice to my theme. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh," says the old Book, but my lips give but faint expression to my feelings to-night. It is just 100 years to-day since the fiery, passion-swayed soul of the Poet found rest, and shortly before his end he told his Jean that he would be better known and appreciated a hundred years after. (Applause.) He knew well that that great rectifier Time would deal justly with him, and it has. Outside his own country, at the time of his death, he was little known, and, even in his own land, not understood. Burns, too, was unfortunate in his earlier biographers—(hear, hear)—the first of whom, Robert Heron, was grossly inaccurate, and Dr. Currie also was far from reliable. But that, too, has been changed, and later writers have done him ample justice. Carlyle led the van in a magnificent article in the

*Edinburgh Review* in 1828, and a galaxy of talent followed in the good work. William Wallace says, "That upon the merits of no man have the poets been more heartily united than on Burns," and it is true. His tuneful brethren have all loved him, and loved him well. After his decease, it became the custom of his countrymen to meet and celebrate the anniversary of his birth, but the first mighty demonstration of national affection was on the 6th August, 1844, at the "Burns Festival," when a huge multitude—some 80,000 people—assembled on the banks of the Doon to do honour to the memory of our National Poet. (Applause.) The sons of Burns and his youngest sister were present, and Lord Eglinton, an Ayrshire man, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, presided, and was supported by illustrious men of every grade. No gathering of a like kind had ever before been witnessed in Britain, nor such an ovation paid to any other author. Fifteen years later—on 25th January, 1859—came the centenary of the birth of the Bard, and it was a day of great rejoicing wherever our language was spoken. Thousands of meetings were held, and attended by hundreds of thousands of proud and happy people, filled with one desire—to honour the Poet. You are here to-night to celebrate his memory on the centenary of the Poet's death, and not that only: you are doing more—you are (as the chairman has said) living witnesses to the fulfilment of the Poet's prophecy, that he would be "better known and appreciated a hundred years hence." (Applause.) His fame, which after his death spread rapidly east, west, north, and south, until it touched each centre of civilisation, has now so mightily grown that it covers all the continents, and laps the shores of the furthest islands of the seas, and in lands, then practically unknown and unpeopled, multitudes acknowledge his genius. It is no time for sorrow, even though we do commemorate his death: it is a time for rejoicing, for Burns is a living power with us, and speaks as eloquently now as he did of yore. In every quarter of the globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—wherever Scotchmen have penetrated, or civilisation obtains, men and women are joining you, and with uplifted voices proclaiming that the Poet's memory is hallowed in their hearts for ever. I do not intend to weary you by any review of the life and works of Burns, neither your time nor my inclination would warrant that, but we might just ask for a moment how it is that Burns has so completely commanded our affection? "With what drugs, what charms, what conjurations, and what mighty magic" has he won our hearts away? I answer—He was natural. He loved his country, its freedom, its humble homes, and its homely joys. In the words of Professor Wilson, "Burns was, by far, the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people." The West of Scotland has ever been the land of the free, and the patriots' and the martyrs' graves were all around; and legends of the prowess of the one and the sufferings of the other are the folk-lore of the people. It is little wonder, then, that, nurtured among such scenes and traditions, his devotion to freedom was so great. He strikes for it, personal, religious, and national. I am proud and happy to see such a grand assemblage to-night to honour the name of the Poet, and I was pleased to see, in this morning's *Times*, a very good leader on the merits of Burns, but it contains one sentence about which I would like to enlighten the

writer. He says—"Certain mischievous Southrons have a trick of girding at Scotsmen for giving the first place in their hearts to Burns, and only second to Sir Walter Scott." Every Scotsman, I believe, admires Scott, and is proud of him and his works, and they are also proud of Burns and his works, but they love Burns with a love that will never grow cold. His songs greet their earliest days, and charm them when they get on in years, and, crooned by the old people whose life is nearly ended, they solace them in their toil. This is a worthy gathering to the Poet's honour, and one which, I trust, will long remain in your memories. I can only now give you the toast, but do not pledge me in silence—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."—(Applause.)

At the invitation of Mr. Fergus, the entire audience then rose and joined the choir in singing "Scots Wha Hae."

The concert programme, which contained the names of only a few soloists, was received with acceptance. The majority of the songs were written by the Poet, whose centenary was being celebrated, and it would perhaps have been more fitting if the selections had been taken exclusively from the works of Burns. The vocalists were Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Cooper, and Miss Verona Campbell, Messrs. J. Jago and W. F. Young. Miss Bell's recitation—Burns's "Address to a Mouse"—was very humorous, and evoked loud applause. The Engineers' Band orchestra (under Mr. R. Jackson) played two overtures, consisting of Scottish selections, in a creditable manner, and the choir (conducted by Mr. R. Francis) sang a couple of part songs exceedingly well. Mr. Gray (the club's piper) played the bagpipe selections with which the concert was opened, performing "The Land o' the Leal" and "The Flowers of the Forest," and Miss Wright acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

## THE BURNS EXHIBITION.

THE Burns Exhibition, held in the galleries of the Royal Glasgow Institute during the summer of 1896, was, without doubt, the most signal proof of the nation's desire to commemorate, in a fitting manner, the centenary of the death of the National Poet. Demonstrations and processions in honour of Burns served their own purpose, as evidences of the hold the Poet has upon the affections of the people, and as outlets for the evanescent enthusiasm of a day.



In the Burns Exhibition, on the other hand, there were permanent lessons for all who had eyes to see and minds to understand. It was one of the greatest tributes ever paid to the memory of a poet; only the name of Robert Burns made such an Exhibition possible. And having been done once, it has been done once for all—at least so far as the next hundred years are concerned. To the experts who have made a special study of Burns and his works, the Exhibition made a strong appeal from the variety of illustrative material it contained. I think, for the non-experts, in whose ranks I am content to be enrolled, it had even a greater charm. It is not the scientist and philosopher, intent on the minute details of plants and strata, who appreciates the fulness of beauty in a landscape; in concentrated attention to individual items he misses the effect of the whole. Experts are always anxious to prove or disprove. Non-experts, troubling themselves little with crucial questions, accept with thankfulness the goods the gods provide, in a faith that is not always unconsciously blind. The lessons taught by the Burns Exhibition are most obvious. Never has a poet grappled to himself the heart of a whole nation as Burns has done. Human nature is the same the world over, and Burns's great success is founded on his appeal to the principles that rule the conduct of mankind from China to Peru. His humanity, his charity, and sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women shine forth in everything he said and did, and hence the secret of his power. He dared, too, to be himself; uncompromising honesty was the outstanding feature of his character. We must have no more apologies for Burns, no more whining regrets anent his lapses and his shortcomings. He himself has said everything there is to say. If men had wings they would fly, but then they would not be men. If Burns had been different from what he was he would not have been Burns. We can always find ready to our hand presidents of young men's Christian associations, but a Burns is a rare creation.

As the catalogue said, the Exhibition included "portraits of Robert Burns and of his friends and associates; pictures of the scenes among which he lived, and about which he wrote; personal relics; the various editions of his works; and a collection of manuscripts, and of books, etc., treating of Burns and his times." There were, in all, over 3000 numbered exhibits, including the valuable collection lent by Mr. A. C. Lamb, Dundee. What a marvellous evidence of the hold Burns has on the affections of the Scottish people! And yet he was only ten years before the world. He emerged from comparative obscurity in 1786; he died in 1796—an extraordinarily brief time in which to found a universal reputation! And since his death the most enduring monument to his memory lies in the ever-repeated editions of his works that a never-satiated public unweariedly demands. These editions

number considerably more than one thousand—published in Scotland, England, Ireland, the Colonies, the United States, and the Continent. Truly Burns, on his deathbed, saw with a prophetic eye the brightening glory that would encircle his name in all future ages! The exhibits filled to overflowing the six rooms of the Institute. One or two ready-tongued but slow-witted babblers thought proper to say that there was more furniture shown than half-a-dozen of Burns's houses could ever have contained. In their haste to be witty, they overlooked the fact that many of the articles were there, not as possessions of the Poet, but as having belonged to his friends and associates, or from having been made from materials taken from places that his genius has sung into immortal fame. The arm-chair Her Majesty lent is an example; it was fashioned—and beautifully fashioned—from an oak beam taken from "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk." That there were in the Exhibition many small and seemingly trifling personal relics of the Poet should be matter of no wonderment. The moment he died his fame went abroad into all lands, and everything connected with him became at once, in the estimation of his relations and friends, an object of exceeding great value and importance. We see in this, again, the personal note that Burns struck. His countrymen not only held him great as a Poet, but dear as a man, and the smallest thing that interested him is now of consuming interest to them.

In the large room of the Institute there were portraits of the Poet, pictures of the scenes he sang and dwelt among, cases filled with personal relics and the multiform editions of his books. A small gallery was devoted to pictures, for sale, illustrative of his life and landscape surroundings. In the other rooms were all the principal engravings of Burns's own portraits, black and white illustrations of his works, and what seemed to me more important than anything else in the place, a splendid collection of manuscripts in his own handwriting. Some experts considered that this department might have been more comprehensive and representative. Well, but when we consider the enormous trouble of getting them together, the wonder is how the Committee managed to make the brave show they did. Out of this great gathering of exhibits, it is difficult to single out special items for particular notice. Two of the three authenticated portraits of Burns, by Nasmyth, were on the walls of the principal gallery—No. 15, lent by the National Portrait Gallery of London, and No. 90, lent by the Misses Cathcart of Auchendrane. These, to the non-professional eye, are, in all respects, almost identical. The churlishness of the Edinburgh authorities, in refusing to lend the original portrait, painted from the life by Nasmyth—of which the two that were in Glasgow are replicas—prevented a most interesting comparison. It is from Nasmyth's portrait—either the original or the hundreds of

reproductions more or less like the original—that the popular idea of the personal appearance of Burns is drawn. For information as to the portraits of Burns, I must refer to the articles in previous numbers of the *Chronicle*, written by men who know the subject. For myself, I can only say that a relative of Burns informed me that Mrs. Burns Begg (Isobel Burns, the Poet's sister), said that "Nasmyth's portrait was like her brother, but just too pretty." The one portrait of Burns that struck me as a satisfactory representation of the Poet was No. 362—the red crayon drawing by Archibald Skirving, lent by Sir Theodore Martin. Skirving may or may not have seen Burns in the flesh; in this portrait he has at any rate caught the spirit of the man. There is a bigness in Skirving's rendering that Nasmyth's lacks. Burns was never a "pretty" man, as the saying goes.

Two Bibles that were exhibited were in every sense close personal relics of the Poet. These were No. 1179 and 1210. The first, lent by Mrs. J. G. Burns, is the veritable "Big Ha' Bible of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,'" and contains the "Burns Family Register," in the handwriting of the Poet's father. The second, lent by Mrs. Burns-Hutchinson, is Burns's own Family Bible, and embodies a record in the Poet's handwriting of his marriage, and of the dates of the births of nearly all his family. There are entries at the close of, and completing, the register, in the handwriting of Colonel Glencairn Burns. Robert Burns had not kept the register closely up to date, and events are recorded that happened after he himself had left this troubled world. Another most interesting relic of the Poet was No. 700, his seal, lent by Mrs. Burns-Thomas, the great-grand-daughter of the Poet. The seal is familiar to all from the engraving on the covers of the *Chronicle*.

Among the other personal relics exhibited were the sword-sticks which Burns was in the habit of carrying when engaged in his excise duties, his gauging-rod and excise ink-bottle, and the whip that his strong nervous hand clutched in many a lonely ride over his revenue district. Locks of the Poet's hair were, of course, exhibited—one of them, a lock said to have been given to the Annie Rankine, who figures as the heroine of "Corn Rigs." Records indubitable of his connection with Freemasonry were also on exhibition—jewels, aprons, and mallets. Burns had always a kindly heart for the mystic craft. I have mentioned only a few of the personal relics; they were all judiciously chosen, and had a direct connection with either the Poet or his intimate associates. Jean Armour—his true and trusty wife; Highland Mary—perhaps the one great love of his life; his friends, Gavin Hamilton, Glencairn, and Lord Daer; the clergymen he respected, and those that he made sport of; "the bletherin bitch"; Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie—all the men and women whom he loved or laughed at and immortalised were brought vividly before us by the various

exhibits of their belongings and relics. What poet in all the world had ever such a tribute paid to him? The mere mention of a name in Burns's verse has given to that name everlasting fame or notoriety, and has conferred interest upon all its associations, even though of the most commonplace description.

Among the books exhibited stand, of course, pre-eminently forth the copies of the Kilmarnock edition.' The Exhibition was especially fortunate in having of this edition two splendid examples, in the original blue paper covers, quite untouched by the hand of that modern Philistine vandal, the fine art binder. One belongs to Mr. Seaton Veitch, of Paisley, the other to the well-known collector, Mr. Lamb, of Dundee. A third copy is the property of Mr. M'Naught, editor of the *Chronicle*, and these are the only copies in the original paper binding known to exist. They were, to my mind, at least, close personal relics of the Poet; they were virgin copies; they had passed through no degrading process of "improvement." Burns himself might have handled them as they are. In the case beside Mr. Veitch's copy lay the only existing example of the first subscription sheet, issued when Burns had no thought of world-wide fame. The subscription price was only 3s. At the bottom of the sheet one name is scored out, and, evidently in the Poet's hand, is written above the erasion, "the blockhead refused it." The blockhead refused to pay 3s for the book for which Mr. Veitch has refused £250, and which no money would take from the possession of Mr. Lamb! Next in pathetic interest to these first editions of Burns came, among the books, those exhibited in gallery No. 3, with inscriptions upon them in the Poet's own handwriting, many of them copies of his own works presented to intimate friends. And, just in passing, we may notice in this connection how fond Burns was of airing the few French phrases that he had at his tongue's end. Chief among these books was one given by Burns to Miss Jessie Lewars, who so faithfully attended him in his last illness. On the title-page are some lines, almost certainly the last the Poet ever wrote.

Of the many exhibited portraits of the Poet, varying much in details, and yet all with a strong family resemblance the one to the other, but little need be said. They are all interesting; most of them creditable as works of art; but the great majority based on the rendering of Nasmyth. It is not out of reason to suppose that Burns must often have been painted. After he came into fame there were travelling artists who would have gladly taken his portrait for a very small payment. Some of these rude presentments may still exist in out-of-the-way corners in Ayrshire, their utter unlikeness to the Poet being their best protection from public recognition.

Among the portraits shown, in Gallery No. I., of Burns's relations and friends, I would place first in interest No. 52,

"Bonie Jean and her Grandchild" (now Mrs. Hutchinson, still living in honoured old age in Cheltenham), painted by MacKenzie, and well-known from its numerous reproductions in engraving; the portraits of his sons, Colonel W. Nicol Burns, painted by Macnee, and Colonel James Glencairn Burns, painted by William Tweedie; and the portrait of the Poet's nephew, Robert Burns Begg, painted by J. M. Barclay. We had also in this room oil portraits of many men and women more or less intimately associated with Burns and his works; such as the Reverend Dr. James M'Kinlay (Simper James); George Thomson, of Edinburgh; Jessie Lewars (Mrs. Thomson), whom I have already mentioned in another connection; the Rev. Dr. George Lawrie, James Humphrey, the immortal "bletherin bitch"; Peter Taylor, the artist who painted the "Taylor Portrait," now in the National Portrait Gallery; John Templeton, the sweet singer of Burns's songs; Nance Tannock, of Mauchline fame; the Earl of Buchan; the eleventh and thirteenth Earls of Eglinton; Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton; Burns's landlord at Ellisland, and members of his family; Tam Samson of the famous "Elegy"; Beugo the Engraver; Miss Burnett ("fair Burnett"); the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple; Thomas Carlyle; the Rev. "Daddy Auld"; and Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch, the hero of "The Whistle." Specially interesting was the portrait of Dr. Maxwell, Burns's physician in Dumfries, lent by Mrs. Maxwell Witham, which we never remember seeing before. Of course the pictures in the Exhibition were not all shown on account of their art qualities; they were exhibited principally as interesting reminiscences of the Poet and the Poet's friends. Among the other treasures in Gallery No. I. were several charming representations of the scenes amid which Burns dwelt and which his genius has celebrated. Notably among these were two splendid views of the world-famed Cottage at Alloway, by Sam Bough—the large oil picture belonging to Mrs. Reid of Auchterarder, and the small water colour belonging to Sir Charles Tennant. Then we had different renderings of "The Auld Brig o' Ayr," by William Young, David Farquharson, and W. E. Lockhart; Alloway Kirk; Dunure Castle; Lochlea, Mossgiel, and Ellisland; the "Globe Tavern"; "Ballochmyle," by D. O. Hill; "On the Ayr at Ballochmyle," by William Young; views in Ayr, Mauchline, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, etc. Several representations of "Tam o' Shanter" showed the varying notes this wonderful poem has struck in different painters' ears, and chief among them for its power, abandonment, and hearty sympathy with the spirit of the scene, was J. E. Christie's "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious," lent by Dr. Holmes. Good, too, was the same artist's "Halloween," lent by Mr. David Hennedy. The "Auld Brig o' Doon" has found many exponents, but none better than Robert Alexander's low-toned picture, lent by Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock. Nor must Charles Martin

Hardie's two well-known pictures be overlooked, "The Meeting of Burns and Scott," and "Burns in Edinburgh, 1787," the latter lent by Mr. David Tullis. This imperfect catalogue of the splendid collection of pictures on the walls of Room No. I. may suffice to give some slight idea of its variety and charm. For fuller particulars, I refer all interested to the superb catalogue about to be printed at prices suitable for all purchasers.

The black and white illustrations of Burns's life and works, miniatures, etc., in Galleries Nos. IV. and V., were some hundred in number, and included original drawings, engravings, and etchings. One of the most important exhibits was a complete set of the proofs of the steel engravings, illustrating "The Land of Burns," published in 1841, lent by Messrs. Blackie & Son. This is indeed a very complete pictorial record of the Poet's life and surroundings. Besides these, there were the original drawings reproduced in several of the best known editions of Burns; such as the illustrations in the *Citizen* portfolio of "The Songs of Burns"; "Etchings for the Life and Works of Robert Burns," by W. Bell Scott; illustrations of the beautiful new edition of Scott Douglas, published by Mr. James Thin, Edinburgh; the illustrations for the new edition of Chambers, edited by Mr. William Wallace; and illustrations of the Centenary edition of the Poetry of Robert Burns, edited by Henley and Henderson, and published by Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh. There was a wealth of engraved, etched, and autotype portraits of the Poet and his relations, lent by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Alexander Skirving, Mrs. Burns, of Knockmaroon, Dr. J. C. Mitchell, Dr. Hunter Selkirk, Mr. William Dunbar, Mr. Andrew Gibson, Mrs. Burns Thomas, Mr. M'Naught Campbell, Mr. George Aikman, and many others. In this connection special mention must be made of the valuable aid given to the Exhibition by Mr. William Macmath, of Edinburgh. He put his splendid collection of engraved portraits at the disposal of the Committee, and the Exhibition would distinctly have been lacking in completeness, on the portrait side, had this favour not been granted. The miscellaneous engravings, memorial and commemoration cards, silhouettes, etc., had all a practical bearing on the object of the Exhibition; even the most trifling exhibits served to show how dear to his country's heart is everything that concerns the personality of the Bard.

In Gallery No. V. was one of the notes of humour in the Exhibition—unintentional humour, of course, but all the more humorous on that account. The man who struck the note was in dead earnest, but then he was an Englishman, and very likely the "poor body" could advance the plea of ignorance. No. 545 was the only truly comic exhibit in the place—a lithograph published by the well-known R. Ackermann, of the Strand, in 1825—title, "Burns's Departure from Scotland." We

have, in this ideal rendering, the Poet, tall and rawboned, with the actual tear, as big as a green pea, bursting on his cheek, bidding farewell to Scotland after the manner, and with the gesture, of a booth-ranter, and clothed in a scantily indecent kilt, that looked like a red cotton handkerchief wrapped round his loins. We Scotsmen all know that Burns always wore a kilt; in a kilt he followed the plough upon the mountain side; the divine afflatus was never on his soul unless the kilt was on his hurdies! When a Cockney presumes to illustrate or edit the text of Robert Burns with the smattering of knowledge the Glossary and Southern tradition may have given him, he is but "a poor wan'ered wean," deserving of more pity than anger.

Another engraving in Gallery No. V. claims more than passing attention. This is No. 581, the veritable engraving to which Burns directed the attention of the company at Professor Ferguson's house—when the lad, Walter Scott, gave to Burns Langhorne's name as the author of the lines engraved below Burnbury's print—the incident that Martin Hardie so well portrays. The history of this print is authentic. From the possession of Professor Ferguson's family, it passed into the hands of Mr. William Chambers; he gifted it to the Chambers Institute at Peebles, and the Institute lent it to the Burns Exhibition. A self-sufficient idiot wrote to the papers, pointing out in his own stupid way, that as Langhorne's name was below the verses, Burns had no occasion to ask who was their author! He did not notice that the name was so minutely printed as to be invisible at a distance.

Of the miscellaneous relics of Burns and his friends, not much need be said here. His tea-cups and saucers, his ale-cups and his toddy ladles, his whip, and the slightest scrap of his writing on a window pane, his own parlour chair and his chest, and all his personal belongings, are sacred treasures in the eyes of Burns worshippers. To mention these relics in anyway approaching to detail would be simply to repeat the catalogue, and occupy uselessly the *Chronicle's* space. Each exhibit, however trifling, was an offering sincerely laid on the altar of thanksgiving to the memory of Scotland's Poet.

The manuscripts were to me the most interesting part of the whole Exhibition. Had ever any poet (or, for that matter of it, any other literary celebrity) a nobler handwriting than Burns? He wrote clearly, distinctly, and in a fine, bold, manly style. The handwriting proclaimed the man. Like himself, it was upright, firm, straightforward—no lurking doubt or doubling in a single turn of it! The letters, the manuscripts, the brief notes that were exhibited, would demand a long article for themselves. The collections kindly lent by Mr. Robert B. Adam, of Buffalo, per Mr. Hew Morrison, of the Public Library, Edinburgh; by the Kilmarnock Burns Museum, through Provost Mackay and Captain Sneddon; by Mr. R. Burns Begg, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mrs. J. G. Burns, of

Knockmaroon; Mrs. Thomson Sinclair, Mr. George Gray, Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, Mr. C. C. Maxwell, the Mitchell Library, and many other private owners, gave a unique interest to the cases.

Two specially valuable exhibits were "The Edinburgh Commonplace Book of Robert Burns, beginning 9th April, 1787," lent by Mr. George A. M'Millan, and "The Commonplace Book of Robert Burns, 1783-85," lent by Mr. W. Law, Littleborough. The correspondence of Burns with George Thomson, containing, in the Poet's autograph, the most celebrated of his songs, was lent by the Earl of Dalhousie, and the Irvine Burns Club was well to the front with its unique portfolio of rare manuscripts. The Earl of Rosebery was a most generous exhibitor. A manuscript of "Tam o' Shanter," not written, but corrected by, Robert Burns, had a strong interest of its own, on account of its having belonged to Sir Walter Scott, and having an inscription on it in Sir Walter's handwriting. The MS. was lent from the Abbotsford Library. A most interesting MS. was that of "The Gentle Shepherd," lent by Mr. W. Moir Bryce, of Edinburgh.

The editorial scissors would be applied were I to try to describe minutely all the manuscripts—suffice it to say that they were the strong attraction of the Exhibition.

Of books there were catalogued nearly 1500 entries, and uncatalogued books lay in the cases below "as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." It was a bewildering show—the very sight of which was enough to stir a Scotsman's heart with pride. There are veritably more editions of Burns than of Shakespeare! The editions hailed from nearly every part of Great Britain. If Edinburgh and Glasgow were prolific in producing them, so, too, were London and Newcastle, Dublin and Belfast! The lands beyond the seas have added their contributions, and foreigners have done their best to make Burns plain to foreign readers.

The completeness of the book section was largely due to the exertions of Mr. Craibe Angus, and among the chief contributors to this department were Mr. Angus himself, Mr. Andrew Gibson, of Belfast; Dr. Patterson, Glasgow; the Mitchell Library, Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Wm. Jacks, Mr. George Gray, Mr. M'Naught Campbell, Lord Rosebery, M. B. B. Macgeorge, Mr. John M'Millan, and Mr. James Falconer,

I could easily extend this notice for pages more, for, with the unexhausted wealth of material still to my hand, I feel in wandering mazes lost, with endless new prospects opening before me for comment and commendation. Words are vain! Only he who has seen and studied the Exhibition—even as a non-expert—can estimate the full value of the testimony it bore to the hold of Burns upon Scotland and the great heart of the civilised world.

R. W.



## REVIEWS.

*Books intended for review must be in the hands of the Editor by the end of October.*

## THE HERITAGE OF BURNS,

BY

W. ROBERTSON TURNBULL.

HADDINGTON: WILLIAM SINCLAIR, 63 Market Street.

THIS is one of the most remarkable contributions to Burns literature since Carlyle summed up the personality and poetry of the Scottish Bard for the instruction of the shoal of critics who have exercised their minds with the problem of Burns from that day to this. It is a work of comparative criticism of a kind not often met with. Sound judgment, clear insight, profound scholarship, and a graceful and incisive style are its leading features. Apart from the main theme, it is a most admirable summary of Scottish literature from the fifteenth century to the close of the eighteenth, interspersed with side allusions, which are as delightful and instructive to the reader as convincing of the culture and wide range of reading of the author. The work may be described as a series of inter-dependent essays, leading up to one conclusion, and still capable of being judged separately as intellectual achievements on the various heads under which they are arranged. In the first chapter, "In Praise and Blame," the critics of Burns, from Heron to Henley, are criticised in masterly style, their excellencies pointed out, and their faults ruthlessly exposed. From this class, he judiciously selects three—Lockhart, Wilson, and Carlyle—as having between them said all that can be said of Burns to constitute an estimate of abiding truth and power. The "Politics and Poetry of the Eighteenth Century" follows as introduction to "The Scottish Renaissance," which again is followed by "The Dawn of Naturalism—From Ramsay to Burns," the whole culminating in "The New Era—Burns," in which the author analyses the genius of the Scottish Poet, and awards him one of the highest niches in the Temple of Fame on his own merits, rightly declining to institute comparisons, for the all-sufficient reason that the uniqueness of Burns renders comparison impossible. Burns's relations to Ramsay and Fergusson, and his indebtedness to both, are presented in a way that is at once both just and true, while the link of succession to the truly national poets of Scotland, rather than to the Anglo-Scottish mongrels who degraded the Scottish Muse by deferring to the artificial models of the Southron, is discovered, and the rust of time rubbed off. Burns is represented as the fullest expression of a well-rounded literature, already in existence at the date of his birth, and the author carefully distinguishes between the Poet's own natural endowment and the heritage bequeathed to him by his predecessors—Henryson, Dunbar, Montgomerie, Ramsay, and Fergusson. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Turnbull's splendid effort, if fault it is, is that it is too elaborate and recondite to suit the popular taste in this hurry-scurry age. To the Burns student it is bound to prove a source of perennial delight, a never-failing well of inspiration, an inexhaustible mine of information. He who runs and reads can dip into any part and find enough to satisfy without effort, while the Burns enthusiast, impatient alike of historical circumstance and cold-blooded criticism, may satisfy his most perfervid desires by perusing the concluding chapters. Those who decry the Poet will also find much to interest them, for the

balance of the destructive and constructive is held in perfect equipoise throughout the volume. "The Heritage," we venture to predict, will take a high place amongst Burns classics, and it behoves every student of Scottish literature to place it on his shelves.

The binding and typography of the volume reflects the highest credit on the provincial press of Haddington. We congratulate both author and publisher on having produced a work that is certain to be red-lettered among the productions of the Death Centenary.

ROBERT BURNS,

BY

GABRIEL SETOUN.

OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER, Edinburgh and London.

THE luxuriant crop of Lives of Burns within the last decade might well deter any man from entering the field, not so much from fear of competitors, as the consideration whether he has anything to say by way of justification for his appearance as a Burns author. As the writer selected by the publishers of the "Famous Scots Series" to do honour to the National Bard, Mr. Setoun (under which pseudonym we recognise Mr. Hepburn, teacher, Edinburgh), was under no pressing necessity to deliberate on the feasibility of a venture that had already been resolved upon. Judging from the character of the accomplished work, however, it is abundantly evident that Mr. Setoun was impressed with a due sense of the responsibility resting upon him, and the necessity of making his work as fresh, complete, and attractive as possible. The prevailing vices of present-day Burns biographers are a hankering after new facts and unrecorded anecdotes, however trivial their import, and a tendency to lose themselves and their subject in the euphonious verbiage of carefully laboured periods. Mr. Setoun is free of both. Neither is he over-weighted with the traditions of his position, which have settled down in too many recent instances into a conventionalism, which precludes everything but a mere ringing of the changes, and in comparison with which the hysterical heroics of La Galliene and the cutaneous scarifying of Henley are positively refreshing. Mr. Setoun is careful in garnering his facts, logical and independent in his conclusions. The Clarinda episode, for instance, he treats with originality, force, and fearlessness. As remarked by Sheriff Campbell Smith, at Dundee, Burns suffered as much from contact with "foolish women" as with wicked men. No good end, therefore, can be served by dismissing any side influence on his career with a mere shrug of the shoulders, for no better reason than it has been done before, or because the task of examination is disagreeable. The modern critic has no mercy on the prime actor; why, then, should the subordinates be allowed to go scot-free? All through the work there is a freshness and virility of thought that captivates the reader, and compels him to read the oft-told tale because of the new light with which it is illuminated. The summing up of Burns, the man, and Burns, the Poet, is eminently unprejudiced and sympathetic. Mr. Setoun has already made his mark in other walks of literature, and we earnestly trust that the brilliant talents and purity of style which he undoubtedly possesses will again be utilised on the theme that is ever dear to every patriotic Scotsman.

ROBERT BURNS—POEMS AND SONGS COMPLETE.

JAMES THIN, Edinburgh.

THIS is a re-issue, in most attractive and handy form, of Scott Douglas's 6 vol. Edinburgh Edition, the excellencies of which are so universally acknowledged as to require no commentary at this date. The drawback to all library editions is their unwieldiness, and we suspect it was Mr. Thin's

determination to remove this objection that led to the present publication. Within the limits of four handy volumes, beautifully bound, and superbly illustrated from original drawings, he has contrived to compress the whole contents of the large edition, as well as Professor Nicholl's essay, which was published formerly as a supplement, and still with no sacrifice of clearness of type. The paper is of excellent quality, and the typography everything that can be desired by the weakest vision. We know of no more beautiful edition, nor one more suitable for a gift, or to lie at hand for occasional reading. The wonder is: how it has been produced at the modest sum charged for it.

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## ALL ABOUT BURNS,

BY

JOHN D. ROSS, LL.D.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York.

THIS is a compilation of most interesting and valuable Burnsiana by Dr. Ross, of New York, whose prolific pen seems to be continually employed at the shrine of the Scottish Bard, and to much good purpose. The present volume contains articles bearing on the details of the Poet's life, his home, and friends; and also eulogies to his memory, criticisms of his works, pilgrimages to his country, and notable anniversary addresses in his praise. The most important, as well as lengthy contribution, is a "Life of Burns," extending to 48 pp., from the graceful and erudite pen of Dr. Peter Ross, a brother of the editor, who has already done much for Scottish literature on the other side of the Atlantic. We have perused this sketch with the greatest pleasure, and adjudged it as one of the best we have ever read of the same limited compass. But though the chapters are short, they are pithy and to the point, admirably adapted to the requirements of those whose reading opportunities are scant and circumscribed. The rest of the contents are, for the most part, eminently readable, and well worthy of the permanent form in which they now appear. The book ought to be shelved beside the five volumes of "Burnsiana," edited by Dr. Ross, and already issued from the Paisley Press.



# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FEDERATED CLUBS.

No. 40—Aberdeen	No. 38—Glasgow—Jolly Beggars
84—Abington	39    "    St. David's
23—Adelaide	41    "    Dennistoun
20—Airdrie	43    "    Northern
2—Alexandria	47    "    St. Rollox
6—Alloa	49    "    Bridgeton
82—Arbroath	61    "    Glencairn
19—Auckland	63    "    Mossgiel
	67    "    Carlton
12—Barrow-in-Furness	68    "    Sandyford
64—Beith	70    "    St. Rollox Jolly
15—Belfast	Beggars
30—Blackburn	74    "    Mauchline
29—Bolton	Society
76—Brechin	78    "    Ardgowan
	83    "    Co-operative
4—Callander	59—Gourock—Jolly Beggars
87—Campsie	53—Govan—Fairfield
71—Carlisle	21—Greenock
81—Carstairs Junction	
11—Chesterfield	0—Kilmarnock
51—Chicago	58—Kirkcaldy
79—Corstorphine	75—Kirk
42—Crieff	
66—Crossgates	73—Lenzie
45—Cumnock	18—Liverpool
86—Cumnock—"The Winsome Willie"	1—London
62—Cupar	
	28—Mauchline — The Jolly
35—Dalry	Beggars
55—Derby	8—Morpeth (dormant)
37—Dollar	56—Muirkirk—Lapraik
10—Dumbarton	65—Musselburgh
52—Dumfries "Mechanics"	
14—Dundee	32—Newark
69—Dunedin	17—Nottingham (dormant)
80—Dunoon (Cowal)	
85—Dunfermline—United	48—Paisley
	77—Paisley—Gleniffer
5—Earlston	72—Partick
22—Edinburgh	26—Perth
	54—Perth—St. Johnstone
44—Forfar	
	31—San Francisco
3—Glasgow—Tam o' Shanter	13—St. Andrews
7    "    Thistle	50—Stirling
9    "    Royalty	16—Sydney
24    "    Bank	
27    "    Springburn	57—Thornliebank
33    "    Haggis	
34    "    Carrick	46—Warwickshire
36    "    Rosebery	25—Winnipeg
	60—Wolverhampton

*MOTTO—"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."*

# THE BURNS FEDERATION

INSTITUTED 1885.

*Hon. President*—The Right Hon. The EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

*President*—PETER STURROCK, Esq., of Baltersan, Kilmarnock.

*Vice-Presidents*—R. W. COCHRAN PATRICK, Esq., LL.D., Woodside, Beith; Rev. WILLIAM DUNNETT, M.A., Kilmarnock; COLIN RAE BROWN, 17 Nevern Road, South Kensington, London.

*Honorary Secretary*—Captain DAVID SNEDDON, Kilmarnock.

*Honorary Treasurer*—JOSEPH BROCKIE, Royal Bank, Kilmarnock.

*Editor, "Annual Burns Chronicle"*—D. M'NAUGHT, Esq., J.P., Kilmaurs.

*Members (Kilmarnock)*—Provost MACKAY; JOHN BAIRD, J.P., London Road; GEORGE DUNLOP, *Standard* Office; J. B. WILSON, London Road; JOHN NEWLANDS, Portland Street; THOMAS AMOS, M.A., The Academy; DAVID MURRAY, M.A., B.Sc.; JOHN KERR, B.L., John Finnie Street. (*Glasgow*)—Dr. WILLIAM FINDLAY, 19 Westercraigs, Dennistoun; JAMES ADAMS, M.D., F.F.P.S.G., 10 Queen's Crescent; WILLIAM MARTIN, 116 St. Vincent Street; WILLIAM WALLACE, *Herald* Office; Dr. A. PATTERSON, 22 India Street; ANDREW GIBSON, 14 Cliftonville Avenue, Belfast; Dr. HUNTER SELKIRK, Dalevale, Carlisle.

## OBJECTS OF THE FEDERATION.

1. To strengthen and consolidate the bond of fellowship presently existing amongst the members of Burns Clubs, and kindred societies, by universal affiliation.
2. To superintend the publication of works relating to Burns.
3. To acquire a fund for the purchase and preservation of Holograph Manuscripts and other Relics connected with the Life and Works of the Poet, and for other purposes of a like nature, as the Executive Council may determine.

## RULES.

1. The headquarters of the Federation shall be at Kilmarnock, the town in which the Federation was inaugurated and carried to a practical issue, and which contains the only properly organised Burns Museum and Library in the United Kingdom.
2. Properly organised Burns Clubs, St. Andrew's Societies, and Kindred Associations, may be admitted to the Federation by application, in writing, to the Hon. Secretary, enclosing copy of Constitution and Rules.
3. Registration Fee, *Twenty-one Shillings*, on receipt of which the Diploma of the Federation shall be issued, after being numbered and signed by the President and Hon. Secretary.

4. Members of every Burns Club, or Kindred Association, registered by the Federation, shall be entitled to receive a pocket Diploma on payment of *One Shilling*. (*These payments are final—not annual.*)
5. The Funds of the Federation shall be vested in the Executive Council for the purposes before-mentioned.
6. The Executive Council shall consist of the President and Vice-Presidents of the Federation, the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of each Affiliated Club, and other gentlemen of eminence nominated by the Executive.
7. A meeting of the Executive Council shall be held annually, at such place as may be agreed upon at the previous Annual Meeting, when reports of the year's transactions shall be submitted by the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer.

#### BENEFITS.

1. Registered Clubs are supplied free with copies of newspapers, etc., containing accounts of meetings, demonstrations, etc., organised, conducted, or attended by the Executive of the Federation, and of the Annual Meeting of the Kilmarnock Burns Club—annual exchange of fraternal greetings on the Anniversary of the Poet's natal day.
2. Members of Registered Clubs who have provided themselves with Pocket Diplomas are entitled to attend meetings of all the Clubs on the Roll of the Federation, they being subject to the rules of the Club visited, but having no voice in its management, unless admitted a member, according to local form.
3. Members are entitled to be supplied, through the Secretaries of their respective Clubs, with copies of all works published by the Federation, at a discount of 33½ per cent.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE FEDERATION TO BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO HON. SECRETARY.

BURNS HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS, in the Kilmarnock Monument Museum, with Notes. Edited by David Sneddon, Hon. Secretary Burns Federation. Price, 1s 6d. Cloth, with Gilt Title. Kilmarnock: D. Brown & Co. 1889.

#### BURNS CHRONICLE AND CLUB DIRECTORY.

VOL. I. Edited by John Muir. Price, 1s. Stout paper covers. Kilmarnock: D. Brown & Co. 1892.

VOL. II. Edited by D. M'Naught. Price, 1s 6d. Stout paper covers. Kilmarnock: D. Brown & Co. 1893.

VOL. III. Edited by D. M'Naught. Price, 1s 6d. Stout paper covers. Kilmarnock: D. Brown & Co. 1894.

VOL. IV. Edited by D. M'Naught. Price, 1s 6d. Stout paper covers. Kilmarnock: D. Brown & Co. 1895.

VOL. V. Edited by D. M'Naught. Price, 1s 6d. Stout paper covers. Glasgow: John Horn. 1896.

VOL. VI. Edited by D. M'Naught. Price, 1s 6d. Stout paper covers. Glasgow: John Horn. 1897.

A few copies of the back vols. may still be had on application to the Hon. Secretary. Increased prices are charged when vols. are out of print.

[Owing to unexpected pressure on his space at the last moment, the Editor regrets that he found it imperatively necessary to hold over the following minute, and to curtail the Notes and Queries and Bibliography. He has also been compelled to adopt a similar course in the present issue.]

LAMB'S HOTEL,  
DUNDEE, 24th June, 1895.

THE annual meeting of the Executive Council of the Burns Federation was held here to-day.

Present—Colin Rae-Brown, London, V.-P. of the Federation, presiding, David Mackay, Dr. Wm. Findlay, and David Sneddon (hon. secy. Burns Federation), representing the Kilmarnock Burns Club; A. T. Anderson and S. C. D. Taylor, Greenock; W. Craibe Angus, Rosebery Club, Glasgow; W. Anderson, Springburn; John Law, St. Rollox; John Peters, Thistle Club, Glasgow; James Fowler, president, D. R. Pryde, V.-P., John Beat, secretary, A. Strachan, jr., treasurer, representing Dundee Burns Club; J. G. Geddes, Alyth; Andrew Stewart, Alex. M'Donald, Adam Cairns, James Binsey, James Ogilvy, George Fraser, and D. M'Nab.

Letters of apology were read from Rev. David Macrae, W. D. Latto (editor of the *People's Journal*), Peter Sturrock, Kilmarnock (president of the Federation), William Wallace, *Glasgow Herald*, etc.

The minutes of the annual meeting, held in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on the 26th June, 1894, were read and unanimously approved of.

The hon. secretary submitted the financial statement, showing a credit balance of £22 4s 10d in the ordinary fund, and a balance of £18 16s 1d at credit of the *Burns Chronicle* account. The financial report was unanimously approved of.

On the motion of Captain D. Sneddon (hon. secretary of the Federation) it was unanimously agreed to add Dr. James Adams, Glasgow, to the Executive Council of the Federation.

The future of the *Burns Chronicle* was discussed at considerable length, and ultimately it was resolved that an effort should now be made to get the annual circulation of the serial increased, so that the profit would yield an honorarium to the editor, Mr. Duncan M'Naught, who had hitherto given the whole of his services gratuitously. The following sub-committee was appointed to make the best possible arrangements for the publication of the *Chronicle*, and to carry into effect the recommendations of this council:—David Mackay, D. M'Naught, Dr. Findlay, Peter Sturrock, A. F. Anderson, Wm. Craibe Angus, and David Sneddon (convener). The centenary of the death of Robert Burns, proposed to be commemorated on 21st July, 1896, was fully discussed, and Mr. Angus, in reporting on the proposed exhibition to be held in Glasgow, said, four years ago, when the matter was first brought forward, it was anticipated that the new Fine Art Galleries would be ready in time. Unfortunately that could not now be expected. The Executive had applied to the Town Council of Glasgow for assistance, but they had not yet got an answer. Mr. Mackay thought, unless they could get the co-operation of the Town Council, it would be better to delay the Exhibition until the new buildings were finished, as he did not think the people would be so ready to send MSS. to the Federation as to the Town Council of Glasgow.

It was finally agreed to wait until the Town Council considered the matter, but it was the feeling of the meeting that, unless the Town Council took an active part in the Exhibition, it would be better to let it drop.

A suggestion was made that next year each town should have a centenary celebration of its own, but no definite finding was arrived at. A special vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. M'Naught for his services as editor of the *Burns Chronicle*, and a special appeal was made for more support to the publication from the Burns Clubs.

It was, after discussion, agreed that the next annual meeting of the Federation should be held in Kilmarnock.

GEORGE HOTEL,  
KILMARNOCK, 20th November, 1896.

THE annual meeting of the Executive of the Burns Federation was held here this afternoon at 3.45.

Present—Provost Mackay (presiding), D. M'Naught, J.P., editor of *Burns Chronicle*, Capt. D. Sneddon, hon. secretary, and the following representatives from Federated Clubs:—Kilmarnock, John Kerr, T. Amos, M.A., and Councillor J. B. Wilson; Dundee, Tom Sharp; Springburn, John Young; Sandyford, John Watson, Andrew Black, and J. M. Munro; Thistle, Glasgow, John Peters; Thornliebank, W. Patterson and Robert Dalziel.

Letters of apology were read from Dr. W. Findlay, Glasgow; Colin Rae-Brown, London; and from the secretaries of the Dunfermline and the Dunoon (Cowal) Burns Clubs.

The minutes of the annual meeting, held in Lamb's Hotel, Dundee, on the 24th June, 1895, were read and approved of.

The Hon. Secretary submitted the financial statement, showing a credit balance of £32 7s 5d in the ordinary fund, and a balance of £35 9s 5d at credit of the *Burns Chronicle* account, making a total sum in hand of £67 16s 10d. The financial report was unanimously approved of, and, on the motion of the Chairman, Mr. Brockie was appointed to audit the accounts. The Secretary reported that the patronage of the Town Council of Glasgow had been secured for the Burns Exhibition, and that the Lord Provost had personally contributed £100 and the Town Council £250 to the Guarantee Fund. The Exhibition had been fairly well patronised, but it was premature to say whether any loss had resulted from the venture. He also reported that the Federation had been duly represented at the various Celebrations of the Centenary, and the representatives had everywhere been treated with the greatest consideration and courtesy.

The proposed new rule, as submitted in the circular calling the annual meeting, was fully discussed, but, on the motion of the Chairman, it was withdrawn, and it was agreed that a special appeal be made to every Burns Club to give support to the next year's *Chronicle and Club Directory*.

Mr. Tom Sharp, Dundee, directed the attention of the Executive Council to an apparent omission in the current year's *Chronicle*, inasmuch as the report of the meeting, held in Dundee, on 24th June, 1895, was not published. Mr. M'Naught, editor of the *Chronicle*, explained that the report was crowded out, but would be published in the 1897 volume, along with an explanatory note.

It was agreed that several changes and additions should be made on the roll of members of the Executive Council, and a complete list published in the next *Chronicle*—Mr. Sharp agreeing to submit names of North-country gentlemen. It was also agreed to that the constitution of the Federation should be published in the *Chronicle*. On the motion of the Chairman, it was unanimously agreed to hold the next annual meeting of the Executive Council of the Federation at Greenock, at a time most suitable for the members of the Greenock Burns Club—say, in June. The same arrangements as last year for editing and publishing the *Chronicle* were agreed to. It was also agreed to make the forthcoming issue a memorial of the Centenary, in which would be preserved the outlines of the various celebrations, and the principal speeches delivered on the occasion.

Mr. Joseph Brockie, agent Royal Bank, Kilmarnock, was unanimously appointed hon. treasurer.

Special votes of thanks were awarded to the hon. secretary, on the motion of Mr. John Peters; to the editor, on the motion of Mr. John Watson; and to the chairman, on the motion of Mr. John Young.



# D I R E C T O R Y

OF

## BURNS CLUBS AND SCOTTISH SOCIETIES

ON THE

### ROLL OF THE BURNS FEDERATION, 1897.

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- No. 0. KILMARNOCK Burns Club** (Mother of the Federation). Instituted 1808. President, John Kerr, B.L., John Finnie Street; Vice-President, Rev. John Craig, B.D., Edgehill, London Road; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Alex. Davidson, 38 Portland Street, Kilmarnock. Meet in George Hotel, Kilmarnock. 250 members.
- No. 1 LONDON Robert Burns Club.** Instituted 1868. General Committee:—President, A. Macnaughton, 42 Gutter Lane, E.C.; Vice-President, Dr. Leslie Ogilvie, 46 Wellbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.; Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, W. C. Daniels, 85 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C. Honorary Members:—Past Presidents, Colin Rae-Brown, 17 Nevern Road, South Kensington, S.W.; A. G. Soutter, Roseneath, 79 Bethune Road, Stamford Hill, N.; J. Buchanan, 20 Bucklersbury, E.C.; R. Macpherson, 337 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.; J. Young, 38 Hillfield Road, West Hampstead, N.W.; Dr. D. Menzies, 1 Harewood Square, N.W.; P. E. Clunn, 9 Nevern Road, South Kensington, S.W.
- No. 2. ALEXANDRIA Burns Club.** Instituted 1884. President, Robert Telfer, 34 Lennox Street; Vice-President, David Walker, 108 Middleton Street; Treasurer, Lachlan M'Kinnon, 1 Victoria Street; Secretary, Duncan Carswell, Linnbrake Terrace. 30 members.
- No. 3. GLASGOW Tam o' Shanter Club.** Instituted 1880. Federated in 1885. President, William Muirhead, 104 Bothwell Street; Vice-President, Hugh Fraser, 71 South Portland Street; Hon. Secretary, James Angus, 6 Gibson Street, Hillhead. Meet in Trades' House Restaurant, Glassford Street, on last Friday of each month, from November till May.
- No. 4. CALLANDER Burns Club.** Instituted 1877. Federated in 1885. President, William Russell; Secretary, James S. Anderson, Callander.
- No. 5. EARLSTON Burns Club.** Instituted 24th January, 1885. President, Thomas Boston Murdison, High Street; Vice-President, Alexander Bone, jun., Craigsford; Treasurer, William Grieve, Station House; Secretary, William Kerr, Thorn Street, Earlston. 78 members.
- No. 6. ALLOA Burns Club.** President, Robert Hewitson, Whins Road; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Reid, Drysdale Street, and John Colville, Fenton Street; Treasurer, William Breingan, Coalgate; Secretary, George B. M'Murtrie, Ochil Street, Alloa. 30 members.

- No. 7. **GLASGOW Thistle Burns Club.** Instituted 10th March, 1882. President, Robert M'Taggart, 40 MacCulloch Street, Pollokshields; Vice-President, William Weir, Nicholson Street, S.S.; Treasurer, A. Kerr, 24 Thistle Street, S.S.; Secretary, John Peters, 150 Main Street, Anderston, Glasgow. Limited to 40 members.
- No. 8. **MORPETH AND DISTRICT Burns Club (dormant).** Last Secretary, John Dobson, Oldgate Street, Morpeth.
- No. 9. **GLASGOW Royalty Burns Club.** Instituted 1882. President, John Young, 42 Bath Street; Vice-President, Robert M. Renwick, Lyndale, Cambuslang; Treasurer, Thomas Graham, 11 Bothwell Street; Secretary, W. S. Ramsay, 6 Ruthven Street, Hillhead, Glasgow. 65 members.
- No. 10. **DUMBARTON Burns Club.** Instituted 1859. President, ex-Dean of Guild Allan; Senior Vice-President, Bailie Barlas; Junior Vice-President, Councillor Macphie; Secretary and Treasurer, James M'Gilchrist, Gas Works, Dumbarton. Meet in Elephant Hotel. 36 members.
- No. 11. **CHESTERFIELD Burns Society.** Under reorganisation. Hon. Secretary, George Edward Drennan, 77 Salter Gate, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.
- No. 12. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS Burns Club.** Federated in 1886. President, Samuel Boyle; Secretary, Alexander M'Naught, 4 Ramsden Square, Barrow-in-Furness.
- No. 13. **ST. ANDREWS Burns Club.** Instituted 1869. Federated in 1886. President, John L. Macpherson; Vice-President, Michael B. Wilson; Secretary and Treasurer, William Brown, 116 South Street, St. Andrews. 100 members. Rooms, Royal Hotel. Poet Laureate, the Rev. Canon Tuttiett.
- No. 14. **DUNDEE Burns Club.** Instituted 2nd February, 1860. Hon. President, Sir John Leng, M.P.; President, David H. Pryde, Club Rooms, 36 Nethergate; Vice-President, Thomas Bennett, Club Rooms, 36 Nethergate; Treasurer, Alexander Strachan, jun., Club Rooms, 36 Nethergate; Secretary, John Beat, Club Rooms, 36 Nethergate, Dundee. 60 members.
- No. 15. **BELFAST Burns Club.** Instituted January, 1872. Federated in 1886. President, Peter Galloway, 15 Donegal Place; Vice-President, W. H. Anderson, East Hillbrook, Holywood; Treasurer and Secretary, James Russell, 21 Moyola Street, Belfast. 64 members.
- No. 16. **SYDNEY Burns Club.** Instituted 1880. Federated in 1886. President, Alex. Kethel, J.P.; Vice-Presidents, James Muir and Thomas Lamond; Treasurer, W. W. Bain; Secretary, W. Telfer, School of Arts, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 400 members.
- No. 17. **NOTTINGHAM Scottish Society Burns Club (dormant).** Federated in 1886. Last Secretary, D. Stuart Hepburn, 9 Wellington Circus, Nottingham.
- No. 18. **LIVERPOOL Burns Club.** Instituted 1864. Federated in 1886. President, Rev. J. M'Gavin Sloan, 9 Alroy Road, Anfield; Vice-President, Thomas Bryde, 3 Argyle Road, Anfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Alexander Smith, 104 Salisbury Road, Wavertree, Liverpool. 100 members.

- No. 19. **AUCKLAND Burns Club and Literary Society.** Instituted 1884. Federated in 1886. Patron, His Excellency the Earl of Glasgow, G.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand; President, James Stewart, C.E.; Vice-Presidents, George Fowlds, Alex. Murchie, and the Hon. William Samson, M.L.C.; Hon. Treasurer, John Henry; Hon. Secretary, John Horne, Wellington Street, Auckland, N.Z. Executive, Robert Geddes, Wm. Henry, Alex. Wright, Charles A. Dunn, and D. Finleyson.
- No. 20. **AIRDRIE Burns Club.** Instituted 1885. Federated in 1886. President, William Thomson, B.L.; Vice-President, William Sutherland; Treasurer, David Johnstone; Secretary, James Sommerville, Royal Hotel, Airdrie. 50 members.
- No. 21. **GREENOCK Burns Club.** Instituted 1802. Federated in 1886. Honorary President, Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Union Street; President, Bailie Peter M'Farlane, Lily Bank, Port-Glasgow; Vice-Presidents, R. B. Shearer, Hartfell, and Robert Caird, Newark Street; Treasurer, A. T. Anderson, Newton Street; Secretaries, J. B. Morison, Forsyth Street, and David Loudoun, *Glasgow Mail* Office, Greenock. 300 members.
- No. 22. **EDINBURGH Burns Club.** Instituted 1858. Federated in 1886. President, John Smart, R.S.A.; Vice-Presidents, Lord Provost M'Donald, and Archibald Munro, M.A.; Chaplain, Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, M.A.; Treasurer, George T. Thin; Secretary, George A. Munro, S.S.C., 57 Castle Street, Edinburgh.
- No. 23. **ADELAIDE South Australian Caledonian Society.** Federated in 1886. Hon. Chief, Hon. Dr. Allen Campbell, M.L.C.; Chief, J. L. Stirling; Secretary, John Drummond, 50<sup>th</sup> Rundle Street, Adelaide.
- No. 24. **GLASGOW Bank Burns Club.** Instituted 1844. Federated in 1886. President, William Bowie, 220 Buchanan Street; Vice-President, Robert Johnston, Spoutmouth; Treasurer, Alex. Gray, 97 Great Hamilton Street; Secretary, John Gentle, 116 Gallowgate, Glasgow. 150 members.
- No. 25. **WINNIPEG St. Andrew's Society.** Federated in 1886. Chief, W. A. Dunbar; Secretary, David Philip, Government Buildings, Winnipeg, Man. Rooms, Unity Hall, Hain Street.
- No. 26. **PERTH Burns Club.** Instituted 1873. Federated on 19th June, 1886. President, William Whitelaw, M.P. for Perth, Huntingtower Park, by Perth; Vice-President, Dr. Holmes Morrison, Marshall Place; Treasurer, William Stevenson, Balhousie Villas; Secretary, James Harper, 68 St. John Street, Perth. Meet in Salutation Hotel, Perth. 80 members.
- No. 27. **GLASGOW Springburn Burns Club.** Federated 1886. Hon. President, Græme A. Whitelaw, M.P.; President, John Flint; Vice-President, James Bryan; Secretary, William M'Bain, Janefield Cottage, Broomfield Road, Springburn, Glasgow.
- No. 28. **The JOLLY BEGGARS Burns Club, Mauchline.** Federated in 1886. President, Andrew Crawford, S.C.D.; Secretary and Treasurer, David Hood. Meet in Poesie Nansie's, Mauchline.

- No. 29. **BOLTON Federated Burns Club.** Instituted January, 1882. Federated in 1886. President, George Petch, 30 Dean Road; Vice-President, John Flockhart, 68 Kent Street; Treasurer, John Hardie, 30 Cannon Street; Secretary, Joseph Pearson, 62 Salisbury Street, Bolton. Meet in Wheat Sheaf Hotel, Great Moor Street, Bolton. 25 members.
- No. 30. **BLACKBURN Burns Club.** Instituted in 1878. Federated in 1886. President, W. Ferguson, Ainsworth Street; Vice-President and Treasurer, William M'Kie, Wellington Street; Secretary, Robert M'Kie, Victoria Street, Blackburn. 20 members.
- No. 31. **SAN FRANCISCO Scottish Thistle Club.** Instituted 1882. Federated in 1886. Chief, Donald G. C. M'Kay; Recorder, George W. Patterson, 320 Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- No. 32. **NEWARK Caledonian Club.** Federated in 1886. President, John Huggan; Treasurer, Paul Buchanan, corner of 16th Avenue and Bergen Street; Secretary, John Hogg, Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.
- No. 33. **GLASGOW Haggis Club.** Instituted 1872. Federated in 1886. President, John Horn, Oakfield, Pollokshields; Vice-President, John B. M'Naught, Stonefield Terrace, S.S.; Treasurer, Thomas Macfarlane, 90 Regent Terrace; Secretary, R. J. Cameron, 212 St. Vincent Street. Meet in Mr. M'Culloch's, Maxwell Street. 50 members (limited).
- No. 34. **GLASGOW Carrick Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1859. Federated 15th January, 1887. President, D. Gordon; Treasurer, D. Norval; Secretary, John Newbigging, 25 Albert Drive, Crosshill. Meet in 62 Glassford Street, Glasgow, every Saturday, excepting the months of July and August. 40 members.
- No. 35. **DALRY Burns Club.** Instituted 1826. Federated in 1887. President, David Johnstone, Inspector of Schools; Vice-President, Robert Fulton, Writer; Secretary and Treasurer, Alex. Comrie, Accountant, Dalry, Ayrshire. This is the oldest known Burns Club with an unbroken record of its transactions to date. 30 members. The anniversary meeting is held on the Friday nearest 25th January.
- No. 36. **GLASGOW Rosebery Burns Club.** Instituted 1885. Federated in 1887. President, Alexander Skirving, I.A., Chestnut Cottage, Langside; Vice-President, Robert Kennedy, 202 Hope Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, Hugh Sturdy, 39 Kilmarnock Road, Shawlands; Secretary, James Angus, 22 Ratho Terrace, Springburn, Glasgow. 147 members.
- No. 37. **DOLLAR Burns Club.** Instituted 1887. Federated in 1888. President, Edward Davies, Cairnpark Street; Vice-President, Dr. Strachan, Gladstone Terrace; Treasurer, John Fleming, Mayfield; Secretary, W. G. Cruickshank, Aberdona Villa, Dollar. 40 members.
- No. 38. **GLASGOW "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club.** Federated in 1888. Vice-President, David Caldwell; Secretary, Jas. Gillespie, jun., 80 Gloucester Street, Glasgow.

- No. 39. GLASGOW "St. David's" Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1889. President, Henry Cowan; Secretary, Alex. Porteous, 5 March Street, Strathbungo, Glasgow. Meetings held at 163 Ingram Street, Glasgow.
- No. 40. ABERDEEN Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1889. President, James M'Intosh, 50 Mushit Hall; Secretary, A. M. Byres, 21 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.
- No. 41. DENNISTOUN Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated in 1889. President, Thomas Baxter; Vice-President, W. Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. M'Intosh, 300 Duke Street. Club Room, Loudon Arms Hotel, Glasgow. 25 members.
- No. 42. CRIEFF Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Malcolm Finlayson, Solicitor; Vice-President, W. Duncan, Royal Hotel; Secretary, Wm. Pickard, Writer, Crieff.
- No. 43. GLASGOW Northern Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Moses Chalmers; Secretary, Alex. Duncanson, 24 Grafton Street, Glasgow.
- No. 44. FORFAR Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated in 1891. President, John Ferguson, Allan Bank; Vice-President, George S. Nicolson; Treasurer, Andrew Rennie; Secretary, Henry Rae, 14 Montrose Road, Forfar. 150 members.
- No. 45. CUMNOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1887. President, John Samson, Lugar, Cumnock; Vice-President, Robert Bird, Auchinleck; Treasurer and Secretary, Matthew Brownlie, Coilantogle, Cumnock. Meet in Dumfries Arms Hotel, Cumnock. 70 members.
- No. 46. WARWICKSHIRE Burns Club. Instituted 1888. Federated in 1891. Treasurer and Secretary, Robert Greenfield, F.R.H.S., Ranelagh Nursery, Leamington. 70 members.
- No. 47. ST. ROLLOX Burns Club. Instituted 1889. President, John Chalmers, 35 Tenant Street, St. Rollox; Vice-President, Robert Carruthers, 45 Glenfield Street; Treasurer, Donald Crawford, 184 Castle Street; Secretary, Thomas Paton, 32 Frazer Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. 30 members.
- No. 48. PAISLEY Burns Club. Instituted 1805. President, George H. Coats, Ellangowan, Castlehead, Paisley; Vice-President, James Ross, Fetteresso, Castlehead, Paisley; Treasurer and Secretary, James Edward Campbell, M.A., B.L., Writer, 3 County Place, Paisley. Meet in County Hotel, Paisley. 33 members (limited to 40).
- No. 49. BRIDGETON Burns Club. Instituted 1856. President, Robert Scott, 8 Buchanan Street; Vice-President, A. J. Bain, 23 Sutherland Terrace, Dowanhill; Treasurer, William Campbell, 32 Monteith Row; Secretary, William Cochran, 175 West George Street, Glasgow. 300 members.
- No. 50. STIRLING Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Dr. Macnab; Secretary, J. L. Hutcheson, *Journal* Office, 5 King Street, Stirling.

- No. 51. CHICAGO Caledonian Society. Instituted 1883. Federated in 1892. Chief, Hugh Shirlaw; Chieftain, F. D. Todd; Treasurer, Angus Maclean; Secretary, Charles T. Spence, 3002 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. 197 members. Society meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month in Hall, 1-85 E. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.
- No. 52. DUMFRIES Mechanics' Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated in 1892. President, John Mundell, 93 Irish Street; Vice-President, John Kemp, West Park House, Maxwelltown; Treasurer, Archibald Fairley, 29 Wallace Street; Secretary, James Anderson, 13 St. Michael Street, Dumfries. 60 members (limited).
- No. 53. FAIRFIELD Govan Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1886. Federated in 1892. Honorary President, Hugh Lymburn, Esq., Mayfield Cottage, Crossloan, Govan; President, George Sinclair, 47 Helen Street, Govan; Vice-President, Duncan Calder, 1135 Dumbarton Road, Whiteinch; Treasurer, Hugh Marr, 37 White Street, Govan; Secretary, James M'Cartney, 4 Barnwell Terrace, Durmayne, Govan. 56 members.
- No. 54. ST. JOHNSTONE Burns Club, Perth. Instituted January 1892. Federated on 1st December, 1892. President, Alex. Davidson, Rosslyn Place; Vice-President, Councillor Wood, Brunswick Terrace; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Macgregor, 15 Balbousie Street, Perth. Meet in County Place Hotel, Perth. 90 members.
- No. 55. DERBY Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1891. Federated in 1893. President, W. H. Cunningham; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Brown and J. M'Donald; Joint-Secretaries, George M'Lauchlan, 49 Molineux Street, and George Kelman; Treasurer, A. L. Cunningham, 54 Sadler Gate, Derby. 100 members.
- No. 56. MUIRKIRK Lapraik Burns Club. Instituted 8th February, 1893. Federated in 1893. President, Dr. A. B. Fulton, Irondale House; Vice-President, Thomas Weir, Main Street; Treasurer, James Young, Main Street; Secretary, John M'Donald, Furnace Road, Muirkirk. 62 members.
- No. 57. THORNLIEBANK Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1891. Federated in 1893. President, David Buchanan, Eastwood Crescent; Vice-President, William Sivis, The Club; Treasurer, David Marshall, Campsie Terrace; Secretary, Malcolm Jamieson, Main Street, Thornliebank. 130 members.
- No. 58. KIRKCALDY Burns Club. Federated in 1893. President, Rev. Mr. Parry; Vice-President, A. B. Coupar; Treasurer, J. M. Millar; Secretary, Charles Robertson, 29 Links Street, Kirkcaldy.
- No. 59. GOUROCK "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated in 1893. President, Commissioner Stewart, Craig Bank; Vice-President, David Malcolm, 20 Shore Street; Treasurer, William Lee, jun., Mather House; Secretary, John Young, 14 Shore Street, Gourock. 60 members.

- No. 60. **WOLVERHAMPTON Burns Club.** Instituted 1891. Federated in 1893. President, C. Henry Potts, Kettering, Waterloo Road; Vice-President, James Corson, 20 Cleveland Street; Hon. Treasurer, William Forsyth, 34 Stafford Street; Hon. Secretary, James Killin, Beechgrove, Compton Road, Wolverhampton. 84 members.
- No. 61. **GLASGOW Glencairn Burns Club.** Instituted 1890. President, Robert Corbet, 2 Ardgowan Terrace; Vice-President, James Jamieson, 13 Commerce Street; Treasurer, W. F. Hutchison, 220 Paisley Road, West; Joint-Secretaries, James Laing, 218 Watt Street, and John M. Picken, 375 Paisley Road, Glasgow. Meet at 375 Paisley Road. 46 members (limited to 60).
- No. 62. **CUPAR Burns Club.** Instituted 25th October, 1893. President, H. T. Anstruther, M.P., Gillingshill, Pittenweem, Fife; Vice-Presidents, William Henderson, Haymount, Cupar-Fife, and Thomas R. Nichols, Station House, Cupar-Fife; Treasurer, James Kerrmack, British Linen Company Bank, Cupar-Fife; Secretary, John G. Stewart, North Union Street, Cupar-Fife. 87 members.
- No. 63. **GLASGOW Mossiel Burns Club.** Instituted 1893. President, J. M. Cowden; Vice-President, D. Anderson; Treasurer, R. Blair; Secretary, J. M. Blair, 186 Cumberland Street, S.S., Glasgow. 50 members.
- No. 64. **BEITH Burns Club.** Instituted 1892. President, James S. Anderson, Crumnoch Street; Vice-President, Archd. M'Ewan, Cross; Treasurer, John Short, Main Street; Secretary, H. W. Crawford, New Street House, Beith. 30 members.
- No. 65. **MUSSELBURGH Burns Club.** Federated in 1894. President, A. M'Farlane; Vice-President, Town Treasurer White; Treasurer, W. Walker, Eskside; Secretary, William Hood, 23 High Street, Musselburgh. 70 members.
- No. 66. **CROSSGATES Burns Club.** Instituted 1889. Federated in 1894. Secretary, William Muir, Back Street, Crossgates. Meet in Crossgates Hotel. 110 members.
- No. 67. **GLASGOW Carlton Burns Club.** Instituted February, 1894. President, Archibald Campbell, Springfield Quay, S.S.; Vice-President, Andrew Barclay, 10 Lorne Terrace, Maryhill; Treasurer, James Milligan, 2 South Portland Street; Secretary, John F. Robertson, 36 Cumberland Street, South, Glasgow.
- No. 68. **GLASGOW Sandyford Burns Club.** Instituted 1893. President, Allen B. Morse, U.S. Consul, 107 W. Regent Street; Vice-President, James Boyd, 18 Westminster Terrace; Treasurer, John G. M'Hardy, 13 Caird Drive, Partickhill; Secretary, Robert Hislop, 60 Craigmaddie Terrace, Glasgow. 200 members.
- No. 69. **DUNEDIN Burns Club.** Federated in 1894. President, Dr. W. M. Stenhouse; Vice-Presidents, John B. Thomson and James Muir; Treasurer, John Scott; Secretary, William Brown. 400 members. Meetings held on the third Wednesday of every month in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, and on the 25th January, annually. The largest hall in Dunedin is filled to overflowing.

- No. 70. GLASGOW St. Rollox "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Instituted 1893. President, William Eyre, 77 Taylor Street; Vice-President, William M'Kay, 101 Castle Street; Treasurer, John Docherty, 21 St. Mungo Street; Secretary, Matthew Ferguson, 64 St. James' Road, Glasgow.
- No. 71. CARLISLE Burns Club. Instituted 1889. President, W. Mather, 37 Chiswick Street; Vice-Presidents, Alex. Lyon, 106 London Road; Thomas Bowman, 18 Howard Terrace, John Sinton, 39 Cavendish Place; John Meldrum, 32 Petteril Street; J. Malcolm, 21 Howard Place; Dr. Bird, 8 Brunswick Street; and W. D. Todd, 7 English Street; Treasurer and Secretary, John Jardine, 20 Broad Street, Carlisle; Committee, Messrs. Tran, Buckle, Gregson. Muir, A. Thomson, T. Welsh, Whitc, and Peters. 96 members.
- No. 72. PARTICK Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Ex-President, Dr. Gilbert Campbell; Vice-Presidents, Provost James Caird, Collingwood, and J. Parker Smith, M.P., Jordanhill; Treasurer and Secretary, Ronald Stout, 178 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 113 members.
- No. 73. LENZIE Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Federated in 1895. President, Wm. Gibson, Bower Cottage, Lenzie; Vice-President, John Walker, Eden House, Lenzie; Secretary and Treasurer, James Ferguson, Rathmore, Lenzie.
- No. 74. GLASGOW-MAUCHLINE Society. President, J. Leiper Gemmill, 162 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; Vice-President, Marcus Bain, Woodside, Mauchline; Treasurer, Thomas Killin, 168 West George Street, Glasgow; Hon. Secretary, W. S. M'Millan, 102 Bath Street, Glasgow. 120 members.
- No. 75. KIRN Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1892. Federated on 10th February, 1896. President, Wm. M. Shields, Avondale, Park Road; Vice-President, David Doig, St. Lawrence, Dunoon; Treasurer, John Kesson, Adelaide Cottage, Kirn; Secretary, John T. Johnston, Auld House, Kirn.
- No. 76. BRECHIN Burns Club. Instituted January, 1894. Federated in 1896. President, George A. Scott, Park House; Vice-President, W. J. W. Cameron, Clerk Street; Treasurer, Andrew J. Dakers, High Street; Secretary, Edward W. Mowat, Park Place, Brechin. 220 members.
- No. 77. PAISLEY-GLENIFFER Burns Club. Federated in 1896. President, James Tannahill, Douglas Terrace; Vice-President, Councillor Pollock, Garthland House; Treasurer, William Bell, Newhall Villas, Glenfield; Secretary, Alex. R. Pollock, 12 Garthland Street, Paisley.
- No. 78. GLASGOW-ARDGOWAN Burns Club. Federated in 1896. President, John Fairley, 160 Cathcart Street, Kingston, Glasgow; Secretary, Duncan Gilchrist, 93 Gloucester Street, Glasgow, S. S.
- No. 79. CORSTORPHINE Burns Club. Federated in 1896. President, David P. Laird, Pinkhill, Murrayfield, Edinburgh; Secretary, Wm. R. Murray, Inglewood, Corstorphine. 16 members.
- No. 80. DUNOON-COWAL Burns Club. Instituted 2nd March, 1896. President, John Reid Young, Garail; Vice-President, Commissioner Crosbie, Hillfoot Street; Treasurer, William Munn, Argyle Street; Secretary, Walter Grieve, James Place, Dunoon. 224 members.



- No. 81. **CARSTAIRS JUNCTION Burns Club.** Federated in 1896.  
Hon. President, James Hozier, M.P.; President, John Cowper;  
Vice-President, George Martin; Bard, Alexander Blake;  
Treasurer, James Shaw; Secretary, William Neill, Burnside  
Cottages, Carstairs Junction. 47 members.
- No. 82. **ARBROATH Burns Club.** Instituted 1888. President, James  
B. Salmond, Editor of *Arbroath Herald*; Vice-President, John  
Russell, M.D., Hill Terrace; Treasurer, Norman M'Bain,  
Solicitor, British Linen Company Bank House; Secretary,  
Adam Oliver, S.S.C., Brothock House, Arbroath. 36 members.
- No. 83. **GLASGOW Co-operative Burns Club.** Federated in 1896.  
Secretary, James Deans, 7 Arbuckle Street, Kilmarnock.
- No. 84. **ABINGTON Burns Club.** Instituted 1887. Federated in 1896.  
President, James Paterson, Over Abington; Vice-President,  
William Clark, Glengounarfoot; Treasurer, Thomas Smail,  
Commercial Bank; Secretary, Robert Colthart, Arbory Villa,  
Abington. 85 members.
- No. 85. **DUNFERMLINE United Burns Club.** Federated in 1896.  
President, Thomas Jackson; Secretary, Wm. Fraser, Free  
Abbey School, Dunfermline. 24 members.
- No. 86. **CUMNOCK "Winsome Willie" Burns Club.** Instituted 13th  
November, 1896. President, Robert Hyslop, Ayr Road; Vice-  
President, James Findlay, Glengyron Cottage; Treasurer, John  
Wilson, Waterside Row; Secretary, Thomas Hutchison, Tan-  
yard Street, Cumnock. 59 members.
- No. 87. **CAMPSIE Burns Club.** Instituted 1890. President, Mr.  
Watson Hunter, Lennoxtown; President, Major R. Stirling,  
Lennoxtown; Treasurer, John M'Donald, Lennoxtown;  
Secretary, James Simpson, Lennoxtown. 40 members.

## 1897 REGISTER OF BURNS CLUBS

AND OTHER

### SCOTTISH SOCIETIES

NOT ON THE ROLL OF THE FEDERATION.

- ALBANY (U.S.A.) Caledonian Club.** Instituted 1874. Secretary, James  
H. Hendrie. 90 members.
- ASHINGTON Burns Club.** Secretary, Alex. Duncanson, Ashington,  
Morpeth.
- AYR Burns Club.** Hon. Secretary, George Bain, Smith's Cottage, Ayr.
- BALERNO Burns Club.** Instituted 1881. Secretary, John Fairbairn,  
Balerno. Meeting Place, Balerno, Midlothian. 30 members.
- BARLINNIE (Glasgow) Burns Club.** Instituted 1893. Secretary, John  
Panton Woodbank, Barlinnie. 70 members.
- BARRHEAD "Tam o' Shanter" Club.** Secretary, John M'Whirter,  
Gateside, Barrhead.

- BATHURST, N.S.W.**, Burns Club. Secretary, William Ferrier, Piper Street.
- BATTLE CREEK** (Mich.), Clan Macdonald. Secretary, Frank Reid, 34 Irving Street, Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.
- BAY CITY** (Mich.), Clan Forbes. Secretary, George E. Smith, 509 Eleventh Street.
- BAY CITY** (Mich.), St. Andrew's Society. Secretary, G. A. Wilson, Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.
- BEDLINGTON** and District Burns Club. Secretary, John Tate, Bedlington Iron Works, Northumberland.
- BELFAST** Benevolent Society of St. Andrew. Instituted 1867. Secretary, John Boyd, 2 Corporation Street. 140 members.
- BELLSHILL** Burns Club. Secretary, John Murdoch, Commercial Place, Bellshill.
- BERWICK-ON-TWEED** Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Secretary, James Irvine, 17 Knowehead, Tweedmouth; Assistant-Secretary, D. Gollan, Tweed Cottage, Berwick. 70 members.
- BRANTFORD** (U.S.A.) Burns Club. Secretary, Joe J. Inglis, jun., Brantford, America.
- CALEDONIAN** Society of Homestead, Pa. Instituted 1894. Secretary, William Thomson, Box 18, Homestead, Pa. 70 members.
- CAMBUSLANG** Burns Club. Secretary, George Johnston, Excelsior Villa, Cambuslang.
- CARDIFF** Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Secretary, W. W. Pettigrew, Roath Park. 40 members.
- CLAN CAMERON**, Canada (No. 7) Order of Scottish Clans. Secretary, James Shaw, P.O., E. Prov., R.I. 37 members.
- CLAN FRASER**, Canada (No. 11) Order of Scottish Clans. Instituted 1884. Secretary, John Birtwell, 9 Lockbridge Street, Pawtucket. 90 members.
- CLAN MACKENZIE**, St. John, Canada (No. 96) Order of Scottish Clans. Instituted 1891. Secretary, Joseph A. Murdoch, 23 Carmarthen Street. 80 members.
- CLAN MACKINLAY** Association. Instituted 1893, at Chicago, Ills. Secretary, Main B. M'Kinlay, Paris, Ills.
- COATBRIDGE** Burns Club. Secretary, J. Milne Boyd, Solicitor, Colt Terrace.
- COWPEN**, The Sydney Burns Club. Secretary, John Harrison, Kitty Brewster, Cowpen, Northumberland.
- CRAIGNEUK** Burns Club. Secretary, William M'Millan, 3 Shieldmuir, Motherwell.
- DENNY** Burns Club. Instituted 1895. Rev. A. Oram M'Gregor, M.A., Parish Church Manse; Vice-President, Gillarder, Schoolhouse, Denny; Treasurer and Secretary, James Scott, Dryburgh, Denny. 54 members.
- DETROIT** (Mich.), Clan Cameron. Secretary, A. W. M'Nair, 12 Wood-ware Avenue.
- DOUGLAS** Burns Club. Secretary, G. Torrance, North Quay, Douglas, Isle of Man.

- DUBLIN** St. Andrew's Society. Secretary, J. C. Anderson, 37 College Green, Dublin.
- DUMFRIES** Burns Club. Secretary, H. S. Gordon, Solicitor, Mount Brae, Dumfries.
- DUMFRIES** Burns "Howff" Club. Secretary, John Conner, care of Mrs. Smith, Globe Hotel, Dumfries.
- DUMFRIES** "Wale of Good Fellows" Club. Secretary, Robert Bower, 4 Ramsay Place, Dumfries.
- DUNOON** Haggis Club. Instituted 1896. Secretary, Arehibald Ferguson, Church Street, Dunoon. 88 members.
- DUNS** Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Secretary and Treasurer, John M'K. M'David, Schoolhouse, Gavinton, Duns. 60 members.
- EDINBURGH** Ninety Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Treasurer and Secretary, John A. Clues, 10 Dublin Street, Edinburgh. 180 members.
- EDINBURGH** (Portsburgh) Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Treasurer and Secretary, James M. Sibbald, 13 Calton Hill. 30 members.
- EDINBURGH** (South) Burns Club. Treasurer and Secretary, James Granger, 16 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh.
- FORT WAYNE** (Ind.) Caledonian Society. Secretary, William Lawson, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A.
- GALASHIELS** Burns Club (dormant). Secretary, James Wilson, 25 Channel Street, Galashiels.
- GIRVAN**, The Carrick Burns Club. Secretary, Andrew Robertson, The M'Kechie Institute, Girvan.
- GLENCAIRN CAMP** (No. 139) Sons of Scotland. Instituted 1894. Chief, Donald M'Taggart; Chieftain, Thomas H. Watson; Treasurer, John G. Innes; Secretary, James Watson, Sonya.
- GLENPATRICK** Burns Club. Secretary, John Carson, 27 High Street, Johnstone.
- GOREBRIDGE** Burns Club. President, Councillor David Blake, J.P.; Secretary, H. M. Forrester, Gorebridge.
- HAMILTON** Burns Club. Instituted 1877. Secretary, T. A. Robertson, Quarry Street, Hamilton. Meets in Commercial Hotel, Hamilton. 120 members.
- HAMILTON** "Glencairn" Burns Club. Secretary, Gavin C. Prentice, 28 Woodside Walk. Club meets at 49 Campbell Street.
- HAMILTON** Junior Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Secretary, William Wilson, 56 Miller Street. 30 members.
- HAMILTON** Original Burns Club. Secretary, James Eglinton, 32 Hope Street.
- HAMILTON** (Ont.) Clan M'Kenzie Club. Secretary, James M'Kenzie, 202 Fay Street, South.
- HAWICK** Burns Club. Secretary, Henry Flockhart, 4 Earl Street, Hawick.
- HULL** Burns Club. First instituted 1863; re-formed 1892. Secretary, J. Hy. Rea, 17 Fountain Street, Hull. 250 members.
- ILLINOIS** Clan Macgregor, No. 66 O.S.C. Instituted 1890. Secretary, John Hall, 1202 South Vermillion Street. Meet in German Odd-fellows' Hall, 107 Main Street, Streator. 52 members.

- INNERLEITHEN Burns Club.** Instituted 1884. Treasurer and Secretary, James Mitchell, Hall Street, Innerleithen. Meet in Volunteer Arms Hotel. 37 members.
- IRVINE Burns Club.** Hon. Secretary, James Dickie, Town-Clerk, Irvine.
- JOHNSTONE Burns Club.** Instituted 1892. Secretary, Charles A. George, Ann Street. 85 members.
- LADIES' SCOTTISH CLUB of Rochester, N.Y.** Secretary, Katharine Ross, 74 East Avenue. 50 members.
- LEITH Burns Club.** Secretary, William Wilson, 21 Panmure Place, Edinburgh.
- LINLITHGOW Burns Club.** Secretary, John Patrick Hardy, 34 Kelvin-side Gardens, Glasgow.
- LONDON (Ont.) Clan Fraser.** Secretary, John G. Jones, 241 Queen's Avenue.
- MANCHESTER and Salford Caledonian Association.** Secretary, Duncan MacLean, 4 Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester. 260 members.
- MELROSE Burns Club.** Instituted 1887. Treasurer and Secretary, Thomas H. Smart, St. Dunstan's Place, Melrose. 50 members.
- MELROSE ABBEY CAMP Sons of Scotland.** Instituted 1892. President, Thomas Haddow; Treasurer, C. A. Crosbie; Secretary, R. L. Innes. Sirncoe.
- MILNGAVIE Burns Club.** Instituted 1886. Secretary, Wm. M'Kenzie, 83 Hall Place, Milngavie.
- MILWAUKEE (Wis.) St. Andrew's Society.** Secretary, Hugh W. Guthrie, 207 Brady Street, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.
- MONTREAL Clan MacLennan.** Secretary, George G. Barry, 40 Inspector Street.
- NEWBURGH Burns Club.** Instituted 1890. Secretary and Treasurer, Peter Anderson, Newburgh. 36 members.
- NEWCASTLE and TYNESIDE Burns Club.** Secretary, P. Bell, 7 Holly Av., West. Meet in Hotel Metropole, Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 200 members.
- OBAN Burns Club.** Instituted 1889. Secretary, Thomas Boyd, 5 George Street. 40 members.
- OVERTOWN Burns Club.** Instituted 1870. Secretary, George M'Dougall, Durham Bank Orchard. 23 members.
- TANNAHILL-MACDONALD Club.** Instituted 1874. President, Robert Adam, jun., 1 Union Avenue, Newton, Ayr; Vice-President, James S. Anderson, 36 New Sneddon Street, Paisley; Treasurer, William Berry, 8 Kelvinside Road, Paisley; Secretary, R. Lauchlan, Roseneath Cottage, Paisley. 30 members.
- PATERSON (N.J.) Caledonian Club.** Secretary, Archibald M'Call, 131 North Ninth Street, Paterson (N.J.), U.S.A.
- PHILADELPHIA Burns Association.** Secretary, George Goodfellow.
- PHILADELPHIA Burns Statue Association.** Instituted 1893. Secretary, J. W. R. Collins, Broad Street Station.
- PHILADELPHIA Caledonian Club.** Instituted 1859. Chief, Malcolm Henry; Second Chieftain, Jas. Irvine; Third Chieftain, Hugh Tulloch.

- PHILADELPHIA** Clan Cameron. Instituted 1890. Chief, John Thom ; Secretary, Geo. R. Stewart.
- PHILADELPHIA** Scots Thistle Society. Instituted 1796. President, Andrew Lockerbie ; Secretary, Joseph Fergusson.
- PHILADELPHIA** St. Andrew's Society. Instituted 1749. President, John Ferguson ; Vice-Presidents, G. W. Hall and Dav. Milne ; Treasurer, Alex. Harding ; Secretary, Peter Boyd.
- PHILADELPHIA** Tam o' Shanter Club. Instituted 1883. President, John Dale ; Treasurer, Wm. M. Collins ; Secretary, Robt. Smith.
- PITTSBURGH** (Pa.) Waverley Society and Burns Club. Secretary, Robert Thomson, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.
- POLLOKSHAW** Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Secretary, James Murray, 91 King Street. 70 members.
- PORTOBELLO** Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Secretary, Wm. Baird, F.S.A. Scot., Clydesdale Bank. 66 members.
- POSSILPARK** Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Secretaries, Thos. Hetherington, 49 Bardowie Street, and Walter Crawford, 260 Saracen Street. 100 members.
- PROVIDENCE** Clan Cameron. Secretary, James Shaw, 28 Bishop Street, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
- PROVIDENCE** Caledonian Society. Secretary, George Gibb, 408 Chalkstone Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
- RENFREW** Burns Club. Instituted 1893. President, William Miller, High Street ; Vice-President, Robert Lang, Manse Street ; Treasurer, John Drennan, Inchinnan Road ; Secretary, Alex. Scott, 37 High Street. 30 members.
- SCOTTISH THISTLE** Club of Ottawa, Ills. Instituted 1894. Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. E. W. MacKinlay, Post Office Block, Ottawa, Illinois, U.S.A. 60 members.
- SIR WM. WALLACE CAMP** Sons of Scotland, Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Recording Secretary, J. R. Massie.
- ST. ANDREW'S** Society of Bay County. Instituted 1890. Secretary, G. A. Wilson, Bay City, Mich. 67 members.
- ST. JOHN**, N.B., Clan Mackenzie. Secretary, Joseph A. Murdoch, Haymarket Square.
- STOW** Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Secretary, Wm. H. Cook, Fountainhall, Midlothian. 45 members.
- THAMES** (Auckland) Burns Club. Secretary, John Gibb, Gas Works, Thames, Auckland, N.Z.
- WATERBURY** (N.H.) Burns Club. Secretary, W. H. Callan, 495 Washington Avenue.
- WEST BAY CITY** (Mich.) Clan Fraser. Secretary, John Kennedy, 510 N. Chilson Avenue.
- WOODSTOCK** (Ont.) Clan Sutherland. Secretary, C. W. Oliver.
- YONKERS** (N.Y.) The Robert Burns Club. Secretary, Kenneth M'Kay, 9 Poplar Street.

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**Leather Bags, Kit Bags, Hunting Bags, Trunks, Overlands, Ladies' Dress Baskets, Dress Suit Cases, etc**

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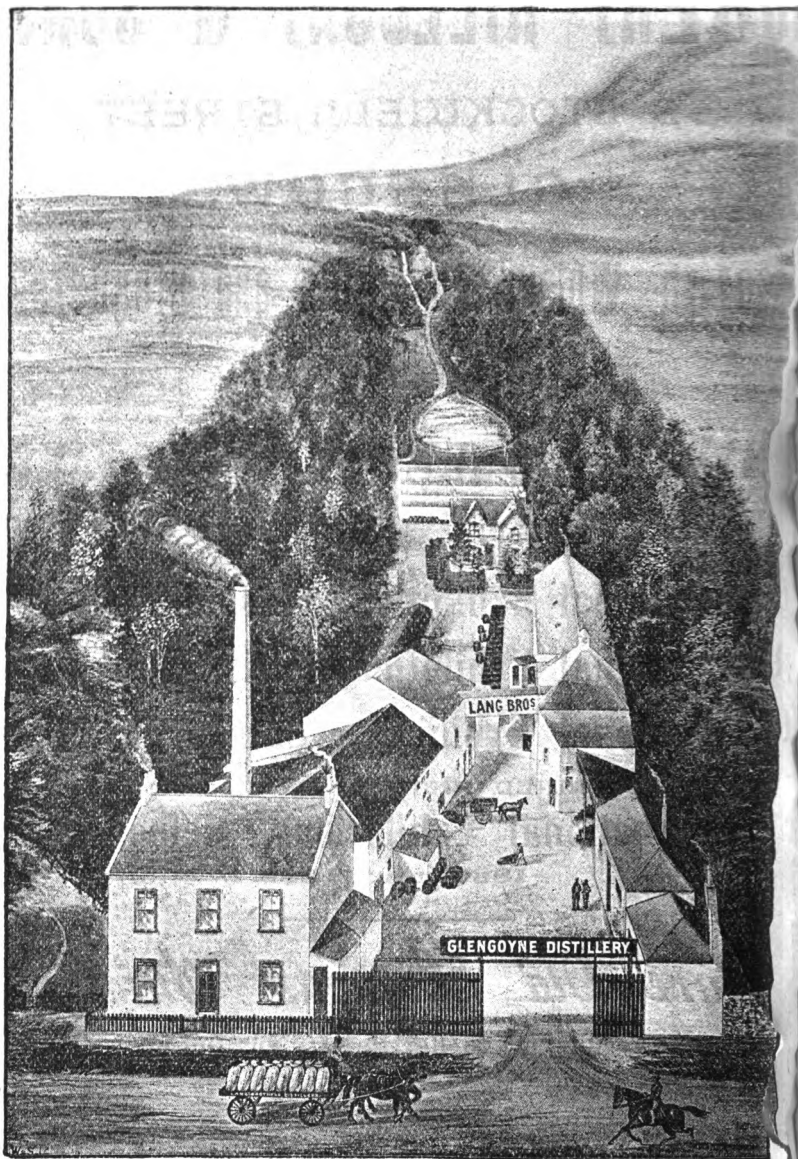
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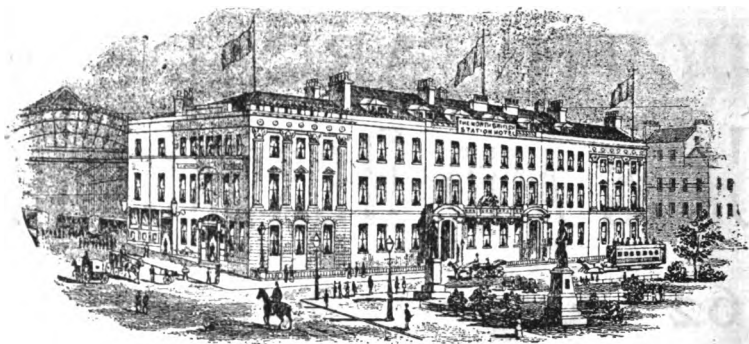
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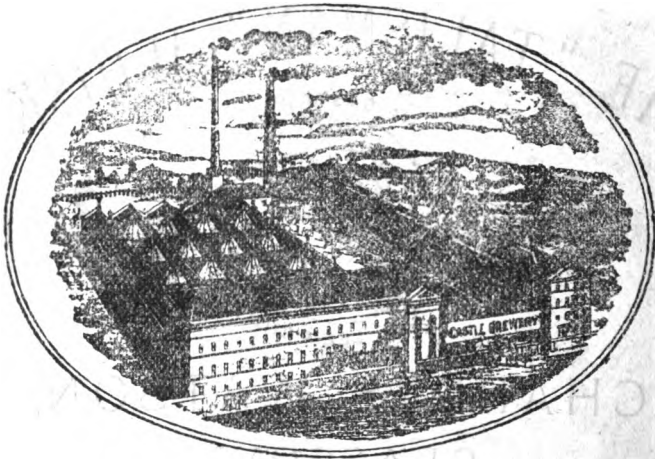
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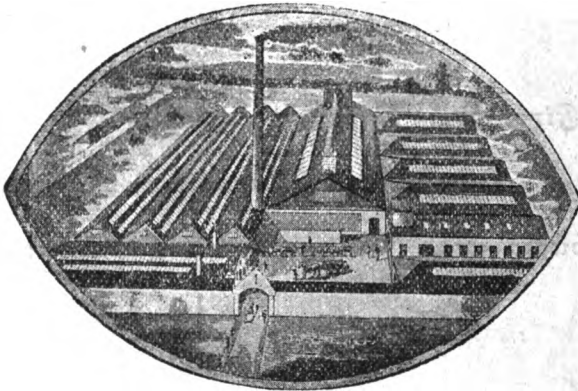
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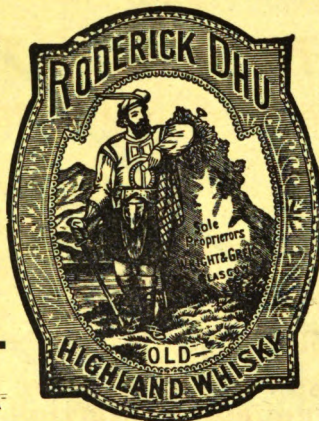
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WM. ABBOTTS, M.D.,

*Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London;  
Editor, "DIET;"*

*Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital,  
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The City Dispensary, the Finsbury Dispensary, &c.*



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